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1821

TALBOT



1821

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1821





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# THE DEVIL'S MILL.

PRINTED BY BLACKIE, FULLARTON AND CO.  
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**FOREIGN**  
**TALES AND TRADITIONS.**

**VOL. 1.**



— Des<sup>d</sup> & Eng<sup>d</sup> by Gray & Son. —  
(on Steel.)

**GLASGOW;**  
PUBLISHED BY BLACKIE, FULLARTON AND CO  
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**1828**



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FOREIGN  
TALES AND TRADITIONS

CHIEFLY SELECTED

FROM

*The Fugitive Literature of Germany.*

By GEORGE G. CUNNINGHAM.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

GLASGOW:  
BLACKIE, FULLARTON, & CO.  
AND A. FULLARTON, & CO., EDINBURGH.

MDCCCXXIX.



FOREIGN

TALES AND TRADITIONS

PREFACE

CHURCH STREET

Among the many remarkable circumstances connected with that extraordinary literature which has of late grown up in Germany with such sudden and powerful development, not less striking is the vast quantity of fugitive matter which is every day evolved from the effervescent intellect of the nation. We have been informed by a learned and intelligent native of that country, that this fact is to be attributed to a certain vivacity of taste, which, in the joy and pride of emancipation from long bondage, distinguishes its reading population to a degree elsewhere unknown. My Public in Germany is a book-devouring animal, and does not terminate. Hence it has happened—if our information is correct—that with all the extraordinary talents to which that country has of late given birth there is scarcely a single work in its literature which has been able to attain as a standard book, in our

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## PREFACE.

AMONG the many remarkable circumstances connected with that extraordinary literature which has of late grown up in Germany with such sudden and powerful developement, not the least striking is the vast quantity of fugitive matter which is every day evolved from the effervescent intellect of the nation. We have been informed by a learned and intelligent native of that country, that this fact is to be attributed to a certain vivacity of taste, which, in the joy and pride of emancipation from long bondage, distinguishes its reading population to a degree elsewhere unknown. 'My Public' in Germany is a book-devouring animal, and does not ruminate. Hence it has happened—if our information is correct—that with all the extraordinary talents to which that country has of late given birth, there is scarcely a single work in its literature which has been able to establish itself as a 'standard book,' in our



sense of the term,—a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶνα* as Thucydides styles his immortal history,—or, as Milton in young anticipation speaks of his ‘adventurous song,’ “a work which posterity will not willingly suffer to die.” The idolizing enthusiasm of one generation survives not to another. Kant has resigned the sceptre of philosophy to Jacobi; Klopstock yielded that of poetry to Schiller; even his claims are now in a great degree considered obsolete, and Goethe reigns in his stead. The ruler of the hour’s ascendant in Germany exercises a sort of eclipsing power over all his predecessors, of which we have no example in other countries.

Whether this be a symptom of literary constitution which betokens perfect soundness at the core, and promises permanent health for the future, may perhaps be questioned. But certain it is that in the meanwhile it is productive of an evolution of talent and literary accomplishment unexampled since the days of Athens—where the same peculiarity existed—in rapidity and in copiousness. All the German authors seem to write against Time, for Time with them is an almost infallible destroyer; and hence in the mass of German literature which is destined but to swim for a few years on the surface of that ever-fluctuating public taste, there is to be found an amount of talent and erudition which in our country would have been either carefully husbanded at home, or



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at least securely embarked ere it were intrusted to the perilous waters.

From the operation of the same causes which have produced these effects even on the more serious and elaborate departments of the Teutonic literature, the department of professedly fugitive productions has been rendered peculiarly rich in quantity, and highly respectable in merit. It is from this department that most of the Tales which compose the present volumes have been chiefly selected; and we venture to believe that in most cases they will be found decidedly above the average value of those productions of a similar kind to which the public taste has been of late so much familiarised, and to which it has shown itself so uniformly indulgent.

The following Tales taken collectively may serve as a very fair illustration of the former of the two qualities which we have mentioned as characteristic of German fugitive literature,—its high respectability in regard to quality, and extraordinary copiousness in respect of quantity. Of the latter we can give no other illustration than to say, that out of the stores which it contains it were easy to continue such volumes as the present. And that should this specimen prove acceptable to the public, it must be something else than lack of materials that will prevent the repetition of the offering.



With respect to the Legends and Traditions contained in the present volumes, some of them may be thought so wild and extravagant as to render some apology for their insertion necessary. That apology will be found in the light which they are calculated to reflect upon what may be termed *the natural history of Imagination*—a subject for the illustration of which, more than for the intrinsic merit of the legends themselves, the traditional literature of all nations is to be accounted valuable. Regarded in this point of view, the pieces to which we refer will be found to place in a strong light the peculiarities both of early imagination in general, and of Teutonic imagination in particular. The most striking circumstance of the former description—which is proved by the character of all traditional lore whatever, and not least by that of the Northern nations—is the power which the marvellous, simply as such, possesses over the inexperienced mind. To such a mind, whether in a nation or the individual, the interest which wonder inspires is found to be the most powerful of all spells for arresting the attention and exciting the feelings. The philosophy of this circumstance, and of the change which the progress of time and the accumulation of experience produce on national taste, is a subject worthy of attentive investigation; but what we have now to remark is, the striking illustration which the traditions of the North, and of Germany especially, supply of the



fact itself. Nowhere, except perhaps in Arabia, shall we find a system of traditions invested with an interest so purely marvellous as that which characterizes the legendary remains of the German nations. In similar productions of other nations—those, for example, of the Greeks or of the Celts—we find some religious or some patriotic sentiment,—some ideal abstraction or impersonated emotion, for the most part mingling with the tale, and giving all its marvels the character of mythologic miracles or of heroical exploits. But the great mass of ancient German traditions owe their attractiveness and popularity almost entirely to the pure undiluted essence of the wonderful with which they are imbued. They are lifted entirely out of ordinary nature. In this respect they are curiosities in themselves, and possess considerable value as affording the purest illustrations of the effect which the wonderful, as such, produces on the human mind, in different stages of cultivation. The gloomy fantastic form, too, which the wonderful so generally assumes in the Teutonic traditions, is an illustration not less striking than that afforded by more elaborate works of the general spirit and character of German imagination. Nursed amidst shaggy woods and cavernous mountains,—rushing waters and a misty air,—the genius of German romance has from its earliest age till now delighted in scenes of supernatural darkness, terror, and mystery, congenial to the scenery. “Our popular traditions,” says



Otmar, "have taken their tone and colouring from the aspect and character of our country. Amidst thick gloomy forests, impervious to the light of heaven,—upon solitary heaths and cheerless marshes, whose overhanging vapours obscure the bright sky and cast their gloom alike over the eye and spirit of men, need we wonder to find the fancy dwelling upon the stern and mournful? What too must be the character of a people's traditions whose earliest festivals were celebrated by deeds of violence and the immolation of human victims,—whose history throughout a long series of ages was but the record of outrages and oppressions mutually inflicted,—whose living generation yet remembers to have heard, in the tales of its grandsires, of wolves and bears entering into the houses of men and tearing the babe from its nurse's arms, or of the marauding exploits of robbers more savage than the beasts of the field?" And yet amid all this monstrosity and gloominess of conception, there are occasional gleams of a warm and sprightly imagination,—sunbeams of fancy, which ever and anon cast a warm and beautiful radiance over these apocryphal mysteries. And not inconsistent with this character is the fondness which it has always manifested for the description of splendour, wealth, and gorgeous pageantry—which seems, indeed, as distinctive of the character as the taste for the grim and the awful. The truth is, that the association of contrast will be found to operate as strongly among all



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nations of a powerful imagination, as that of resemblance. In the case of German fiction, in particular, the splendid is frequently introduced in order to heighten and support the effect of the gloomy; and thus the two most striking, and apparently inconsistent characteristics of Teutonic imagination, appear to be only different manifestations of the same essential principles of genius. As illustrations of that genius in its early developement, the Traditional Tales of Germany possess an interest sufficient to justify the high degree of attention which they have excited of late among the antiquarians and reading population of that country; and, for similar reasons, it seems not inappropriate to introduce into the present collection some specimens of these relics of an ancient and a simple race. The reader, it is hoped, if he cannot feel that sympathy in their perusal, on which the interest of modern fiction depends, will at least find in them some of those peculiarities, which, without the aid of sympathetic interest, have attracted so much regard, even from refined and cultivated tastes, to "all that world of wonder which illuminated ancient Bagdad, or grew up like a garden of enchantment on the banks of the Tigris."



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# THE MILL OF THE VALE

## A GERMAN STORY

BY FREDERICA LOHMANN.

HARD by the waters of the Elbe, in the neighbourhood of Meissen, stood, in ancient times, a mill embosomed among woods in romantic loneliness. The proprietors were an old widow and her only son, who gained a comfortable subsistence from the merrily clattering wheels; and the presence of several sturdy servants afforded the young miller frequent leisure to rest himself in his great old leathern chair—a position in which he loved to reflect on the affairs of the world, pass judgment on kings and princes, and even, in his dreams, place himself at their side. On such occasions our ambitious miller would often look with infinite disdain on the dusty insignia of his trade, and sigh for a suit of iron armour and a helmet in their place.

At the period of which we are to speak, the Protestant princes had drawn the sword against the emperor, Charles V. At their head stood the elector, John Frederic of Saxony, to whom his contemporaries had given the name of ‘the Magnanimous.’ The emperor placed the elector under the imperial ban, which duke Maurice, the cousin of John Frederic, was ordered to carry into effect. But no sooner had the elector heard of the danger which threatened his country, than obtaining from the Diet, then assembled in Augsburg, the command of part of the troops, he hastened into Saxony, regained the electorate, and conquered the duchy itself, with the exception of the cities of Dresden and Leipsic. Like a thunder-storm, carrying sudden desolation in its track, the cloud of war swept over these blooming countries; nor did



the loneliness of the snug Mill of the Vale protect its inhabitants from the calamities of this agitated period. But the young miller bore what he could not avoid with angry impatience; to believe himself wronged fired his restless and passionate heart; while the rude demands of the soldiery, and the wanton mischief they did to his property, inflamed his wrath to such a pitch of fury, that his old mother often trembled for the consequences.

It was late in the evening of a wintry day, and during a heavy snow-storm that a loud knock at the door suddenly roused the miller from one of his sullen reveries. The old woman,—who had been taking a nap near the stove,—leaped up, rubbed her eyes, and trimmed the wick of the lamp, while Busso—for such was the name of her son—proceeded to inquire the reason of the disturbance. In a few moments he returned ushering in a tall warrior followed by a youth of tender age, but equipped likewise in the military garb. The old woman advanced towards the strangers with the lamp in her hand, but although its light fell full upon the stern features of the elder personage her memory failed to recognize him, and she hesitated to accept the hand held out to her.

“You have then forgotten me, cousin Irmentraut!” exclaimed the veteran. “The years which have elapsed since we last saw each other may well have wrought some change on my features; many a storm,—much rough weather has blown over my grey hairs since I last parted with you; but your ear perhaps is less forgetful than your eye, and you yet remember the name of Volkmar?”

“Volkmar!” exclaimed the old woman, raising her lamp higher; “gracious heavens, I should never have thought to have met you again in this world! You and your comrade are heartily welcome under my roof;—sit down near the fire;—you are drenched with the storm,—sit down and you shall have something to eat presently. Look, Volkmar, this is Busso, my only surviving child; he will be twenty-five at Candlemas,—and it is all that time since I last saw you. My husband too



has gone to his rest since then. But invite that young fellow a little nearer, who stands there in the corner; and let us hear something about yourself and him. I long to know what has befallen you these many years. And you, Busso, bid your cousin welcome."

"If I see right," began Busso sullenly, "you wear the colours of the elector, John Frederic, and you serve in his army. Now, upon my life, only an hour ago, I would have sworn sooner to chace the man who should present himself at my door in such a garb into the wheels of the mill, than shake hands with him here upon my own hearth! But chance has its sport with the will of man!"

"Your greeting sounds somewhat strangely," replied Volkmar, shaking his head; "and truly, your sour looks belie not your wish to find me a place in the mill-pool! If matters stand thus, cousin Irmentraut, I bid you good-bye this very hour; I could enjoy a good supper and a cheerful fire, but am not accustomed to thank a churlish host for them."

"Tush, cousin," replied Busso, with a forced smile, "I know how to value my mother's friends, and am only sorry that I should have said anything to offend you. Once more, I say, welcome; never fear."

"Were fear and I now to become acquainted, young man," replied Volkmar, "our acquaintance must have commenced under your roof. But you will perhaps be pleased to inform me how it happens that my uniform should be so displeasing to you."

"Nay, cousin, lay it not so much to heart," said the hostess, placing bread, beer, and cold meat upon the large table; "your people have done much wanton mischief hereabouts, and treated us very roughly; though to be sure Busso is rather violent, and cherishes revenge longer than is becoming in a Christian. I often tell him so."

"Say what you choose, mother," cried Busso, starting up, "but my blood must run colder than the mill-lead out there,



before I can forget their treatment of us. It is now about a month ago since a troop of John Frederic's people took up their quarters with us,—wild, reckless fellows they were, who did what they pleased with our property, and treated us into the bargain like slaves! The heart of a woman must have been lodged in my breast, and my arms palsied, had I borne such usage quietly! We quarrelled; they felt the weight of my fist, and their guns were levelled to put an end to me, when my old mother here tore me from them, and kept me out of sight till all was quiet again. You may be sure I did not tamely submit to such a jailor; but she kept me locked up, nevertheless, under a strong bolt, and when I got out again,—Death and Hell! my best stalls stood empty; both were gone,—two beautiful, sleek, black steeds of my own rearing, which I would not have sold for a duke's fortune!"

"Sore grieved was I," interrupted the mother, "when I saw the soldiers leap briskly upon the naigs, and disappear from my sight in the wood. As for Busso—there was no offering up of prayers and requests,—no weeping and lamentation with him,—he swore he would maintain his own rights, and off he set the same evening to the camp of the elector, where he remained three days, but returned without success."

"I expected as little as I got," said Busso; "but I wished to see for myself; I was curious to know whether an outlawed prince would refuse justice to a freeman,—and when he did, I swore——"

"Not a word more, Busso!" interrupted Volkmar, seizing his sword. "John Frederic is my beloved master, for whom I would shed my blood a thousand times over; and if you wish me to enjoy your warm fireside and this refreshing cup, let me not hear him talked of in such terms. War is at best a rude and barbarous calling,—scathing like a fire all the circle of man's enjoyment; let us pray God it may soon be quenched!"



"I say amen to you, Volkmar," said Irmentraut, "let it be peace with us at least. Even your very boy seems uneasy at our harsh words, and keeps shrinking back into yon dark corner."

"He is not usually so timid," replied Volkmar, "though for the present he has good reason to be somewhat shy; for what would you think if under that coat and helmet a girl were concealed. Come near, Adelaide; first eat a morsel with us, and quench your thirst,—and then you may see if your cousin can spare you some quiet little closet for the night."

Adelaide rose from the bench on which she had seated herself at a distance, and drew nearer. Her motions were light and easy like those of a boy, and her dark eyes betrayed little timidity,—but it seemed as if she disliked to confront Busso's looks, who indeed gazed rudely and inquiringly upon her. She seated herself in silence on a bench near the hostess, and only opened her lips to acknowledge the good woman's kindness from time to time; while the young miller took his seat immediately opposite, and continued to eye her attentively.

"It is for the sake of this girl," Volkmar resumed, "that I have come to claim the renewal of our ancient friendship. While I was thinking of this and that one to whom I might intrust her, you came into my mind: and so I took my way hither with her, leaving the result to heaven. She lost her mother many years since, and has grown up entirely amongst men. She is able to ride a horse and groom it also; she can fire a gun without winking, and handle a sword better than many a young man; but she knows nothing about spinning and weaving, and so, if you please, you may teach her those matters. Should you take her, you must promise to keep her beside yourself, and try, for my sake, at least, to make a girl out of the boy. The storm of war must still drive me for some time about: but if my life shall be spared I will come again and demand this child from you,—if not, I re-



commend her to your care ; protect her as you would your own daughter, and manage for her the little property which I give you in this purse. It is honestly won gold,—lawful gain, and will bring a blessing along with it.”

Whilst Volkmar was speaking, Adelaide cast down her eyes, and Busso observed tears stealing over her cheeks. But when the old soldier drew out the purse, and was about to place it in the woman’s hand, Adelaide started up and threw herself on her knees before him, while the helmet dropped from her head, and a profusion of dark ringlets fell over her face like a veil, reaching to the very floor and almost covering her slender form. She raised her moistened eye towards him, pressed his hand upon her heart, and with a stifled voice could only articulate : “ Father ! O, my good father ! ”

Volkmar gazed for a few moments earnestly, but sadly upon her : “ Quiet thee, my dear child,” he at last spoke, patting her glowing cheek, “ thou remainest my own, though we should part for a little space.”

“ If I am your own child, father,” exclaimed she, “ let me not be separated from you ; suffer me to remain at your side ! With you I never was afraid, even in the midst of battle ; but, here,—in this strange solitude,—oh, I would be ever trembling for your life ! Father, I will obey you as I obey my God, but do not forsake me ! ”

“ It cannot be, Adelaide,” responded the veteran, be reasonable, and do not make me soft-hearted. Now I wish thou wert a boy, and couldst inherit my sword and my fidelity to our persecuted prince,—for then would I teach thee to fight for him—thou shouldst be his guardian-angel. But thou art a woman now,—thou art no longer a child ; submit, therefore, to necessity. Go to rest ; sleep without care, we part not yet.”

Adelaide rose slowly from the ground, and followed the hostess out of the room ; the men looked after her, each lost in the train of thought suggested by what had just passed,



and forgetting in his musings the presence of his companion. At last Irmentraut returned, and an expression of sympathy for Adelaide, which fell from the old woman's lips, roused the soldier from his dreams.

"Look," said he, "it was always thus. You will now yourself see how impossible it is to refuse her any thing. She never would leave my side, but caressed and entreated me till my heart grew weak; and thus it has happened that I have delayed from one year to another to put her under womanly care. When we marched to Leipsig she accompanied us. In the first battle she kept close beside me, and bore herself boldly enough for a woman. We were not successful, and had almost lost our leader, Wilhelm Thumshirn,—for those from Leipsig fought well and had nearly surrounded him; but when we saw this, we exerted ourselves stoutly, and ten of us cut a way for him through the enemy, who got nothing of him but his hat and velvet cloak."

"Well, cousin," said Busso, "you have felt the arm of the brave Leipsigers: if all had acquitted themselves as gallantly, this war would have been at an end. You were fain to quit the walls of Leipsig, because men lived within them: 'So here is prosperity to the citizens of Leipsig!'"

"I drink with you," answered the other; "they behaved themselves gallantly, although they were our enemies. But listen further. We lost sight of Adelaide; I found her at last in Stötteriz, whither our wounded were conveyed, in the house of Hans Schwarz. She was seated on the floor, near a heap of bloody straw which they had placed under the head of a wounded man. There the girl sat, gazing steadily and sadly on the pale deathlike face of the figure before her, as if she had been bound by a spell. I shook her till she awoke, and when she stretched her arms towards me, I perceived a pretty deep cut on her left hand, to which she seemed to be paying no heed. I confess the sight alarmed me; for though I have given and received many a deep



wound in the course of my life, that girl has grown to my old heart as if she were my own flesh and blood——”

“So she is not your own daughter?” inquired the hostess eagerly.

“The deuce, no!” answered Volkmar with much embarrassment. “But there was no occasion for your knowing that either, if my tongue had not got a chattering like an old woman’s. Adelaide herself knows nothing of it, and shall never learn it from me. In short, when I saw the wound, I blamed myself for having led the feeble creature into such a bloody bustle. She also felt her share of my bad humour, and was obliged to make me a promise that she would in future confine herself to the distaff and the kitchen. Yet Adelaide was as tractable and mild as I had expected her to be refractory. She had been terrified with the fight,—not, as she said, on account of the little pain she had herself suffered, but because in it she had shed blood for the first time. Then she told me how she had fought with the wounded man, near whom I now saw her seated; how he had pursued and wounded her; and how she, irritated by this, had given him a smart blow. ‘When I saw his blood begin to flow,’ said she, ‘I was seized with the anxiety of death; I stood defenceless, and as he was yet able to make use of his weapons, I should have been lost if two of our people had not come up to my assistance. Look you how they rewarded him for his courage! At my request, black Jacob gave me the prisoner; and I will nurse him myself, for, father,—if he dies, Adelaide is a murderer.’ You may be sure,” continued Volkmar, “I tried to quiet the poor thing, while I also made use of her anxiety to send her away from the scene of war. The same evening I brought her to Taucha, whither, by my directions, the wounded man was also conveyed, and the chaplain of the castle, an old acquaintance of mine, promised to take care of both. Meanwhile, we approached the besieged town. We had hard enough work of it, and several times attempted to carry the place by



storm, but were always repulsed. Three weeks and more had passed in this manner; and at last the elector raised the siege. At our departure we threw a number of red hot balls into the city, and the flames of the neighbouring villages lighted our retreat. To give you my real opinion of the matter, we were not so much baffled by the courage of our enemies, as by the circumstance of there being not a few traitors amongst us, who all remembered but too well how the emperor had discharged them from their allegiance to Frederic. God reward them according to their deserts! The thing was openly talked of at Leipsig, and even a rhyme was made upon it, which runs thus:

‘Leipsig without, Leipsig within,—  
Leipsig cannot Leipsig win.’

“I now went to Taucha to receive my child. I found her recovered, and, to my great satisfaction, wearing woman’s apparel; but the prisoner was off; his wounds had not been so dangerous as we at first believed, and he had thus been able to leave the castle without being observed, although the elector had removed his head-quarters thither. Adelaide had given him unbought liberty. So far all was well; but I soon perceived that the devil had been busy sowing his tares in my absence; for Adelaide and the young soldier—who turned out to be a nobleman in Maurice’s cavalry—had become much fonder of one another than was altogether prudent in their circumstances. The chaplain, who now whispered this into my ear, had doubtless winked at it; nay, even perhaps fanned the flame; so that, in short, no other course remains for me, than to convey the girl to some concealed spot where she is not likely to fall in with this young spark again. Here she will not be easily discovered by any roving eye; and she has promised me, with tears, to bid farewell for ever to her deceitful hopes.”

“Very well, cousin,” said Irmentraut, “every thing shall be managed according to your wish. But I am anxious to



know where you got this girl, and how it happens that you are yet unmarried, as I remember very well that you once had a betrothed bride abroad."

"Bride!" exclaimed Volkmar, while his open countenance became deeply overcast, "Aye, that has been the severest trial in my life! I thought the secret should never again have crossed my lips; but the sight of an old friend recalls ancient remembrances so vividly that I must speak out my heart. My bride was a pretty girl of Augsburg; she was poor—an orphan, who served for a small pittance of wages,—I too had nothing, but trusted to God and my good sword to win, in the course of half-a-dozen years, something with which to commence our household. The girl was young,—almost too young for me,—yet I trusted to her heart and her word; but when, after a long absence, I returned to fulfil my promise of marrying her, she was not to be found at the place where she had been at service. No one could or would give me any tidings of her, till an old woman led me into a retired apartment, and there delivered to me what she said was the last message of the unfortunate girl. She had broken her faith to me; and he who had seduced her stood too high in the world to make requital to her for the forfeited love of a poor but honest man. I do not know how I got away from the old woman, and how I spent that night. I was yet attached with my whole soul to the poor girl, and her misfortune grieved me more than my own. Next morning, I sought out my informant again, and spared neither prayer nor persuasion, till at last I bribed her with a pretty round sum to discover the place where my bride was concealed. How I found her I will not now say. Even to this day it breaks my heart;—pale,—suffering,—agony depicted in all her features,—so overwhelmed by her guilt that she could not raise her eyes towards me! As you saw Adelaide kneel before me, even so did the poor girl throw herself on the ground and implore my forgiveness. More than seventeen years have passed since that hour; but I see her yet—



again and again I behold her as her living picture grows up before *me*,—the same imploring eyes which that child turned upon me,—the clustering ringlets falling down dishevelled over her pale features,—the same mild lips, only Adelaide's has something firm, something determined and bold, which was not in the softer features of her mother. I did what I could to comfort her, and though she earnestly besought me to leave her fate, for God and my own conscience sake I could not do it. Once more I offered a friend's hand, and proposed to take her to my old mother, and that she would then be free to reject or renew the bond with me. She listened to me in silence, a shake of the head was all that expressed her doubts, which, however, I believed I had conquered before I left her at a late hour that evening. The next day she had disappeared, leaving no trace by which I could follow her.—I never saw her again.—”

After these words, which were spoken with a trembling voice, the soldier made a long pause, which the listeners did not dare to interrupt. The striking of the hour first broke silence, it was ten o'clock:

“Is it already so late?” exclaimed Volkmar, “let me be brief, that I may not encroach longer on your repose. Two years afterwards, a monk, the brother of the poor girl, brought the little Adelaide to me. He told me she was a legacy which his dying sister had bequeathed to me, that I might put her under the care of my mother. I did according to her will, and when God took from the child its foster-parent, she found united in me all the love of a father and a mother but it is just because I love her so tenderly that I now part with her; the inclinations that are springing up in her must not be allowed to take root; the image of her poor mother weeping over her shame stands before me strengthening my heart for the sacrifice. I will soon meet with her, and must be able to give her a good account of her daughter.”

Here the old man arose, stepped aside for a few minutes to the window, and listened to the howling of the night storm;



when he turned round, he presented to his friends a countenance in which his native firmness had regained its predominance, and asking for his place of rest for the night, the old woman took the lamp, and bade him follow her, after that Busso had bidden him good night in a much friendlier manner than his first inhospitable reception led him to expect.

NEXT morning, Adelaide found a complete suit of the apparel worn by peasant girls lying at her bedside. A little bit of mirror stood upon a chest, the single article of furniture in her room. The light of a troubled day shone into her chamber when she arose, put on with many sighs her new garments, and after arranging, with no small trouble but little art, her dishevelled hair, stepped slowly down stairs. In the room beneath a cheerful fire was already blazing, and Volkmar was seated near it in the red light of the flames. Adelaide looked timidly around her, but as no other person appeared in the room, deeply moved by the prospect of the approaching separation, she clung for a time in silence around her protector's neck, and then sat down upon a low bench.

"Must I then remain here, father?" inquired she. "I will do whatever you desire me, but it will grieve me much. The people here are as strange to me as these clothes; my heart warms not to them."

"You will get accustomed to them, child; the tranquillity of this spot will do you good. In the labour and duties of domestic life you will soon forget a foolish inclination."

"No, father!" said Adelaide, "I have not yet learned to deceive you. Father, it is impossible for me to forget all. Could I ever forget my love for you, or that for our prince,



which you implanted in my infant breast?—Yet not less firmly engraven there is *his* image! I can submit to fate—but I cannot waver in my fidelity.”

“And what do you expect from your fidelity, Adelaide? Do not deceive your aged father. It is perhaps for the last time he speaks to you. Is there any engagement betwixt you and him?”

“We thought to meet again; and we doubted not we should. All that you afterwards told me of his rank and my low birth,—of the deceitfulness of men, and of my mean destiny,—all *that* never entered into our minds. There is no engagement betwixt us such as men conclude; and if I *do* hope, that hope lies so deep in my heart that I cannot show you its source.”

The entrance of the hostess and her son interrupted this conversation. The old woman greeted Adelaide kindly, while her eyes rested with emotion upon the Sunday dress of a lost daughter which Adelaide now wore. After breakfast, Volkmar equipped himself for his departure. A stormy night had been succeeded by a clear frost which promised him a good journey; but although the old man had steeled himself to taking a brief and last farewell, the extreme grief of Adelaide protracted their separation. Again and again she relaxed her embrace, but it was only to clasp him again more firmly in her arms, and implore him to change his resolution. At last he tore himself violently away, and walked hastily forward without pausing to the entrance of the wood where he stopped and looked back once more. Before him, in the clear sunshine, lay the mill amid a grove of hoar-frosted trees from which a column of smoke gilded by the sun rose up into the air, while the glistening waters of the dam rushed briskly under the wheel. Long he stood gazing on the smiling scene before him, till a melancholy feeling, mingled with many remembrances and forebodings, arose in his manly breast. “God will be a father to her!” he at last exclaimed aloud, then



turned quickly round, and walked onwards in the fresh morning breeze!

Adelaide now felt she had lost every thing to which her heart was attached. A strange mixture of tenderness and firmness,—frankness and reserve,—manly boldness and childish innocence had made her from her earliest years an impenetrable riddle to all observing minds. Wherever she was beloved she opened up her whole heart without reserve, and knew neither deceit nor change; but her breast was as close as the grave when no sympathy attracted her. Yielding a ready obedience in all the lighter intercourse of life, no consideration could induce her to act against her feelings,—to struggle against the dictates of her heart. She scarcely understood the part which the manners of society required of her, and heeded not its laws; still a happy natural feeling was a sufficient standard of right and propriety in her mind. Taken out of an active, changeful life, and abandoned by the only confidant she possessed, she now felt the more lonely, as she did not possess the happy facility of youth in easily contracting new friendships. On her entrance to the mill, the first appearance of its inhabitants produced an unfavourable impression upon her mind, and she yielded to this undefined feeling without questioning how far it was correctly founded. Her new manner of life, to which she submitted with much patience, was also a great restriction upon her. When seated at the distaff or the loom, her thoughts would wander far away over dale and hill, and her heart beat violently whenever she heard the steps of a horse, or when Busso spoke of the rudeness of the warriors whose march she had once been allowed to follow. Thus a bird of passage looks after its departing companions when cruel jailors restrain its flight with them to other climates. When the short winter day was done, and the supper finished, Adelaide would retire to her closet, where nothing disturbed her remembrance of better days, and whence her prayers and wishes were wafted with the passing clouds.



Meanwhile Busso seemed to pay more attention to his reserved guest than to any other member of the household. He was now unwilling to be absent any time from the cottage, and endeavoured to show Adelaide great respect, sedulously anticipating her wishes, and enduring her coldness with much forbearance. His mother marked, and secretly rejoiced in his altered demeanour, from which she hoped a softer character might be diffused over his coarse mind. The anxiety with which he observed Adelaide's steps and looks were evident to all; she alone knew nothing of it; for Adelaide had not assumed with the clothes of a woman that maidenly sagacity which can detect love under every veil; she ever lived in a world of her own, completely insulated from that around her; the maiden likewise avoided and dreaded Busso so much that the few words she would occasionally exchange with his mother were instantly silenced, and her looks fixed upon the ground, at his approach.

Thus passed some weeks. Meanwhile the snow began to melt, the air became milder, and Busso disappeared for several days. When he returned, he seemed melancholy, thoughtful, and more gloomy than before; but he brought a great deal of news home with him, and in particular that the elector had gained a battle at Rochlitz. Adelaide's eyes beamed with joy at this intelligence,—the shuttle fell from her hand, and for the first time she looked inquiringly into the countenance of the narrator; but there she met with an expression that her heart revolted from, yet she mustered courage enough to ask him if he had heard any thing of her father.

"No," answered Busso, suddenly, "but I may perhaps in a short time know something of him. There has been a great deal of slaughter on both sides, and many a brave man has lost his life in the outlaw's cause."

"God will not wholly forsake an orphan!" exclaimed Adelaide, in the depth of her anguish. "I trust in Him."

"And your hope shall not deceive you, even if the old



man has there found his end," said Busso. "Think that you have a home here."

Adelaide was unable to make any reply, and the trampling of horses on the pavement afforded her an excuse for stepping to the window. A young lad rode with two stately horses into the court-yard, where he politely greeted Busso. His mother uttered a loud exclamation of astonishment at the sight. "Your horses, Busso! How got you them? You are indeed the man to have always his own will, though it were against the emperor's!"

"Matters are not quite as you suppose," replied Busso. "Yes, if they were my own horses, and a fair restitution of my loss!—but it is not so; it is only a gift which a powerful friend has pressed upon me, though not from wholly disinterested motives. I have accepted it, however, and promised to serve him. One good turn deserves another."

Adelaide paid little attention to these words; her thoughts were occupied with her distant father. But from that day, Busso presented himself more to her attention, with an air of bold and confidential familiarity. Adelaide, on her part, anxiously avoided him, and sought every opportunity of shutting herself up in the solitude of her closet. And to this she experienced less opposition than she had dreaded; for although her time passed in a very uniform manner at first, the mill soon became a scene of activity and bustle,—messengers came and went with secret despatches for Busso,—he received and forwarded letters,—and often even at night he would ride off on one of his new steeds on some business of which none knew the import. During the sleepless nights which Adelaide spent upon her couch, she would often hear the tramp of horses over the dam-bridge,—strange voices speaking below her window,—doors opening and shutting, and not till morning dawn would the mysterious guests take their departure.

Without any exact idea of the cause, these observations nevertheless increased Adelaide's dislike to her host; anxious



undefined feelings now filled her breast; and when she looked out on the distant country, over mountain and wood, with the ardent wish of deliverance, she more than once thought she saw in the distance the manly form of her father, who came again to take her under his protection,—but it was only a shadow animated by her longings and her love.

One day, as she sat alone in the twilight with Irmentraut, the latter turned the conversation upon the first evening of Adelaide's arrival. "How like a stranger you then rested upon the bench in yon corner," said the old woman, "and how much at home you are now in the kitchen and the parlour, the cellar and the court! The snow then lay upon the mountains, and the pine branches bent beneath its weight,—every thing looked sad and dismal around you,—now it is otherwise, the country begins to look green, the alder trees in the garden are budding,—when summer comes you will be delighted with the mill,—it lies cradled in the foliage, like a bird's nest in the branches."

"And when summer arrives, I shall probably be no longer here, cousin Irmentraut," said the maiden. "If our lord elector sheathes his sword, my father also will seek tranquillity, and then I shall again dare to place myself at his side."

"Child," said Irmentraut, "woman must always listen to the call which, sooner or later, invites her to build her own hearth,—that call at which the daughter leaves both father and mother to cleave unto her husband. Long ago I designed to tell you that Busso wished to make you his wife. He has desired me to speak a word to you in his behalf, and I do so with tears of joy. From his early youth my boy was a little wild, and manifested a rough untameable spirit; therefore I prayed to God that he might soon become the true lover of a good wife, as has now happened. Take what time you choose, and think of what I have said; he shall not ask you till you like it yourself."

"If you love me," replied Adelaide, blushing deeply, "say



not a word more of this till my father returns. Be not angry; but I can disclose my heart to no one but him."

"Your father," continued the old woman, "wishes nothing else. We spoke to him ere he took his departure. You have your father's blessing and mine, Adelaide; so do not spurn your good fortune; you may think of what I have mentioned for a few days; in the meantime I shall try to keep Busso quiet."

"No, cousin," said the maiden, "that would not be dealing honestly; such a question as he would propose finds its answer directly in the heart. It grieves me almost as much as the wound I inflicted on an enemy at Leipsig that I cannot marry your son. Mark you; it is not of my own consent that I am here weaving, and spinning, and kindling the fire on the hearth; much rather would I be roaming about in the free world! Oh for a spirited horse to bear me through the fragrant greenwood, over the fresh meadow and the breezy hills! If I am ever called upon to renounce all this, and follow a man into his quiet habitation, I will do so cheerfully, for my heart shall lead me; but, cousin—your son is not that man."

"Mercy on us!" replied Irmentraut, "that sounds very grave indeed,—almost like a refusal! Poor, young thing! I tell you great changes may happen in a short time. I could speak but one word, and all your proud spirit would sink within you. It was not well done of my cousin to let your own will thus grow, like a wild tree, without pruning. I perceive your heart is lifted above your station; you know nothing of that humility which it becomes all women to learn and practise; beware what you are doing,—strangers have no patience for foolish whims, when doating parents are taken away by death."

"Do you know any thing of my father?" exclaimed Adelaide.

"Why should I conceal it?" replied Irmentraut. "Well do I know the sad tidings which Busso brought home from



his last journey. Yes, never again will you hear his voice, —never again behold his eye; he lies in the narrow house with the rest who fell at Rochlitz, and you have no longer any friends in the world but us.”

The imprudent old woman would have followed up her last words with farther information, but Adelaide was in no condition to listen to her. She covered her eyes with her hands, and leaned upon the table, before which she sat; no tear flowed to relieve her oppressed breast, only a convulsive sobbing shook her whole frame. In this condition she remained for some time, till Irmentraut, forgetting her anger, raised her with anxious care, and trembled to behold her deadly paleness. She led the agitated maiden to her own bed, which stood in a small recess off the apartment, where she forced her to take some cordials, which Adelaide received almost unconsciously, and by this means she increased the agitation of the invalid so much that a violent fever soon shrouded her griefs and thoughts in dimness. Two days past before the strength of youth subdued the disease. Irmentraut, meanwhile, hardly left her for a moment; she deeply regretted the imprudent manner in which she had communicated the long-concealed tidings, and took care to keep her son in ignorance of Adelaide's obstinate refusal. When the maiden first awoke from her long trance, all was dark around her, and still more dark had become her remembrance. She raised herself up and sought in vain for the glimmer of light which used to dawn through the window of her own chamber; only a faint ray of light gleamed through the crevices of the apartment in which she now lay, and a murmuring of voices reached her ear to which she paid no attention. She had some undefined idea of her misfortune, and reflected with anxiety till the hours of the past came out of the mist in which they had been enveloped, and one circumstance after another rose in her mind, as the eye acquires the power of discovering objects in the course of a long night, though at first every thing appeared wrapped in



impenetrable darkness. Overcome with the feeling of the loss she had sustained, she mused with passionate grief upon the memory of her beloved protector, and her eyes filled with relieving tears, as she called his countenance back to her memory,—again she heard his voice,—again his last farewell sounded in her ears,—again she felt herself clinging to his bosom in a transport of grief and tenderness. These ideas were so vivid that the conversation carried on in the adjoining apartment did not disturb her; at last a word—a name spoken more loudly out, arrested her attention: “You see yourself,” she heard an unknown voice say, “that it is best to prevent unnecessary bloodshed. It was with this design his majesty sent me hither, and I have ample means of rewarding fidelity.”

“It is all very well,” answered another voice, “we know what we owe the emperor; but it is no small enterprise we are embarked in. We beseech you, Sir, to think of that. Since the victory at Rochlitz, the elector remains inactive in his camp; if he knew the emperor to be advancing as well as we do, matters would go better with him and probably worse for you.”

“Let us then thank heaven for his blindness!” exclaimed Busso. “He has acted treasonably towards the emperor, and must fall.”

“You may be sure,” the first voice resumed, “my lord the emperor will not return his sword to its sheathe till the elector is humbled; whether that is to be accomplished by the devastation of all Saxony, or in a sudden and bloodless manner, is now the question. You are solemnly released from your allegiance to him; take care that he does not learn what threatens him; his phlegmatic spirit is a fortunate thing for you; a few days more, and all will be ripe for us.”

“Remember,” was the answer, “we must know what his fate will be, if the emperor conquers. His obstinacy may have merited some punishment; but, by heaven, life and honours must first be secured to him ere we proceed one



step farther! There is danger in what you ask from us; Duke Maurice will never acknowledge the proposal which we are to make to his cousin in his name; John Frederic is still an illustrious prince,—as good as the emperor. Nothing is yet concluded; if he strengthen his weakened army by the garrisons which he left in his rear, and every arm wield its sword fairly, the balance yet hangs dubious.”

“It wavers like your will, Sir,” replied the emissary of Charles. “Recollect how often we have already treated of this matter; the favour of the emperor and the service of the elector you cannot unite, and if I am not mistaken, you have already decided for one of them. If you want to swim, you must not be afraid of wetting yourself, otherwise you had better remain on the shore. Take this paper; it contains those points which it is still necessary for you to know; to-morrow, at the hour appointed, I will expect your final answer; till that time I shall remain concealed here.”

Adelaide now heard the second guest take his departure, accompanying Busso. Irmentraut, who probably had fallen asleep during the conference, was awakened by the first guest, and seemed to leave the room with him. The girl thought carefully over all that she had heard, to satisfy herself that it was not a dream. When the door again opened, she lay down and shut her eyes. Irmentraut approached her with the lamp. “She slumbers deep,” murmured the old woman putting out the lamp, and stretching herself upon a couch at Adelaide’s feet, where she soon fell fast asleep, while Adelaide remained awake and absorbed in thought, till the morning dawned.



THE spring day now shot down its finest beams into the dark dwelling. Irmentraut rose, and cleared the room of the pitchers and cups, the traces of last night's supper, and then proceeded to look after their invalid. Adelaide being awakened after a short rest, gave a satisfactory answer to all questions, and even showed a desire to rise, to the great joy of the old woman, who led her to her wonted seat. She looked very pale; her long hair floated loosely around her, and a tear beamed in her eye. She spoke little, and busied herself silently with her work, but without manifesting any symptoms of that violent grief of which Irmentraut had been so much afraid. Even when the latter addressed her, apologizing for the imprudent communication she had made, her answer was as calm as the old dame could have wished.

"I must have learned the truth sooner or later," replied she; "I must accustom myself to look upon the sun although it shines no more for him."

"Heaven will send you other joys, child," said the old woman; "have you yet thought upon a good answer, if my son comes to ask you? I have told you what was the last wish of father Volkmar."

"Leave me time for reflection," replied Adelaide; "I will perform the will of my father; I know it. The grave does not entirely separate us from our friends."

Busso entered at this moment. His gloomy eye brightened when he beheld Adelaide. He approached her,—spoke first of Volkmar's heroic death,—and then tried in no very skilful or delicate terms to make a declaration of his love: while Adelaide trembled as she listened to his protestations; a painful spasm oppressed her struggling bosom;—her looks shrank from before his impassioned gaze;—her feeling was



that of a person whose animation is suspended, and who sees himself given up to the darkness of the grave without being able to make a sign or utter a word of resistance. Busso had no apprehension of the disgust which filled her breast. Deluded by his mother, he looked upon her silence as one of the caprices of her sex, in which he the more willingly indulged her, because since her foot had stepped over his threshold, she had exercised a power over him which no being on earth had ever before possessed. Adelaide was roused from her wild and bewildering thoughts by the appearance of the stranger, who, as she well knew, had spent the night at the mill. He was a long thin man, of dark complexion, but with intelligent and prepossessing features. His entrance seemed unexpected; Busso and his mother exchanged significant looks, nor did it escape them that the girl eyed the stranger with a scrutinizing glance. The old woman whispered to her that she might withdraw to her room, if the presence of the mill-wright, who, she added, had arrived the day before to repair some broken wheels, was disagreeable to her. Nothing could be more welcome to Adelaide than quiet solitude; she had passed the time of her youth amongst rough men who despised hypocrisy, and under a rude exterior, she had often discovered a faithful and generous heart, whilst the careful solicitude of her father had veiled from her knowledge the darker spots in the rude soldier's life; she had now met with deceit, treachery, and lying for the first time in her life, and she felt herself oppressed by such neighbourhood, like mountaineers by the confined air of a gaol, and gladly hastened to escape from it. She rose quickly from her seat, but in passing slowly, and almost covered by the dark veil of her rich locks, before the stranger, an exclamation of astonishment from his lips arrested her steps.

"May I ask" said he, addressing Busso, who looked with surprise at him, "who is this maiden whose features make such a strange impression upon me?"



"My bride from this day," answered Busso, in the tone of an imperious master, seizing at the same moment with violence the hand of the trembling girl; for his suspicious mind, forgetting the age of the stranger, was already alarmed lest he should intrude upon his rights. "You see she wishes to go away," continued he, "therefore do not hinder her; such looks alarm her quiet and serious mind."

"Friend," replied the other with an arch smile, "you forget my grey hairs, and pay me an unwonted compliment if you are jealous of me. Stay a moment longer, dear child, and tell me, if you please, your name and birth."

"Sir," said Adelaide, "you inquire about a humble weed whose origin merits no regard. My father was a common soldier—a faithful servant of his master the elector, John Frederic, in whose cause he fell a few weeks ago at Rochlitz."

"It is confounding! it is marvellous!" said the stranger, who seemed instantly plunged in reflection, while Adelaide slipped gently out of the apartment.

"And wherefore do you ask these questions?" inquired Busso, with much irritation. "Do you know any thing of the girl? I know there is somebody in search of her, but he shall not succeed; so her father and I have determined. If he fancies he has any right to her, this arm shall dispute it."

"Gently, young fire brain!" interrupted the other; "If you are always so inconsiderate as you now are, you will do well to take care how you address yourself to strangers. Not every one you meet with may have as cool blood as mine. I know nothing about your bride, and have no objection to tell you what occasioned my questions. But first hand me another draught. The messenger has arrived, earlier than we anticipated, and my servant is saddling the horses."

The liquor was quickly brought, and after the stranger had quaffed the cup he began the following narration:—

"It is now more than thirty years since I entered the service of my lord, the emperor. I went with him from the Neth-



erlands to Spain,—accompanied him in all his travels,—enjoyed at all times as much of his confidence as a man of his mind generally bestows on any one,—and my pen was often early acquainted with what long remained a profound mystery to greater personages. A proud Spanish name, therefore, may not afford a better guarantee for a monarch's reward than the humble surety of the old Amatus who now speaks to you.—But you wish to know what it was in your bride that attracted my observation. Listen then: about eighteen years ago, I came with the emperor to Augsburg, where he established his quarters in the house of the rich Fogger, a merchant who could equal many a prince. In princely style, too, was the emperor received and treated by him. I myself was present when the master of the house, one cold morning, kindled a fire of costly spices in the chimney, and, in the noble flame thus raised, consumed a bond of the emperor's which he held for a great sum of money. You may easily believe there was no want of amusements and of courtiers to join in them; yet it seemed to me that the emperor was little interested in all the attention which was paid him, and felt but small gratitude towards the bustling crowd which surrounded him. The first light green leaves and silver blossoms of spring had scarcely shewn themselves, yet the emperor visited the garden at every hour of the day, alleging that solitude and free air were necessary to his health. Perhaps bad health was really in the whim,—certainly it was an indisposition of some kind or other that induced him to exchange his magnificent dwelling for the distant garden-house in which a part of his retinue and myself had been quartered. For my part, I left the humble abode with reluctance; the neighbouring house of the gardener inclosed a jewel in my estimation,—the very picture of that maiden who was just now with us. Many a perfect beauty I had already beheld without emotion, but I could not look at that image of loveliness without being deeply touched. I thought not indeed of love or of courtship; for the girl was then about the age of your bride,

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and to me the autumn of life was nearer than its summer. One evening, after we had already spent many weeks in that splendid imperial town, I happened to be at a feast, and was only returning from it when night drew nigh to morning dawn. With a key which I wore upon me I opened a little gate in the garden-wall, thinking to reach my lodgings, without being perceived, by a path through the garden. But here, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, I found a great bustle; the servants of the court and the gardener's people were running about among the alleys and bushes, with torches, seeking, with anxiety, for something amongst them; a few words informed me that the object of their search was the same girl who had secretly become so dear to me,—she had fled that very night, and the gardener, in whose service she was, dreaded she might have been led to commit some desperate deed against her own life. What could have driven the innocent girl to such a rash step, nobody could or would explain to me; but the emperor's people took so lively an interest in the gardener's misfortune, that all the servants of the royal household were turned out in the search, and great rewards offered to the finder.

“As often happens, fortune was more favourable to chance than to exertion, and had reserved to me what all the rest had been searching for above an hour in vain. For as I stepped melancholy and lost in thought, into a distant grove, the fugitive met me like a spiritual appearance, just as she was on the point of seeking shelter behind a high beechen hedge. The faint first light of the morning dawn served to enable me to recognise the lovely features I had so often admired, but they were now overcast with an expression of unutterable sorrow; her cheeks were covered with the paleness of death, and her garments flowed in disorder over her delicate limbs; trembling, and all exhausted, she fell on her knees before me, raised her hands, and exclaimed, ‘As you hope for salvation, do not betray me to my pursuers!’



“‘Be quiet and trust to me,’ I replied; ‘I can perhaps do something for you.’

“‘Oh yes!’ exclaimed she hastily, ‘help me to escape out of the garden and I will for ever thank you. Assist me to pass the gate, and then turn your steps and eyes away from an unfortunate woman.’

“And what would become of you,’ said I, ‘were I to do what you desire? Those who are in search of you have the best intentions towards you; they are only afraid you have laid a plan against your own life.’

“‘Oh no,’ she hastily replied, ‘I will bear all that I have merited; I will not heap sin upon sin. In the town I know where I shall find an asylum. But I adjure you, by the love of God, to conceal me! Help me away! He who seeks for me must not find me; I dare never behold his countenance again. That is the penance heaven imposes upon me.’

“The earnest tone with which the girl spoke,” continued Amatus, “affected me deeply. I promised to assist her, and succeeded in conveying her unseen to the gate by which I had entered. There I parted for ever with the unfortunate being; but long did her image haunt my soul. I followed the dark traces of her misfortune, and once I fancied I had found them; but ’tis a conjecture which I shall carry to the grave with me, nor can it be of any interest to you. A long life full of events has implanted many a new emotion in my breast, and effaced many an early one; but it needed only one glance of your bride to draw out these reminiscences from the darkness in which they have long rested. Never have I seen such a perfect resemblance; only there was a haughtiness in the look of those eyes to-day, which before spoke only humility and womanly weakness. In all other respects, by Saint Jacob, I should have supposed myself once more standing with that girl at the gate of the garden!”

The guest added no more, and Irmentraut felt an irresistible wish to communicate to him in exchange the fragment of Adelaide’s history which she had heard from Volkmar’s



mouth; but a forbidding look from her son stopped the flow of her speech at the very beginning. They sat a few moments longer together till the stranger's horse was equipped, when taking leave of them, he leapt into the saddle and rode off.

MIDNIGHT was past,—numberless stars shone in the sky,—a sharp fresh breeze announced, and the cock greeted aloud, the approach of dawn, when Adelaide stepped with a light foot down the narrow staircase from the closet,—opened hesitatingly the gate of the court,—crept cautiously past the stables till she reached the garden, and then, emboldened by her success, pushed rapidly forward. A low hedge stopped her flight, but she easily sprung over it; her steps were like the bounds of the flying deer, her spirits felt so light, and her limbs so much more at ease in the manly garments in which she had again arrayed herself. The darkest moments of her life,—her melancholy lot,—her recent dependence upon people whom she could not love,—all appeared to her like a dream now that she had thrown off the assumed dress of womanhood; but when after a rapid walk, she came close to the Elbe, of which the waves reflected the first glimmer of day-light, the remembrance of that evening was painfully present to her mind, when in the darkness of night, she had wandered there by the side of her father, with no other guide for their steps than the rushing noise of the stream, and he had pointed out to her the cheerful light of the mill, shining forth with hospitable assurance, as the wandering sailor looks to the rising star by which he shapes his course.



"I am now alone," she said in a low voice to herself, "and have no longer a guide in the wide world; but the dead whom we loved are still at our side while we tread the path they have pointed out to us. Had I been a boy, he would have placed me like a guardian angel near his master: even such will I yet become, for I feel courage in my heart."

After this brief soliloquy, she hastened rapidly forward on the road towards Meissen which the morning gradually revealed to her. Near some scattered huts, she perceived the camp spread out before her; and on the advanced sentinels challenging her, desired to be conducted into the presence of a superior officer. They directed her to wait, and watched her closely. In the circle, which collected at day-break around her, she saw no familiar countenance; yet, seated amidst the stern warriors at the flickering fire,—before her the roseate clouds which heralded the path of the rising sun, over her the brightening sky with the paling stars,—her bosom heaved more freely than it ever did within those walls from which she had so lately fled. Having received a portion of the breakfast which was cooking over the flames, she listened in silence to the conversation with which the soldiers filled up the time,—the deepest repose seemed to reign in the camp,—no forebodings of approaching danger interrupted its security,—while Adelaide looked upon the boisterous mirth of the groups around her with the sorrow which angelic beings may be supposed to feel when they see us unconsciously treading upon the brink of a precipice.

At last, after an hour had elapsed, one of the soldiers led her to his captain's tent, in whom she recognised a person she had often met before; but when, with the bold manners of a boy, she stepped into his presence, trembling lest he should recognise her, his address convinced her that her disguise deceived him. She mentioned her father's name,—and at the same time pressing demanded to be conducted into the elector's presence, for whom she said she had an impor-



tant communication. The captain kindly promised to forward her wishes, but turned hastily away from her to meet an old man who now approached in the habit of a civilian and entered the tent with cordial greetings.

Adelaide hesitated to withdraw, in spite of the beckoning of the soldier who had guided her to the tent. "What do you yet want, my child?" said the captain, looking a little surprised at her.

"Sir, I wish the sun might not set till I have seen the countenance of his grace, the elector. I know very well how important the communication is which I have to make to him. But I am not sure whether the hour may not be already passing over us in which only it could avail him to know it."

"Who is this youth?" asked the old man, casting a keen glance at Adelaide.

"The son of a gallant soldier who fell at Rochlitz, if he speaks truth," answered the captain.

"Young man," said the elder personage, after speaking a few words to the captain in a low whisper, "you may accompany me. Perhaps I can accomplish your wish. Go out and wait for me. Your countenance—and I know something of faces—looks too honest for a spy; however we must become a little better acquainted with each other."

"And who is that old man?" inquired Adelaide at the soldier who remained with her.

"The Burghmaster of Wittenberg," replied the other; "Lucas Muller is his name, and he stands in high favour with our master. You must have heard of Lucas Kranach, the painter,—it is he. He came a few days ago into the camp, with a message from the fortress of Wittenberg, from the Lady Sybilla, the wife of the elector."

A quarter of an hour had elapsed when Master Lucas stepped out of the tent and summoned the disguised maiden to follow him. He conducted her to a hut at the farthest extremity of the camp where he himself resided. Opposite to



this stood a large house, before which a numerous guard and the floating banner proclaimed the residence of the elector. The very sight of this old man of three score and ten years inspired the girl with confidence; and it needed but a few questions to acquaint him with more of her secret than she had resolved to disclose to any human being.

After having enjoyed a deep and refreshing sleep in a small corner of the hut which Lucas assigned to her, she was raised towards evening by the old man's voice ordering her to rise and accompany him to the elector's presence, of whom he said he was about to take leave, having to return next morning to Wittenberg. They were ushered together into a spacious, but unadorned apartment, at the door of which armed soldiers kept watch. A large table stood in the middle of the room, richly laden with silver cups. Opposite the entrance sat the elector; at his side the duke Ernest of Brunswick. Adelaide from her earliest youth, accustomed to devote unbounded love and respect to the former, felt her heart leap joyfully when she again beheld his countenance. John Frederic had passed one half of the ordinary years of human life. He was uncommonly large in person, but his benevolent features were not without intelligence, although somewhat deficient in manly sternness and decision. Unable to conceive and execute great enterprises, his resolutions perpetually vacillated under the influence of trifling objections, whilst he adhered to certain opinions with an iron inflexibility of purpose from which nothing could drive him; and this good natured pride of superior discernment, united to not a little comfortable composure of mind, shone through his friendly eyes while seated at the cheerful board enjoying the conversation of his friends. He lay reclined at ease in an armed chair, holding a brimming cup in his hand. Around him sat several of his officers,—Hans von Bunikau, Wolf von Schönberg, Nicolaus von Minkwitz, the three Counts Gleichen, Count Reuss von Plauen, and Reckerod the colonel of the infantry. A pale man, clothed in black, with an



air of grave reflection, sat nearest to the prince, but seemed to take no part either in the conversation or the carousal. When the elector saw Master Lucas Muller enter, he bade him welcome in a loud voice, and invited him to a place at his side. Meanwhile Adelaide joined the numerous retinue of servants, without going to any great distance from the seat of her protector. The conversation was free and unrestrained, and bore no particular reference to the doubtful condition of the elector's affairs. The cup went briskly round, and repeated toasts were given. Adelaide looked with scrutinizing distrust upon the countenances round the table. An undefined suspicion, excited by the peculiar sound of his voice, drew her observation chiefly upon Reck-erod. It seemed to her, whenever he spoke, that she was not now hearing his voice for the first time; and her expressive features—never accustomed to conceal the emotions of her mind—might perhaps betray her feelings, for on turning round she observed that she herself was attentively regarded by the serious looking man in the black raiment. A deep blush suffused her cheeks, and she withdrew behind the cup-bearer.

Lucas Muller had, meanwhile, found an opportunity of drawing the elector into a private conversation in which nobody could take part but the Duke of Brunswick and the pale-faced man. For a little while, mirth and jest fluttered amongst the rest, but it was only as the decaying motion of a rolling wheel when the hand that urged it onwards is withdrawn. Before the increasing earnestness of the principal persons, the revelry grew weaker,—the noisy laughter died away,—the wine circulated more slowly,—till, one after the other, the warriors dropt off, leaving only the four before-mentioned personages deeply engaged in conversation.

A sign from the elector sent the servants into the anti-chamber; a second directed Adelaide to remain and to step nearer. She trembled a little, but her heart beat cheerfully



and with pride. John Frederic cast a keen look upon her and inquired first of her name. She called herself Ademar, and modestly reminded the prince of her father, who, many years ago, had had an opportunity of rendering his master a piece of good service at Wolfenbüttle, and from that time had been personally known to him.

"Oh! I know it well," said the elector; "I remember the old man well. Nobody can say that I have not a memory for faithful services; he followed our banners gallantly till death smote him; his son shall not ask any thing in vain from us."

"If it were granted to me," began Adelaide timidly, "to offer my services,—my weak arm, but strong will,—to your grace, I would certainly be ever found at the post where my late father would have most delighted to see me. It is a proud—a noble feeling to die in the defence of a beloved prince."

The fire of enthusiasm with which these words were spoken was painfully disturbed by a good-natured laugh of the elector.

"Young hero," said he gaily, "I esteem your good will and accept your offer. But I think we would be badly off indeed, had we only your gallantry to depend upon. Tender youth may be beautiful in every situation, but in warriors and wine I like a good age."

"I have been told," answered Adelaide, "that a mouse once gnawed the net with which a lion was bound; thus also may the weakest become of use to the most powerful. Has Master Lucas told your grace for what reason I sought admission to your presence, and will you allow me not to name the place where I was when Heaven put into my hands the web of wickedness to destroy it?"

John Frederic answered these questions in the affirmative, and ordered the youth to proceed with his narration. Upon which, Adelaide, in a distinct and accurate manner, repeated the conversation which she had overheard as above related



in the mill, and had imprinted with feverish anxiety on her memory, repressing only the expressions which she now felt incompatible with the respect due to her lord.

"What do you think of it?" inquired John Frederic of his companions; "I will not doubt the good faith of our informant, but I can never be convinced that the emperor himself marches after us. Wilhelm Thumshirn, who is in Bohemia, must in such a case have given us notice. It is quite incredible,—quite impossible, and my heart, my friends, revolts at the thought of such black conduct. Are you quite certain, my child, that you heard all this exactly as we have now received it from your lips?"

"As certain as I am that the sun which has just now set, will rise again," answered the youth.

"And have you any suspicions of any one whom you have since met with?" inquired the grave looking man in black. "Did you hear at this table a voice which you fancied might be that of a traitor?"

"The ear may deceive us, and bear false witness, Sir," answered the maiden, "one rough voice may easily be supposed to resemble another. Heaven preserve me from trusting to the weak judgment of my senses in such a weighty matter."

"Scholenus," said the elector, "you are highly learned, and we willingly bow to your superior knowledge when it plunges into the depths of philosophy or mathematics, or soars up to the stars; but leave to us, who dwell on the earth, some little pretence to wisdom. How could you believe that here under my own eyes, a traitor should be found lurking among those whom I well know, and whose actions I have long ago observed? We know, heaven be thanked, how to distinguish betwixt honesty and falsehood. But the warning shall not be given to the wind. Scouts shall be sent out, and at the first appearance of danger we will retire beyond the Elbe."

"Do it with the break of day, my prince," said Scholenus,



“without waiting the report of the scouts. It is now too late to send them out. You know what I have told you of the result of my nightly observations. The stars do not deceive us; this is the second warning you have received. Great is the danger and nigh at hand; God grant that it may be turned aside from you! Must I, at this nightly hour, once more join my voice to fate? Heaven give it strength to penetrate to your heart! Let not, I say, the succeeding days pass without preparation against a powerful enemy. Seek advice from your own mind; it is strong and good, and my science discovers on all sides around you infidelity and treachery. Resolve this very moment, while the hours are yet auspicious, and under this roof no traitor lurks.”

“Upon my faith,” said duke Ernest, “I am of your opinion. We have lingered far too long in this place, where a surprise would ruin us. We are too weak to resist the emperor if he advances, especially since the departure of Thumshirn’s division. Let us place the river between us and the danger which threatens us, and let the good fortress of Wittenberg cover our rear. When do you fix our departure?”

Adelaide stepped hastily near and said: “‘A few days more, and every thing is ripe,’ I heard one voice in the council of the wicked say; and since that moment the moon has twice risen upon the earth.”

“And I tell you,” exclaimed Scholenus, “not four or six days will be added to the twenty days of April which are past, before fortune or misfortune is decided.”

“Well,” said John Frederic, “the camp may be broken up before the morning dawns. I will issue the commands myself, and then repose for an hour. But you will see that it is our cousin Maurice before whom we are flying,—an enemy whose presence I do not greatly dread. Good night, Lucas; we shall now travel together; take your young hero with you.”

“A truly heroic deed have you done to-day,” whispered



Scholenus to Adelaide, as they stepped out together into the moonlight night, "though you do not belong to the warriors, and ought to meddle as little with them as the dove with the falcon."

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THE army crossed the Elbe in the morning, and the emperor pitched his camp at Nuhlberg; but already, while on the march, his little army was lessened by treacherous desertion, and increasing rumours confirmed the approach of a body of the enemy. Upon this John Frederic, for greater security against pursuit, ordered the bridges to be destroyed, although he still doubted the imminent nature of his danger. Meanwhile, the emperor hastened forward by forced marches, and on the 24th of April, appeared before the Saxon army. A thick mist concealed his march, and facilitated a most inconceivable and unfortunate surprise. The outposts of the Saxon troops, separated only by the river from those of the enemy, did not perceive the danger which threatened them, and remained unsuspecting. Even the elector gave himself up to a supine security, without paying any attention to the murmurs and representations of the few faithful adherents still around him. He had an advantageous position,—the protection of his fortified town,—and before him, the large rapid river—as he thought, a sufficient bulwark to oppose to the enemy. But the powerful elements present feeble hindrance to a determined resolution. The emperor gave orders to cross the river; the most resolute Spanish horsemen threw themselves with loud shouts and in great masses into the stream, to swim through, while their comrades directed a heavy fire on the opposite bank, before which the Saxon



outposts fled. Yet nothing had been gained by such boldness till the arrival of duke Maurice decided the day. The ardent hero, glowing with the desire of battle, pushed forward at the head of his well-trained cavalry. In his keen animated looks were painted prompt resolution, prudent foresight, and an unconquerable mind, without any traces of the gentler feelings. Near him rode his master of horse, Thilo von Trotta, a handsome young man, whose features were a perfect contrast to those of his master; his dark eyes were animated with the fire of enthusiasm, but the deep earnestness depicted in his countenance seemed to indicate a warm and feeling heart. He surveyed, like his master, the wide field beyond the river; but whilst the latter thought only of triumph, and laid his plans accordingly, Thilo was mentally counting the bodies of his Saxon brethren, who were about to be mowed down by Death. Before these two stepped a vigorous figure,—a man in the prime of life, with a gloomy countenance, his eye fixed on the ground, and his matted black hair hanging about him in wild disorder. It was Busso, the miller, who had engaged to lead the army to a ford which was known to him alone, and where man and horse could cross without danger. The great reward offered stimulated him less to this act than the inveterate hatred he bore the elector; and now he scarcely thought of the gold he was to gain by it, since he could no longer use it to exalt Adelaide.

Busso stepped first into the water to point out the way to the rest; and Maurice followed him with his horsemen; then came the emperor and the duke of Alva, with the whole Spanish cavalry. Thilo's horse having staggered in taking the first step on the slippery ground, the miller raised his downcast head, and, looking with an air of mockery upon the knight, ventured a bold observation on the ill omen.

"Have no care of me and my horse," answered the former, "we are little accustomed to follow the steps of a trai-



tor. Yonder, upon the field of honour, the noble animal will make its way without stumbling."

The elector was, on this eventful morning, attending sermon in his tent, when the heavy fire of the Spaniards resounded from the opposite shore. The close of the discourse, with which his pious mind had been engrossed, was hastened by the approaching alarm. All were now convinced that it was the army of the emperor, and not of duke Maurice, which was advancing upon their small body; and John Frederic resolved to commence his retreat to Wittenberg, after having manfully rejected the proposal to submit directly to the emperor, which was made to him as through his cousin. Like a storm, Charles hastened with his army after the fugitives, even before the artillery had been got over. He hastily constructed a bridge of boats, and overtook them upon the heath of Lochaw,—the theatre of a short struggle, and a most melancholy defeat.

The sun was setting, and its reflected beams gilded the quiet waters which in the morning had rolled their mighty barrier between both armies,—the battle of Muhlberg had been fought, and the elector, John Frederic, after a gallant defence, found himself entirely surrounded by his enemies. Most of his warriors had early fled; he himself, wounded in the cheek, remained on the field of battle, weakened by violent exertion, and deserted by all save a few faithful adherents, among whom also Adelaide, with an heroical contempt of danger, remained at his side. Once she had respected the fortunate prince in the day of his power; now, in the time of his desertion, she loved him with filial affection. She left not his side for a single moment, and kept close to his horse till a troop of Spanish horsemen called upon him to surrender. At this trying moment, she cast her eye on the unfortunate prince, and beheld in his bloody and disfigured features nothing but the expression of silent magnanimity and princely heroism.

"Not to you will I surrender," said he with royal dignity;



"but I just now heard the name of a Saxon knight, Thilo von Trotta. Is he at hand? To him will I give my princely word that I submit to the emperor, to whom God has subjected me."

An anxious silence reigned among his little band of despairing followers after these words, and no word was spoken till Thilo von Trotta hastily arrived at the call which was made for him, and bowed himself deeply and respectfully before the elector. His countenance bespoke not the joy of victory, but rather a feeling of manly grief. Nothing diverted his eyes from the illustrious object of his sympathy. The elector presented him with a costly ring, and declaring himself his prisoner, desired to be conducted to the emperor. Silently they took their way; the beams of the evening sun shone clear through the dark fir-trees, and the breeze sighed softly in the hanging boughs. When they had proceeded about a thousand paces, the wood opened a little; a village lay in sight of the small troop,—the peaceful back-ground of the battle-piece spread out before them; the emperor Charles and the duke of Alva appeared on horseback in an open spot of ground, and around them were scattered a numerous retinue, most of them on foot, their horses standing aside among the bushes with the servants and groups of dismounted horsemen. The wounded elector alighted from his horse, and approached the emperor with a firm step, who, gloomy and cold, cast a piercing look upon his humiliated enemy.

"Gracious emperor," said John Frederic, with a voice that thrilled through every heart, "I am the prisoner of your majesty, and demand the treatment of a princely captive."

"Am I *now* your emperor?" asked Charles, severely and proudly. "I will treat you according as you have deserved."

The proud conqueror turned away from his unfortunate prisoner after this brief reply, to give commands for his further treatment, and the future movements of the army, Adelaide stood at a little distance from her master, deeply moved, though not merely by the anxiety she felt for him.



The knight to whom he surrendered his sword was not a stranger to her. His name touched the finest chords of her soul; and his sight transported her, like a spell, to the delightful days of unforbidden happiness. But Thilo von Trotta had not yet cast a look upon her, till the elector appeared before his conqueror, and the visible interest of the youthful servant drew the attention of more than one of the bystanders. Then, for the first time, their eyes met, and a heaven of love and joy accompanied the instantaneous recognition,—all the mysterious joys of a first silent affection,—all the sweetness and confidence of acknowledged love, bespoke itself in a single glance. It was a beam of light which darted through the darkness of their grief, and died as quickly away as the flickering spark that appears and vanishes in the same instant of time. Adelaide fixed her eyes in sadness on the ground. Trotta's handsome figure, gleaming in the rays of the parting sun, belonged to the departed days of unclouded joy; but the memory and warning of her venerable father,—the bended head of the bleeding prince,—and, above all, the well-known countenance of the aged stranger she had met with in the mill, whom she now recognised among Charles' followers,—all reminded her of the shade which had overcast her youthful life. She had of late, in man's garb, and surrounded by strangers, with generous devotion to the destinies of another, entirely forgotten her womanhood; she was now restored to herself, and, under the boy's dress, the wounded heart of the maiden was bleeding.

Don Alphonso Vives was charged with the keeping of the captive elector, and the prince Ernest of Brunswick who shared his fate. The emperor advanced upon Wittenberg and his prisoners were obliged to follow him in the painful uncertainty of the future which now depended upon the will of the stern conqueror.



ADELAIDE, with the servants of the elector, had been ordered to accompany the rear-guard of the army, which slowly followed the advance of the emperor. Her soul was sick, but her active body easily sustained the fatigue of the past days, whilst one of her fellow-prisoners, a wounded, feeble old man, almost sunk under the toils of the journey. Loosely watched, it would perhaps have been possible for them to have made their escape; but wherever the poor girl turned her thoughts, nowhere could she discover the trace of an asylum, and her most anxious wish was to be once more at the side of her master, to show him a fidelity such as in misfortune strengthens and supports the heart. She whispered these sentiments to the wounded man, as she rode near him accompanied only by Spanish horsemen who understood not her language; he participated in them, and expressed a hope that their wishes might be gratified. "Even if we cannot be of any use to him," said he, "it will at least comfort his proud soul, when he sees that fidelity is more secure than frail fortune; and I think when the tree has fallen the bushes around should fade along with it."

Adelaide made use of every little moment of rest to smooth the toils of the march to her companion; at last they reached the village of Pretsch, in the neighbourhood of which the emperor was encamped. The inn on the road was already filled with the strangers; Spaniards and Saxons of Maurice's troops were here before them; a wild uproar resounded through the whole house and court,—foreign steeds neighed in the stables,—and the hall was occupied by carousing groups who demanded with loud threats whatever they wanted. Adelaide kept close to the old man, and sought with him a corner farthest removed from the noisy bustle. A large oven,



before which the hostess was engaged preparing some food, afforded them shelter and warmth behind it; for though the genial May was at hand, a night-ride and the coldness which precedes the dawn had benumbed their limbs. As Adelaide busied herself in dressing the wounded foot of her aged companion, the hostess cast a glance upon her, and attended to what was passing betwixt the two as well as the crackling of the flames would permit her. "Even children and old men," thought she, "are come to overrun our poor country," and she looked without any kindly feelings on the two strangers, until a few words reached her ears which quickly changed the tenor of her feelings. "You belong to the elector," said she in a whisper; "Oh! my heart warms in your presence! The misfortunes we have experienced since these Spanish people overran our land like a locust-cloud, cry to heaven for vengeance. Heaven only knows what will become of us and of our master! If they are to swallow up the whole country, our little portion of it will be but a small mouthful for them. But, good father, how could you take such a stripling into the field with you,—a mere child? Gladly would I be of service to both of you; would you wish a little closet to yourselves? There is still one corner where, if there is little day-light, there is tranquillity at least, and you shall not lack provisions."

Adelaide eagerly expressed her gratitude for this offer, and the good-natured hostess quickly led them to an apartment which hardly deserved the name of a closet, but contained, however, a miserable pallet and a chair. The old man was laid upon the couch. Adelaide wrapped herself up in his cloak, and took possession of the chair; but the pain of the wound and the bustle of the house long kept the veteran from repose, whilst fatigue and youthful health quickly cradled the maiden into a sweet sleep. She was yet asleep when the door opened softly, and the hostess ushered in a man of lofty stature, who threw a rapid glance into the dimly lighted room. "They are fast asleep," said the woman; "do you



wish to awake them? The poor child breathes so calmly, it has perhaps not tasted repose for a long time."

"And yet I must awake him, good woman," replied the other; "I have welcome news to tell him. The other may be allowed to rest. Go now; I thank you."

A gentle hand touched Adelaide's left; she heard her name murmured as in a pleasant dream, and started up. When the twilight indistinctly revealed to her a well-known and beloved countenance, she believed herself to be yet in a dream. "Adelaide," whispered Trotta, bending over her, "may heaven's blessings descend upon the lowly roof under which we meet each other again! I have not breathed freely since I last beheld you, till this moment when the deep scar on your left hand assures me that it is really you I see. I will not ask whether your heart yet remembers our plighted vows; I must doubt of every thing good ere I doubt of your faith."

"Ah!" replied she, trembling, "but a few months have passed since we parted, yet they seem as years to me. Many changes in that time have happened, and this childish heart has been made to submit to stern necessity. When we were together at yonder place,—you sick and wounded, I your nurse, almost alone in the midst of the bustle of war, my inexperienced heart could not perceive the chasm which lay betwixt us; no one showed it to me; and, alas! even though I had known it, I must nevertheless have continued to love you. We parted, and I shed tears of sorrow. Unaccustomed to conceal any thing from my venerable father, I allowed him to read what was passing in my soul, and with deep earnestness he said to me, 'Thilo von Trotta, the man of noble birth, the highly-honoured servant of his master, must not be thought of by you. Adelaide, you must renounce him. The humble wood-flower cannot adorn the garden of a prince; and the world's censure and reproach fall upon him who transplants it thither.' My heart murmured, but I promised to submit."



"Listen to me, Adelaide," began the knight, "but our speech must be soft, lest we awake thy companion. I have no mind to trifle with solemn vows, and my youth is free of sinful giddiness. I would not joyfully offer you my hand, if the blessing of our parents did not attend us. But my beloved mother was more interested in your worth than in your descent; and, with her full approbation, I asked for and obtained that of your father. A few days before the battle of Rochlitz he gave me the name of 'son.' He had intended, if providence should spare him in that battle, to visit again your relations at the Mill of the Vale; but you know that death met him on that field, and the servant whom I, a short time ago, sent to the mill, found you were no longer there. Tell me why you left an asylum so much better fitted for you than the scene of wild confusion in which I again met with you? Home is woman's world; it is within its peaceful walls alone that these gentle and quiet beings are appointed to rule and promote the happiness of man. If you consent to be mine, duties await you which require a true womanly mind; you will have the charge of my aged mother, and of an orphan child of my sister, to whom I have become a father. Examine yourself, Adelaide, and tell me whether your love is strong enough to conquer an ill-directed inclination. I know you well enough to depend on the integrity of your heart."

"Yes, by the God who listens to us, you may!" answered she. "Place me wherever it pleases you; let your own feelings dictate to me; and may I, with your love, forfeit all my earthly happiness, if I become not whatever you desire. True it is, that from my childhood, inclination drew me to associate with boys; I have grown up in the field and the camp,—my first play-things were weapons,—my first wish, a horse; the eye of a mother never smiled upon me,—no womanly hand ever guided me to softer gentler occupations. But if I have now to confess blushing, how often I felt sorry for not being a boy, let me also tell you that I have



striven to attain the nobler manly virtues, and have gained a steady firmness in word and resolution which may be a sufficient pledge to you that I will perform what I now promise. Do not lay it too much to heart that you have found me in this situation ; I had already made a few steps on a new path of life, when Fate again drove me from it."

Adelaide now related, with a sweet confidence, the circumstances of her residence in the Mill of the Valley, and how Busso had wooed her ; nor did she conceal from her lover the secret which she had learned in the silence of the night, and how much it had engrossed her whole feelings,—how she had suffered herself to be called the bride of that detested man,—and how the resolution to fly came like a sudden inspiration from above into her breast. She also told him that no other asylum from the importunities of this hateful suitor remained to her, and that his image yet haunted her memory, like a spectre in the hours of darkness.

"Be tranquil, my beloved," said Thilo, "nothing shall any longer afford you uneasiness. A few days more, and I place you in the arms of my mother, in a delightful country house near Dresden. When we have taken Wittenberg, I can easily leave my post for a short time. Till then it is necessary to provide an asylum for you ; for nobody but myself shall conduct you to your future home."

"And what becomes of John Frederic ?" inquired Adelaide. "Oh ! your eyes are overshadowed with a cloud,—say what is to be his fate ? They have removed all his faithful servants from him ; and he suffers alone in the midst of hearts that have no sympathy with his sorrows. Dare I whisper the wish,—how happy would I not be were I allowed to devote those days till you can call Adelaide your own, to the service of the unfortunate prince ! Methinks I could, in after years, look back with joy and pride upon the past, if my hands had only once gently bound his wounds, and I had shown him, by my respect, how far he stood in the estimation of his followers above the fate which overtook him."



"I will fulfil your wish, Adelaide," said Trotta, after some reflection. "The fate of the elector will soon be decided; it depends perhaps upon the surrender of the fortress. I will place you near him; but expect my call. Look at this ring; I will send it to you as a token when the time is come; it was given me for a melancholy service, and shall tell my grandsons how their ancestor was once honoured by a noble enemy to whom he stood opposed only because he was a vassal of duke Maurice."

"Oh! that you might no longer be in the service of that hard-hearted man who brought ruin on his kinsman's head!" exclaimed the maiden. "I cannot reconcile myself to his conduct; loving the betrayed, I must hate the betrayer."

"A woman cannot judge of the heroic qualities of his soul," replied Trotta, with much earnestness. "His noble mind embraces not this country merely and these times: the welfare of Germany and the freedom of our latest posterity lie before his view, and his memory will descend with glory to future ages. A man may sometimes feel himself constrained by duty to do that which would wound the tender heart of woman; for nature has assigned to her a more limited sphere of action in which all is pure and serene. Woman may float over the calm and tranquil waters; but we men must struggle with the stormy wave; and even when she beholds us from afar, her part is only to cherish a pious wish for the welfare of all."

Trotta now inquired if she was ready to follow him. Adelaide cast a compassionate look upon her companion who now began to move, and Trotta promised to recommend him to the care of the guards and of the hostess. A short path conducted them into the camp, and Trotta's application obtained for the page of the elector—for such he called the maid—admission to his master's tent. The lovers could only exchange looks on parting. Adelaide was commanded by Don Alphonso de Vives to follow him, and in silence she accompanied him through the lines of Spanish guards, who



watched, like so many statues, the place where one of the noblest princes of Germany lay awaiting his sentence.

The elector was seated with his head supported on his hand, listening attentively to a man who read aloud to him from a Latin book, and in whom Adelaide on approaching recognised the astrologer, Scholenus, who cast an angry glance upon the Spaniard as he entered, whilst the elector greeted him in a condescending yet dignified manner. Don Alphonso, not master of the German tongue, addressed the elector in Latin. Adelaide judged, by his gestures and the looks of her lord, that he spoke of her; but other matters prolonged the conversation, and she waited about a quarter of an hour before the Spaniard took his leave. She then gently approached the elector, and no longer able to repress the tears which had for some time glistened in her eyes, wept aloud, and kneeled down before the illustrious captive.

"Welcome, Ademar!" said John Frederic. "We have not seen each other since that unfortunate day, and I have not yet had an opportunity of thanking you. You have kept your word, brave boy, when that of men wavered like the reed in the blast. The very sight of your faithful countenance does my spirits good. But do not weep, my son; we have a God who aids us and will support us in the hour of trial."

Adelaide kissed the hand which was held out to her, and ventured to request that she might be allowed to remain near his person till the moment when, as she pretended, a message might arrive for her from a relation. "May my gracious lord be at liberty ere that time comes," continued she, "and may his faithful servant part with him in joy!"

"We have every reason to believe that the wished-for moment is not far distant," replied the elector; "and be assured that as truly as I expect moderation and justice from him who conquered me, will I show my gratitude towards tried fidelity. I have yet been treated in a princely manner,



though by the hands of strangers, until the worthy Scholenus succeeded to penetrate into my solitary abode with the old chamberlain of my lady. Therefore do I gladly accept of your services, since I am allowed to do so."

Adelaide eagerly laid hold of these words. With anxious zeal and skilful assiduity she paid her master all those little attentions which the great of the earth are so accustomed to receive. She presented the cup, and attended at the table, —dressed, with the chamberlain's assistance, the prince's wound,—and employed every little artifice to lighten the gloom of his melancholy solitude. Scholenus assisted her in this. A silent bond of friendship seemed to have sprung up between the spirited maiden and the abstruse thinking philosopher, which revealed itself in the friendly care of the latter, who troubled himself not a little in providing for her comfort, and yielded to her the use of a little apartment which had been given to himself as a sleeping room.

"Establish yourself here," said he, as she entered it guided by him; "you have more need of an undisturbed place of repose than I. I know you; the first glance discovered to me the lamb in wolf's clothes. I thought to chide you then, but now I know what drove you out of your orbit. You were in the Mill of the Vale at Meissen; the miller called you his bride, and you fled to shun the union. Say, was it not so?"

"Have the stars that shine so brightly above us," said Adelaide, "revealed to you the fate of a poor girl? I dare not conceal the truth from you. All is as you say."

"My information respecting you," answered Scholenus, "was not drawn from above, where I read the sad fortunes of my prince. My mind, occupied with him alone, inquires for no meaner object in the book of heaven. But one who has been my friend from the golden time of my youth, Armatus by name, told me of you. He saw you in the mill, and recognised you again when the elector stood before the emperor. Something, I know not what, drew his eyes upon



you, and constrained him to follow your traces. That you afterwards made your escape from the miller was not difficult to guess. When I first beheld you, I heard you beg from the elector protection against persecution which you said you dreaded."

"Ah! Sir," said the maiden, with anxiety, "by the God who guides the thousand stars, do not betray me to your friend! It seemed to me as if he and Busso, the miller of the valley, understood one another well. If he discovers my traces I am lost."

"You are mistaken," said Scholenus, "a good man may sometimes make use of a bad man, not from choice but necessity; but the bond which exists between them is nothing more than a worn-out cord, to be severed by a breath of air. Armatus is better inclined towards us than you suppose; it is through his intervention I am here. Take your repose now; I go to watch and attend the elector."

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THE fortress of Wittenberg, where the family of the captive elector remained, was in the meantime vigorously defended, and would not perhaps have fallen under the power of the emperor had its surrender not been precipitated by a measure of extreme severity. In the beginning of May, Charles assembled a court-martial, consisting of Spaniards and Italians, under the presidency of the Duke of Alva, which pronounced the sentence of death upon the defender of the German rights,—the mighty and magnanimous John Frederic. The dreadful intelligence decided the surrender of the fortress, and several of the German princes hastened in person to move the emperor to a milder course. But Charles listen-



ed to their entreaties in gloomy silence, without affording them any hope, or one glance into his secret thoughts.

The unexpected sentence was announced to the elector, while sitting with the duke Ernest, his fellow-prisoner, at the chess-board. He seemed for a moment astonished, but his cheek did not change colour. Misfortune, instead of lowering, had effaced every weaker trait from his character, and revealed his heroic virtues in a brighter light. Thus misty vapours are sometimes seen to veil the lower country, while the summit of the mountain with its leafy coronal shines free and serene in the sunbeams.

"I cannot believe that the emperor seriously means to treat me thus," said he calmly; "but, at all events, I wish to be assured of his intentions, whatever they may be, that I may make some provision for my wife and children. As for myself I am ready to quit this transitory world and enter upon a better and eternal life."

After having spoke thus, he calmly resumed the game,—the only one of the little company who retained his composure and courage in the trying moment. Scholenus was seated in a corner of the tent, plunged in such deep reflection that he resembled a spell-bound man, whose body stands before you whilst his soul is lingering in distant realms. Adelaide wept in silence; and the chamberlain, whose hair had grown grey at the elector's court, struggled to repress his feelings with a violence which manifested itself in the agitation of his folded hands. Duke Ernest could only proceed mechanically on his side of the game, his anxiety on account of the prince absorbed his whole soul. At last, Scholenus, like a man awakening from a dream, left his seat, and stepped slowly out of the tent.

Adelaide could not compose herself to rest that night. Even when sleep visited her at a late hour, her slumber was only a continuation of those painful feelings by which her mind had been harassed when awake. Morning had not yet dawned when she arose, drew aside the curtains of her little



tent, and looked abroad into the open air, breathing refreshment from the cool breeze. The sun yet lingered behind his golden portals, but his herald-beams flashed gloriously over the horizon; the morning star shone pale through the misty grey of the sky, and the sombre mantle of twilight enveloped all the surrounding objects, save the lofty fir-trees, which, at a little distance from the camp, reared their heads like giants into the still air. All around the elector's tent, numerous guards were pacing with quick steps in the coolness of the morning: others, just relieved from the watch, lay carousing, or asleep at some distance around a fire; but two figures, which moved between the centinels and the more distant groups, quickly rivetted the attention of the maiden. They wore the colours of Duke Maurice of Saxony, and seemed to avoid the eyes of the centinels while they attentively surveyed the elector's tent. When they came opposite the spot where Adelaide was stationed, they stopped, and as they stood conversing together, she thought she recognised the gloomy features of Busso under the open helmet of one of them. Trembling, she withdrew into the interior of the tent, for her fancy pictured his hateful eye firmly directed upon her, and its glance had the same effect on her senses as that of the snake is said to have upon the luckless wanderer. She stood rivetted, and almost without sensation, to the spot, till the firm sounding step of the centinel, returning on his round, compelled the two figures to flit from the spot on which they stood,—like nightly spectres whose airy forms vanish when the steps of mortals approach them. Adelaide's dread of Busso had hitherto been smothered by other cares. She now passed several hours in inexpressible anxiety till the moment approached at which she was accustomed to commence her attendance on the elector. When she entered the tent, the elector lay still asleep on his couch; near him sat the chamberlain, his eye mournfully fixed upon his master; and at a table covered with papers, Scholenus appeared, the picture of profound contemplation.



The latter personage continued his writing for some time without paying any attention to Adelaide. At last he beckoned her to his side and pointed to a seat on which she sat down. "He is still asleep, having wrought half the night at this table," began Scholenus. "His mind could not rest till he had arranged the affairs of his family, as far as it was in the power of a mortal; but he now reposes in tranquillity. Our duty is not to despair of his deliverance. I have made use of the hours of darkness that they may shed a light over my future nights, and I now clearly perceive that I must summon you to cooperate with me in the glorious work."

"You mock me," answered she; "what has a poor girl like me to give him but my wishes and prayers? Alas! perhaps over myself there even now hangs a threatening cloud whose storm will burst upon me before you are aware. You, Sir, are the only person here who knows my secret. If I should disappear from your side without having bid you farewell, be sure that I have fallen into the power of my worst enemies. I conjure you then to direct a friend to follow my traces,—he is called Thilo von Trotta, and serves the duke Maurice. Do not hesitate to hold intercourse with him, though he is on the side of our foes. For my sake speak with him. If my forebodings should be fulfilled, he will deliver me."

"How have such thoughts got into thy head?" asked Scholenus. "Thou art pale and tremblest: is this a time to nourish hollow dreams, when reality requires all our energies?"

"I have seen the Miller of the Valley hovering round this tent in disguise," announced Adelaide. "I would have known him amongst a thousand. From the moment I beheld him I have felt as if I could hide myself from him in the depths of the earth."

"Be calm," answered the astrologer, "you are safe here. These centinels who keep guard over us must also protect



us. I will quicken their vigilance. But hear now what I have to tell you. Yesterday, after the dreadful sentence reached my ear, I went to look out for my friend Armatus. He stands in high estimation with the emperor, and knows his mind entirely. After a long communing with him, I found the elector on my return walking about in solitary reflection, and sat down near him to another work of serious import. Night rolled above me with its millions of suns; the divine science to which I have devoted the joyous time of youth and the flower of manhood, drew me away in its profound labyrinth. The elector had long slept, but I watched till all the planets vanished before the light of the sun. Then a message arrived from Armatus, as we had previously concerted. The emperor desires to see me; he wishes to hear the truth from my lips; and I will speak it to him without reserve. You, Adelaide, possess the courage of a man. Say, are you able to appear before the proud commander of two worlds, and to beg from him the life of your master?"

"I?" inquired Adelaide with astonishment; "I am not afraid of him; but what would avail any request of mine before his powerful wrath? The voice of a child in the howling of a storm, which overthrows forests and palaces!"

"Leave that to him who raises the storm and rules it," replied Scholenus. "He has bestowed on you a most extraordinary likeness to one long since dead, which may perhaps be able to move the callous heart of the stern conqueror more than any beauty could. A deep feeling of human frailty may perhaps cross his mind at your sight, and a lost paradise of virtue may open to him when you step before him. Lucas Muller and I are to accompany you. After the audience, which Armatus has undertaken to procure for us, you will return to your concealment. Resolve courageously, and you may leave an immortal inheritance to your daughters in the memory of an heroic mother."

"Oh! I will gladly and willingly go with you," exclaimed Adelaide. "I am low born, yet my heart is not afraid of the



beams of greatness. Like the eagle, I can turn my eye on the sun without shrinking."

"Well, keep yourself in readiness then to accompany me in the twilight to Pretsch, where you will hear more of this matter. Till then not a word more; the elector awakes."

When the evening sun declined, a message from the astrologer warned the maiden that the hour of their mission was come; and they left the tent together. The short distance between the camp and village was traversed in silence. Passing towards the end of the hamlet, they entered a low hut, where Lucas Muller and Armatus—whom Adelaide recollected well—waited their arrival. Adelaide shuddered when she again beheld Armatus. However agreeable his features, and however friendly his words were, it nevertheless seemed to her as if her truest comfort lay in the plain German manners of Master Lucas, who welcomed her cordially.

"Let us proceed to business then," said Armatus. "I bring you to him; he expects you both, and will also receive your companion kindly, although she appears before him unexpectedly. Speak out boldly and freely. Heroes esteem manliness, and you need not be afraid of him. There is a spirit with you, which, like the ring of the magician, shields you from all harm."

"It is not the first time I have stood in his presence," replied Lucas Kranach. "He has been seated before my pencil. Well do I remember that countenance whose youthful features already announced the ardent spirit, the restless ambition, and the penetrating intelligence of the man. I could even now trace on the canvass those piercing eyes, the small



sharp contour of the countenance, the pointed chin, and delicately formed lips."

"But the pride of fortune, and his impatience under her few reverses, have traced many a wrinkle on that countenance, which would be wanting in your picture," said Armatus. "The sunshine of his youth has vanished and left no genial warmth behind it. Charles wished to be more than a man, and for this he sacrificed human feelings and all relish for human pleasures. A perfect command of himself,—a look piercing the inmost soul of others, and moulding them to his own ends, have raised him to a proud, but a lonely and melancholy elevation. He speaks little, and seldom smiles; his heart is poor in all the finer feelings, but he can conjure up their presence, like so many spirits, to exhibit before those who will give him credit for their possession; and they then appear with so much of reality about them, that they almost compel the assent of the most incredulous."

"Ah! Sir, you have sketched a melancholy picture!" exclaimed Lucas. "My hopes grow faint in looking upon it."

"Not so, Master Lucas," replied Armatus; "remember that you present him to-day with an important gift,—the possession of the fortress. He sought the most complete triumph over your master; it may move him to mercy. You must first speak, and announce your companion as a lady in the train of the electress Sybelle; she may then take up the word, and beg, in name of her princess, the life of John Frederic. Will you have courage, maiden, to confront his gloomy countenance?"

"I hope so," said Adelaide; "since I heard you speak of him, I begin to fear him less than I pity him."

"Well then, step into the other room, and array yourself in the garments you will there find prepared for you. Do not forget to arrange your hair,—or rather let it hang loosely in the way I saw it flow round you in the mill. We shall wait for you here."



Adelaide found a light in an apartment on the other side of the small passage, and hastened to array herself in a long, black robe which lay ready for her, with a long veil of the same sombre colour. Her hair floated loose over her pale countenance, for expectation and anxiety had, in spite of her courageous spirit, effaced the colour from her cheeks, and she trembled at the strange mournful figure which she now saw reflected in the small mirror before her. Her heart throbbed violently; she stepped to the casement,—opened it,—and looking out for a moment in the twilight, tried to summon her failing resolution. The low window opened into a desolate orchard, upon which bordered a fir plantation. The moon, not yet in its full orb, glided amid the clouds like a boat at sea which plunges and appears again among the waves, and threw a dubious light on the cheerless scene which the maiden now contemplated. But whilst she looked upon the beautiful planet wandering from cloud to cloud, comfort began to be shed upon her soul, and having prayed in silence for courage and the blessing of heaven, she hastened to join her companions. They left the house together, and Armatus employed the time till they reached the camp in instructing Adelaide in the part she had to perform,—whilst Scholenus and the painter, each plunged in deep thought, walked on before. Having reached the royal tent, the guard directed them to wait till the elector, Joachim of Brandenburg, had left the emperor, with whom he had been already several hours. Thus passed some time, which was spent by all the four confederates in silence but with various feelings. Lucas Kranach and Adelaide felt nothing but the ardent wish to save their lord. Fear and hope struggled in them for victory, as the nightly stars struggle with the clouds. Armatus felt himself transported at Adelaide's side into the days of the past, whilst Scholenus seemed to be conversing with the spirits of futurity whom he had summoned up in his mind. At last, a motion amongst the guards proclaimed the wished-for moment at hand; the train of the



elector was called, his horse brought, and before the sounds of its hoofs were lost in air, Adelaide and her companions entered the imperial tent. It was dimly lighted by some exhausted candles which shed a feeble glimmer upon Charles's stern features. The Saxons remained with Adelaide in the back ground. Armatus alone approached the seat of the emperor, with whom he exchanged some words in Spanish, after which a mute sign permitted the Burghmaster of Wittenberg to step forward.

Lucas began his well-reflected Latin speech in a voice visibly trembling at the beginning; but, by and bye, as he warmed in his subject, and got accustomed to the penetrating look of the emperor, it became firm and manly. He expressed the readiness of the electress and magistrates of Wittenberg to deliver the fortress, if, by so doing, they might avert the fate which threatened their lord; and only stipulated for a few conditions, among which security for the free exercise of their religious opinions was the principal one. At last he begged, in a touching manner, for the repeal of the severe sentence which, he said, had thrown all their faithful hearts into a deathful anxiety.

The emperor was long silent, and when at last he spoke, he passed over the latter point in the Burghmaster's discourse as if it had never touched his ear. To the rest he replied in kind terms, and with that appearance of benevolence which he knew so well how to assume when it pleased him. Even the pious alarm of the old man for his faith he dissipated in a friendly manner. "We have made no change in the religion of Upper Germany," said he, "why should we act otherwise here? It would not accord with our wishes, if in our name a work of piety should be interrupted."

Lucas once more raised his voice to repeat that to which the emperor had paid no attention. But Charles was determined not to listen to him: "We have done, I think, Burghmaster," said he; "so grant me now a word with the noble master Lucas Kranach, whose art we—although not



in the number of the initiated—know well how to value. We shall be delighted to behold the celebrated altar-piece at Wittenberg, and many others which you can show us; for the power and expression of your pencil may well make Germany proud of her son."

"If my pencil has any merit, sire," replied Lucas, "may its only one be to preserve to posterity, the features of the great men whose actions it will one day contemplate with astonishment. Posterity will behold with admiration the feeble sketch of the features of my gracious emperor, and with compassion the picture of the unfortunate prince who excited his wrath, and that of the noble lady who now trembles for the fate of her lord. Permit, gracious emperor, a messenger of her's to implore mercy at your feet."

Scarcely were these words uttered, when Adelaide stepped slowly forward, and threw herself on her knees before the emperor. She raised, in melting inspiration, her eyes and hands, as she spoke in trembling accents: "Mighty emperor, it is a princess in tears, and a people in despair, who cry for mercy at your feet. By all that is sacred in human feeling, I implore your majesty to spare the life of an unfortunate prince!"

"Who are you?" exclaimed Charles, starting up with an emotion which conquered for the moment his self-command.

"A maiden in the princess' train," replied she,— "a poor maiden; but happy and fortunate if I could succeed in turning the eye of the glorious hero upon the despair of my mistress. May the angel of mercy assist me!"

The emperor turned away, and strode through the tent with long steps; then silently gazed for a long time upon Adelaide, who, as she knelt before him with downcast eyes, her countenance wholly colourless, and her long black hair touching the floor, might have been taken for an image of marble, but for the slight trembling of her folded hands.

"Rise," said Charles, "and carry our greetings to your lady, with the assurance that we love better to pardon than



to punish. She shall hear from us. You, Burghmaster, accompany the maiden. You have placed an image there before my soul that no pencil could paint so faithfully, and which has pled well on your behalf!"

Adelaide and Lucas now took their departure accompanied by Armatus: Scholenus remained alone in the back-ground of the tent.

"Come forward," said the emperor; "your friend has extolled your wisdom to us, and we would wish to make use of it. You know to read the stars, we have been told?"

"Yes," replied the scholar; "during a long life, I have sacrificed the cheerful light of the present to dark researches into the future. By the nightly lamp I have traced the thread of fate, and the spectres of misfortune have become visible to me when the eyes of all around remained shrouded in happy blindness. I marked the approaching fate of my master, and I warned him in vain; but I also know that he is not yet to die. The hero who has conquered him spares his life, and the elector John Frederic shall end his days in liberty, though not in his ancient splendour. Another takes his place, honoured, enriched, and rewarded with the confidence of the conqueror. But let the emperor be cautious; there comes a day when the young falcon pursues the eagle, who, sick and feeble, seems no longer safe upon his rocky height; there comes a day when the emperor flies in pain before the new favourite of fortune, to escape an ignominious captivity. Soon after, the bold course of the young hero is lost in the darkness of death."

"I think I understand you," said Charles, "but you speak as John Frederic's friend, and are unjust to Maurice."

"The stars speak to you, not I," replied Scholenus, intrepidly. "Before five years are past all shall be fulfilled. Believe me, the divine wisdom which I adore, looks from its sublime height upon the world without distinguishing friend from foe. Silent self-contemplation will also elevate you to this summit; for the mighty stream of your life, which now



runs on in unrestrained torrents, does not flow with equal force into the sea; it will first be collected like the smooth mirror of a mighty lake, and then will run slowly forward. The great hero retires of his free-will from the theatre of the world, to rest himself, after a day rich in achievements, in the quiet stillness of the evening."

A long conversation, which we cannot here repeat, followed upon these subjects; and hours passed ere Scholenus left the emperor to rejoin his friends at Pretsch. Meanwhile Adelaide had turned directly back with her two companions; but there was something in her heart that spoke far more favourably of the emperor than Armatus's severe prudence, and Muller's trembling admiration. She could not call the look cold and heartless which he had cast upon her; and when every one trembled before his glance, she felt as if she could safely repose her confidence and love in him; for she was like the pilgrim who sees a rough mountainous country at the instant when the sun has divided the heavy clouds.

When they again reached the hut, Armatus desired the maiden to change her dress, and to be in readiness when Scholenus should call her. She retired again to the room in which she had dressed herself where she found the lamp, at the light of which she had arrayed herself, faintly twinkling. For a moment she was occupied in trimming the little flame; she then took the veil from her hair, and had begun to gather up her flowing locks, when an accidental glance revealed to her a tall dark figure drawn up in the recess of the window. Alarm,—terror,—rooted her to the spot, till a man stepped towards her, and, quick as thought, placed himself betwixt her and the entrance. He cast aside his mantle; Adelaide recognised Busso, and observed two pistols in his girdle.

"Not a word or you die!" said he in a low voice: taking one of them in his hand. "You are mine again, or both of us meet death here!"

"I am not afraid of death," answered Adelaide; "but I



dare not expect help from those who have betrayed me to you. What do you wish from me? You know that I will never be yours; cease then to persecute me."

"You shall depart with me through that window," said Busso resolutely; "you are my bride; if my eternal salvation were staked upon it I would not leave you! He who has nothing to fear can dare every thing. I have betrothed you with frightful vows!"

With these words he led the trembling maiden towards the window, where he pushed aside the few rotten bars already prepared for removal. Adelaide found herself drawn through the opening, and soon discovered that she was accompanied by three men besides Busso. They took a rough path through the woods, till about an hour's distance from Pretsch, where some servants appeared with horses to facilitate their flight.

"This shall be the last hardship you shall have to endure," said Busso, lifting Adelaide to the saddle of a horse. "You are to return for a short time only to the mill. I am now able to share with you a noble purse, a rich estate; with you, every thing,—or without you, nothing, has been my resolution since the hour I first beheld you. I have tracked you like your shadow,—your steps were watched,—you could not escape me; but these men, the dreaming astrologer, the cunning Fleming, and the hoary painter, are innocent of your fate."

Adelaide made no reply, but remained mute to every address. Meanwhile, their journey proceeded rapidly in the night-time; during the day they halted in solitary places till the shadows again sunk down; and it was night when the troop reached the mill of the vale.



"HAVE you come at last?" exclaimed Irmentraut to her son. Adelaide followed the sound of the feeble voice towards a dimly-lighted couch, upon which the old woman had painfully raised herself, a servant supporting her. "My prayers have brought you here again," continued Irmentraut; "night and day have I prayed once more to behold my only child!"

Busso stepped up with Adelaide near to the invalid, but seemed unwillingly to receive the caresses with which the old woman drew him to her side. "Is that Adelaide?" inquired she, stretching out her feverish hands towards the maiden. "I knew well ye would return with her or never return at all. May God hear my prayers for you, and bless this forced union!"

Adelaide still remained resolutely mute. The anxiety of despair, and a hatred of Busso, strong as his love towards her, filled her soul; but the image of death which she beheld in Irmentraut's altered features softened her feelings. She instantly relieved the rough servant of the charge of the dying person, and with gentle hands did every thing possible for her relief. While thus engaged she found she succeeded best in avoiding the sight of the miller, who, spurning all softer emotions, hastened to quit the presence of his mother, after having promised to her, though hesitatingly and unwillingly, to remain at the mill till she had breathed her last. This promise tranquillised Adelaide's heart; for she knew that only at the mill could Thilo seek her; and she prayed to heaven, with the anxiety of despair, for the prolongation of the poor invalid's feeble thread of life.

"My daughter," said the old woman, when left quite alone at noon with Adelaide, "there is yet a load pressing heavily on my heart. When I told you that your father had destined you to be the wife of Busso, I deceived you. I then thought the lie one of small moment, for Volkmar could have had no objection to the match. But when death approaches,



every thing presents itself to us in another light; a small fault then stands like a giant between us and the gate of heaven! Forgive me for this action. I have done much for my last remaining child,—perhaps too much.”

“Be calm,” replied Adelaide; “you are not guilty of my misfortune.”

“If you are unhappy,” resumed Irmentraut, “would that I could deliver you! Yes, I wish I could, though my heart were to break for Busso’s wild grief. Alas! he has never learned to subdue his will, and the fault is mine,—I have learned that since he left me here alone. But a mother strikes a knife into her own heart when she refuses any thing to her only child. I was too weak, and he too wild. Woe to me, when fate now teaches him what I was not able to do!”

She turned away deeply sighing, and fell asleep. Adelaide remained alone with the servant near the bed till the evening. Busso now and then came into the room, but did not stay. When the lamp was lighted, Irmentraut rose vigorously up in the bed, and, gazing round with wild looks, called for her son. The servant departed to fetch him.

“Do not extinguish the fire,” said Irmentraut; “let it burn—burn till the roof falls,—till all is a heap of rubbish overgrown with trailing weeds! Do you see the flame? It is the Mill of the Vale! It lightens like a torch far into the country! Do you see the ruins? There dwelt the miller who guided the emperor’s army through the river, and betrayed a good prince to captivity and the danger of death!”

Busso entered with the servant, and reluctantly approached the bed; but Irmentraut no longer recognised him. She continued to call him by name, complained bitterly that he had left her to die in solitude, and at last fell into a stupor. Busso fixed his eyes gloomily upon the ground; in his countenance was depicted a fearful struggle with the human feelings which he strove to repress. At last, gaining the mastery over these, he raised his looks and told Adelaide to prepare



for her departure. She reminded him of the oath he had sworn to his mother.

"The old woman no longer knows any thing of herself or of us," answered he; "and we must away."

"Do what you choose," said Adelaide; "I will not stir from her side as long as she breathes. I have a will strong and powerful like yours, though I am a woman; and I am not afraid of death."

The resolution with which Adelaide uttered these words was the effort of hopeless despair, and she was as much astonished at the impression which they made upon Busso, as the hero in the tale, when by the aid of a spell of which he himself was not aware, he saw the fearful animals of the wilderness crouching tamely at his feet. She was glad, however, to remark the command it had given her over her fate; and she gained sufficient courage, when Irmentraut towards morning shut her eyes for ever, resolutely to refuse to depart till after her burial. Busso submitted also to this; and Adelaide, now completely exhausted in body and mind, sought the little closet which she had formerly occupied, to enjoy some hours of rest.

As soon as Irmentraut was laid in her last dwelling, Busso made preparations to commence a journey under night, of which he knew not the end. He had already sent off every thing of value by trusty servants; yet there still remained so many with him, that Adelaide's escape on the road seemed almost impracticable. She sat in the place lately occupied by the dead body, and wrung her hands, while the incessant ticking of the clock fell like the stroke of death upon her ear; suddenly the hoofs of horses resounded through the stillness of the night,—a thundering knock was heard at the gate,—a sudden tumult arose in the house,—heavy steps hastened into the court, and a voice from without exclaimed, "Open, in the name of duke Maurice of Saxony!" Adelaide sunk upon her knees; "God be thanked, my deliverer is near!" she exclaimed aloud, while a stream of tears relieved her



oppressed heart. She stepped feebly towards the window, and looked out into the court. As far as she could recognise in the darkness, Busso seemed to be occupied, with a number of servants, strengthening the barricades of the gate, for which purpose they brought together a variety of implements, whilst the miller exchanged words with those without, the import of which Adelaide could not distinguish. The commotion, however, grew more and more violent, and the shouts increased, but the maiden withdrew unable to recognise any thing farther amid the tumult: at last she heard Busso's firm steps crossing the small court, and the next moment he appeared before her, holding a dark lanthorn in one hand, and a pistol in the other.

"The knight Thilo von Trotta stands without," said he, "and demands his bride from me. His high-sounding title, and the still higher of his master will, he thinks, crush the rights of the humble miller; but I will struggle with hell itself for thy possession, and I have sworn by the most dreadful of oaths, he shall repent it, if he forces the gate! The first step of his foot into this court, is thy last moment and mine—our fates are indissoluble in life and death. Look hither then, and pray for the firmness of our barriers!"

"I will pray to God to save me," replied Adelaide; "He can do it if it be his will. But I have stood before a pistol ere now; nor do I tremble to receive your ball!"

The wild fire of madness flamed in Busso's eyes, which he fixed steadily upon his victim, while the noise at the gate rose louder and louder, and a maid-servant rushed into the room exclaiming that the house was surrounded.

"I know it," answered Busso; "but unless they are fishes or birds, they shall not enter. The bridge is away, and the water is rapid. There is no passage on that side. Go, howl in the kitchen, silly girl, or I will put a quick end to your screams."

The girl cast a look of terror upon Adelaide, and withdrew. A horrid pause ensued, in which Busso and Adelaide



listened to the progress of the contest outside, with feelings which best remain undescribed. The noise would at times wholly subside, and then rise again with increased violence. At last the light of torches was seen to flame up beyond the gate; and suddenly a loud crackling, and a wild shout of joy announced the success of the besiegers. The gate was burst open,—Busso's countenance grew pale, his lips quivered, despair gleamed in his eyes,—he cocked the pistol, and holding the trembling maiden with his left hand, said: "You go over like an angel, and I follow you directly. Here you cannot remain. You love him, *that* is torture enough,—but he shall never possess you. Pray for yourself and me. You have but one moment,—the torches are already gleaming in the yard."

Adelaide heard no more; but whilst Busso watched the advancing light of the torches, two men burst through into the apartment from a closet behind, and with the quickness of lightning seized upon Busso and disarmed him. A stream of light fell at the same moment through the window, the door of the room was flung open, and Thilo stood before the unconscious Adelaide. She seemed not to breathe,—all crowded around her, Trotta kneeled beside her and held her in his arms. Busso was forgotten for a moment; he stood at the door, and gazed upon the united lovers with looks full of powerless fury; then seizing one of the torches, he rushed out, and was never seen again.

When Adelaide recovered, it was almost midnight. She found herself rescued from death, saw Trotta at her feet, and believed the past had been an idle dream. But when all was gradually restored to her memory, she shuddered at her danger, and her grateful tears flowed at the thoughts of her miraculous deliverance. The servant now related, how, full of anxiety for Adelaide's fate and her own, she had run to a small boat which was moored at a little distance from the bleaching place—how, not without great exertion, she had loosened it from the chain,—and how the unsteady bark had



received and borne her deliverers to the garden of the mill; for the recollection of the pistol which she had seen lifted upon Adelaide, roused the maiden once more to venture her life, and guide the men secretly into the room.

"Where is Busso?" enquired Adelaide, looking round her with shuddering anxiety.

"He has fled," answered Thilo; "fear nothing more from him. Rest yourself, you are under my protection, and guarded by faithful people. Heaven be thanked that I came in time! I was not in the camp when your friend Scholenus sought for me,—Duke Maurice had sent me on a secret message!"

"And do you know what will be the fate of John Frederic?" inquired Adelaide.

"The emperor has pardoned him," was the answer; "But he renounces the dignity of elector, with a great part of his territories, and remains the emperor's prisoner for an indeterminate time. Lucas Kranach and Scholenus wished to accompany him into captivity. The learned man, though downcast by the misfortunes of his lord, has known how to draw comfort from his science. He sees a series of glorious descendants, whose names the latest posterity admire, spring up from the race of the unfortunate prince; and his beaming eye gazes with inspiration upon the images which rise before him out of the distant ages of the future. I bring you his blessing."

"Your love will fulfil it," said Adelaide; "Take me into your protecting arms,—the weak maiden who once dared to be a man! Ah! my beloved, I feel how truly you spoke. Nature gave to the weaker sex a narrower circle, a softer mind, and gentler duties. Lead me to your house,—I will obey your mother, and be a faithful nurse to the child of your sister. My errors I have atoned for, but let us hasten away—away from here. An anxious foreboding accompanied me the first moment I stepped across the threshold; it yet



dwells in these dark walls—I feel strong. Let us hasten away.”

Thilo yielded to her request. They were quickly ready. Adelaide and the servant mounted horses which stood ready for them, and the troop moved slowly on in the clear summer morning. They had ridden a short space, and reached a small elevation from which they overlooked the country, when one of the horsemen perceived a fire. It grew fiercer and fiercer, and reddened in awful beauty the fleeting clouds, while a column of smoke whirled up into the air. “It is the Mill of the Vale!” exclaimed several voices at once. “The fugitive miller has kindled his own roof in hopes to destroy us!”

Adelaide thought with shuddering on Irmentraut’s last words, but she remained silent; and it was not till long afterwards, and only in the sweet calm of domestic life, that she was able to withdraw the veil from those hours of terror.

No hand extinguished the flame which Busso’s torch had kindled; but many years afterwards people pointed to the ruins overgrown with brushwood, and said: “There dwelt the miller who led the emperor’s army over the water when he overpowered the elector. May God have mercy upon his soul!”



# THE TREASURE

## A SWISS LEGEND

BY J. R. WYSS

NEAR the ruins of the old Baronial castle of Wadenschwyl, Petermann, a poor woodcutter, was one day, in the heat of noon, felling wood. About twelve or fifteen years before the era of this legend, that venerable old mansion had fallen into the possession of the city of Zurich. Till then the massiveness of the building had preserved it from decay; but notwithstanding its beautiful situation upon a hill behind the rich and stately burgh, and its fine view of the lake of Zurich, it was at last half-demolished to make way for a more commodious castle, and now it stood in dreary loneliness, raising only one turret to the sky above the surrounding wood.

The industrious Petermann had up to this day been as indifferent to the old castle as the Man in the Moon. He had never gone into it—nay, it is doubtful if he had ever so much as intentionally looked up to it; but as he now chanced to be working very near it, and every blow of his axe laid it more clearly open to his view, a thought struck him, while taking a breath during his labour, and he said to himself with a sigh: "Ah! if I could get all the silver and gold which once glittered up there, I might well throw away my axe, and live comfortably all the rest of my days with my wife and children."

At this moment it seemed to the simple rustic that some-



thing moved in a hole of the mossy wall, and as he eyed it attentively, he overheard a low whispering and rustling which appeared to come from the opening: "Odzooks," thought he, "are the gypsies here? That would just suit me." So throwing aside his axe, he climbed up the steep acclivity to the foot of the ruins, where he found a small aperture through which he could easily look into the interior of the tower. With some trouble, he got firm footing, and applied his eye to the hole; but good heavens! what were the feelings of the poor woodcutter, on perceiving within the ruined walls,—two figures—so tiny, so marvellous, and so enigmatical in their gestures, that his fancy had never shaped any like them, when the winter-evening tales of goblins and gnomes circulated from lip to lip in his wife's spinning room.\*

Petermann beheld two little dwarfs in long robes of ashen grey, with silver beards descending to their girdle, talking aloud, but quite unintelligibly, and in a chirping tone as if they spoke the Bird language, and bustling about within the four walls of the ruin, which now reflected the rays of noon almost like the glow of an oven. One of the little men seemed to exercise some authority over the other: for he kept always at the same place, whilst the other moved slowly to and fro, about a kind of excavation, into which he ever and anon descended and reappeared bearing upon his shoulders to the light of day, the most magnificent golden basins, silver cups, costly jewels,—in short, all the riches which were ever conceived of in a fairy tale. Every piece was examined and laid in order as the superior little figure seemed to direct; and then both the dwarfs stood and gazed upon

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\* It is the custom in the Swiss hamlets, and in some parts of Germany, for the peasantry to spend the long winter-evenings alternately in one another's houses. On these occasions, one of their number sings or narrates a popular legend, while the rest diligently ply their distaff or shuttle.



the spectacle with an expression of complacence quite indescribable. The whole seemed to be conducted after the fashion of one of those reviews which thrifty housewives occasionally take of their furniture, in which the contents of dusty corners, store rooms, and attics, are carefully spread out for airing before the sun.

Petermann's heart felt now all alive like a swarm of ants;—feelings of the most conflicting kind crossed and chased each other by turns—astonishment, covetousness, curiosity, awe, and terror. A wonder it was that no exclamation escaped his lips. But all at once a soot-black raven popped his head out of a hole, and stretching out his long neck over the little dwarfs, screamed from his hoarse throat three times—*rap—rap—rap*, and drew the looks of the woodcutter to him with a sort of spell, while, at the same moment, a noise like the shutting of a door was heard, and when Petermann again turned his eyes to look on the gold and silver vessels,—nothing but the barren stones met his eyes; the strange jewellers, with all the magnificent exhibition, had vanished without leaving a trace.

“Oh thou hellish raven!” at last burst from the lips of the disappointed peasant; he wiped the perspiration from his forehead,—rubbed his eyes ten times over,—stared again into the empty turret,—and saw a few little birds and lizards running about in it, but not a vestige of the treasures which had so lately fascinated his senses.

Three days Petermann remained thoughtful, silent, and gloomy, without any one being able to conjecture what strange mischance had befallen the light-hearted woodsman. Every morning at the earliest dawn, and every evening in the latest twilight, he crept up to the old castle, where he clambered about, knocking with his pick-axe, and turning over stones and bushes, till he had thrown himself quite into a fever in his anxiety to discover the door, which he now supposed led to the treasure-chamber of the two dwarfs.

Early in the morning of the fourth day which had elapsed



since his adventure, Petermann was seated upon a stone, on the border of the wood which covered a great part of the hill where the ruins stood, plunged in deep reflection and melancholy thought, and hesitating whether to sacrifice any more of his precious time in scrambling and picking about the turret, when suddenly there sounded through the stillness of the morning, a clear, youthful voice, which after having hastily sung a few verses at a distance, drew nearer, so that the woodcutter recognised the following words:—

Fortune's a bird too sly to take,  
Cease then the fond endeavour;  
As subtle as the wily snake,  
To-day, as false as ever.

With tiny eggs she decks her nest,  
Building where it may please her;  
But ah! he meets a bitter jest,  
The clown that thinks to seize her!

Hark to her song: "Come take me, friend!"  
But whoso will pursue it,  
Hot in the chase, shall miss his end,  
And ever after rue it.

The voice was that of an errant-scholar, who, in a singular dress, came tripping onwards, rather beside the path than upon it, through the dewy grass. He wore a barret-cap upon his head; from his shoulders floated a wide black robe, the loose folds of which—as formed above the girdle—seemed to serve the purpose of wallets; the skirts of this robe were turned up and fastened to the girdle,—his under-dress was also black, and formed a piece with his hose and shoes, the fiery red heels of which raised the wearer almost three inches above their points.

"Ho now, good friend," said the wanderer to the woodcutter, "why sit you there breathing melancholy abroad over the merry world, from your morning seat? You are just like the dog upon the heap of hay in the fable."



"That I am," replied the woodcutter roughly.

"And that's being very silly," answered the scholar.

"There is wealth of gold under you; but it is just of as much value to you as the heap of hay was to the dog."

Petermann gaped and stared on the stranger at these words. "An enchanter,—a sorcerer,—a devil's conjurer," sounded in his ears. "Hey-day, my heart," nevertheless, thought he, "this fellow comes at a right hour."

"Yes," said Petermann aloud, "I know it—what a pity it is! I know perfectly well what a vast deal of riches and jewels are beneath my feet. But if I were able to look through the mountain like your reverence, I would not be sitting here brooding in vain, if I cared at all for gold and silver."

"I, my good friend," replied the scholar,—"*I*, for instance, don't care a farthing for it; and *you*, if you were wise, would care as little."

"Precious wisdom that!" murmured Petermann. "No, I am not so wise! If I could get at the gold you talk of, I would soon throw my axe aside. Your reverence has probably never tried what it is to cut wood in the forest for six burning summer-days, with nothing to eat but milk and bread."

"Poh, what matters that," answered the scholar; "you are in good health and merry withal; that stands written red as cherries upon your cheek. However, if you wish to try it, I can easily do something to give you a sight of this treasure."

"If I wish to try it!" exclaimed Petermann. "In the name of wonder, certainly I do wish to try it! Set about it instantly; open me the whole below, and with three grasps I make myself a rich and happy man!"

"Gently, gently," was the answer. "I go straight up even now to the owlet's nest above us; and do you, my impatient friend, when twelve o'clock has struck, join me there, when I will see what can be done for you."



With these words the stranger took his way gaily up the steep hill, leaving the woodcutter gaping after him with open mouth.

The honest Petermann had now some strange sensations and already felt himself very grand. "Well," murmured he to himself, "I'll try to resume my work for a short time, that I may in future be able, during my leisure and repose, to figure to myself how stoutly I handled the axe for the last time;" and with this he rose, whistled a merry tune, took his axe, and cut away so briskly that it was quite a pleasure to behold him.

An hour before noon he went home,—eat his dinner cheerfully with his honest spouse Salome,—took a romp with his three children,—and before the expiry of an hour, was again in the wood, where he made his way through thick and thin, without heeding the regular path, till he reached the old castle, and joined his friend in the black mantle.

"I have had a good deal of trouble," said the scholar. "Truly, my good friend, the treasure-keepers here below us are obstinate, cross fellows! I had hard enough work to find the door." With these words, he pointed with a long ivory wand to the weather-beaten wall; and, lo! between the rubbish, thorns, and thistles, a small gate was visible, which, in truth, Petermann had never perceived before.

It struck twelve o'clock in the village. The magician placed the woodcutter at his right hand,—waved three times in the air with his wand, pointing towards the north,—murmured, with much grimace, a potent spell,—directed the woodcutter to lay aside all iron or other metal that he might have about him,—and then drew, with great solemnity, a three-pronged divining-rod from one of the folds of his garment. "With this instrument," said he, "be armed my hero, and step down into the dwelling of the silent people. Three doors will open before you at its touch; cast not a single look behind you,—speak not a word,—touch nothing,—in the last chamber you may take three grasps with both your hands



at whatever your heart wishes. But remember : one word—and every thing disappears. Be prudent, the day is a rare one,—the stars are propitious,—all the powers of the subterranean world are tamed; go—be silent; take—be daring.”

Petermann took one of the points of the rod in each hand, as the magician directed him; and stepped boldly forward over the loose rubbish till he reached the iron door. At the first touch of the rod it opened with a creaking noise, and the simple woodcutter was nearly shouting aloud when he heard the very same sound which three days before attended the disappearance of the little dwarfs in the turret.

But his mouth was instantly shut by a spasm of disgust, when he entered a dripping, feebly lighted chamber, full of the most horrid reptiles he ever saw;—it seemed the audience-hall of toads and salamanders; bats whistled like hail-showers through the air,—horrid serpents and dragons crept hissing about over each other,—all the spawn of poisonous nature seemed here concentrated, and crawled round the feet of the woodcutter as if they wished to bury him in a living tomb.

Petermann, however, kept steadily on in a straight direction towards a larger door, which he saw through the clouds of bats, directly before him at the distance of about fifty steps. He touched it, and at the second touch, it opened with a shrill clear sound like that of shivered glass, and a perfume of roses and a rosy light streamed upon his intoxicated senses. “My stars! this is something better,” thought the woodcutter. But how did he gape to behold, close upon his right hand as he entered, a beautiful lady reclining upon a splendid sofa, who raised her head covered with beautiful ringlets, threw her sparkling glances upon him as he entered, and presented him with a magnificent golden cup, brimming over with the red odorous juice of the grape. Petermann was in an ecstasy of delight and surprise, and if the lady had spoken he would certainly have answered her merrily without reflection. Her silence, however, and the solemn tranquillity of



the splendid room, overawed him so much, that his tongue remained fettered, and he thus gained time to recover from his trance of pleasure. At last hesitating, and again hesitating, but without turning his head, he reached the third door, which was a folding one of elegant workmanship.

Here it required the third touch of the rod to open the two leaves of the door, but so gently and quietly did they move, that they seemed rather to disappear than to open. Petermann was instantly dazzled by the indescribable lustre which now met his eyes. It was not the glare of candles or of a fire, neither that of the clear sunbeams when they stream through a window, but the glitter of the heaps of treasure which produced this overpowering brilliance. Silver, gold, precious stones of every kind, mother of pearl, ivory, corals, treasures wrought and unwrought, were here heaped together in a number of chests, boxes, and caskets, or placed on the table or on boards on the floor; every heap outshining another in magnificence. In truth, the other day, the two little bearded folks had got up into the sun some miserable specimens only of this imperial treasure; for here was a profusion of elegant vessels alone, which even a sturdy woodcutter would have had trouble enough to carry above ground in thrice twenty-four hours.

A long pause of astonishment detained Petermann upon the threshold of the portal, while he felt himself deprived of the power of speech by a kind of blissful ecstasy at the sight of the treasures which lay here at his command; but at last, a loud shout of astonishment, "Heavens! how much!" burst irresistibly from his lips.

Suddenly a crash of thunder was heard,—the darkness of the darkest night fell like a mountain over the subterranean treasure,—the hill trembled to its foundation, and with it shook the heart of the child of man who had ventured down into its recesses. Strength and consciousness forsook him, while he was lifted away as upon the wings of a raging whirlwind, and, during a moment of dreadful suspense, borne



backward through the pitchy darkness of the resounding chamber.

When he recovered it was evening. The reddening blaze of the sky threw a cheering light into the eyes of the poor woodcutter as he opened them with a convulsive motion, unconscious of what had happened to him, and not daring for some time so much as to look around him or move. The poor fellow then got his two elbows placed upon his knees, and his doubled fists applied to his ears, and sat thus like an immovable image of stone in some heathen temple. At first he began to roll his eyes and point his ears, to try if he could, without moving, perceive any neighbouring object which could recall to his recollection what had happened to him. At last he ventured to turn his head, and now remembering distinctly the errant-scholar in black robes, the magic wand, the divining rod, the iron gate, looked fearfully around him for all these objects as they presented themselves to his memory, but in vain. Something now rustled close to him among the bushes, and he leaped up with terror, but was gently called back into the reality of his own quiet life, when his two elder children jumped out of the hazel-bushes, and behind them appeared Salome, who wished him a happy evening in dear and well-known accents.

The faithful Salome, though not so charming as the lady in the vaults of the castle, but with an expression of much greater good will in her countenance, sat down beside him upon the fallen leaves, and placed the two children between their father and the red evening glow. "Is it not true," said she smiling—"Is it not true, Petermann, that two such little golden heads are worth all other treasures, and make richer than many a king?"

At this moment, the song of the errant-scholar seemed to resound from afar:

Abroad for fortune wilt thou roam?

Nay, cease the fond endeavour:

—She dwells at home,—and scorning home,

You lose your chance for ever.



THE  
**MASSACRE OF THE JEWS**  
AT LISBON

A TALE.

BY JOHN FREDERIC JACOBS.

It was on the 19th day of April 1506, and about the evening hour of four, that the venerable Acuesta was seated in his counting-room, looking over the Dutch captain Juel Verporten's bill of lading, whose vessel, the Magellone, had just arrived in the Tagus, laden with goods for him. Gusman, one of his clerks, came staggering into the room, and hung up the keys of the warehouse at the side of the fire-place, exclaiming: "There, we have got all that trash housed at last! I thought we should never have done with it." He then took his seat and began to enter in the books a list of the warehoused packages, but scarcely was his pen dipped into the ink-stand, ere it dropped from his hand, and, his head sinking upon the desk, he began to snore as heartily as if he had been in bed.

Acuesta looked sorrowfully at the profligate, and taking the keys from the wall, went out, accompanied by his head-clerk, Manuel di Lassolada. After a short stay he returned, and shaking the sleeper till he awoke, said to him: "You have performed your duty in a very slovenly manner; the door of the ware-room was not shut, even the very bars were not pushed in, and the windows stood wide open as if to invite the entrance of thieves."

"They opened of themselves, then," grumbled the clerk; "I shut them; it is impossible to please you—I wish the devil——"



"Nay, swear not," interrupted the merchant, with calm dignity; "you are drunk, and don't know what you are saying; go now to bed, to-morrow we will speak further of this matter."

Drunkenness ever seeks to hide itself. The gentle reproof of his master threw Gusman into such an ungovernable passion, that he affirmed, with the most horrid oaths, he was quite sober, and even charged his master with wilfully misrepresenting him. "I warned you long ago," replied Acuesta, "that if you again offended me, you should instantly be dismissed my service. Your manner of life is every day becoming more dissolute; I can no longer trust you in any thing; you may go just now; to-morrow you shall receive your quarter's wages and quit my employment."

The calmness with which Acuesta uttered these words subdued the conscious villain; he durst not reply, but rushed out of the room, muttering between his teeth to Manuel, who entered at the moment, something which sounded like, "Cursed Jews! I will make you pay dearly for this."

Manuel took no notice of this threat, but, learning from Acuesta what had happened, ventured to intercede for his fellow-clerk, remarking that the ill-will of the man was perhaps to be dreaded.—"Those who are afraid of wicked people become their slaves without benefiting themselves," replied Acuesta; "your mercy does not reconcile them to you. I have long borne with this Gusman on account of Don Leon's recommendation; but either our friend was sadly deceived in the man, or the fellow has changed sadly for the worse. The sooner one gets rid of such a pest the better."

Manuel,—who was indeed better aware of the man's character than his master—made no reply, but sat down to finish the work which Gusman had begun. Having executed this task, he was proceeding to some other business, but Acuesta stopped him: "Leave that," said he, "you have toiled since sun-rise without intermission. The evening is fine; go and take a walk out of the town, and as you pass, step into my gar-



den, and tell my daughter that I shall bring a friend to sup with me to-night. I may perhaps be a little later than usual in coming home. These Flemings give us a deal of work, and my business with our friend Verporten must be settled to-day.

With these words the merchant, having put some papers into his pocket, left the counting-room. Manuel looked after him through the window as upon a departing friend; then carefully locked up the apartments, and proceeded down the sunny street to the gate, Do Garasso, near which Acuesta's villa was situated.

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THE country-house of the wealthy merchant, which stood upon an eminence commanding a view of the port and city, was not calculated to attract the eye by its external appearance; the interior arrangements were likewise of the plainest kind; but a kiosk, reared in one of the shadiest spots of the garden, in a grove of palm-trees and carubes, seemed glittering with all the riches of the east. Here from a viranda, raised on slender and palm-like columns, and flanked with highly polished purple walls, on which golden dragons were represented gliding through fantastic foliage, a glass-door, supported by gilded pillars, led into a circular saloon formed like a bower. Soft carpets, interwoven with the richest colours of India, covered the floor; the windows were of the purest glass, and through a golden network of the most elegant device seemed to gleam a luxuriant foliage entwined with the red flowers of the Judas tree and magnificent magnolias, upon which gigantic Indian butterflies disported. All this had been painted by cunning hands, in colours of won-



derful brilliance, up to the very cupola of the room; and the ever-blooming bower of art, united itself finely through the windows, with the variously shaded foliage of the garden, where luxurious pyramids of flowers, disposed in the most tasteful arrangement, stood intermixed with slender palm-trees, dark cypresses, and superb pisangs, all bending towards each other, and forming natural colonnades, long and lofty as those seen in a theatre; while flowering pomegranates, and thick hedges of aloe, bounded the spectator's view.

In this cool summer-room, upon an ottoman covered with rich silks, like the goddess of the shrine which inclosed her, sat Acuesta's daughter, the beautiful Deborah. A book which she had been reading lay upon her knee; at her right hand was placed the Donna Eleonora, a blooming widow arrayed in half-mourning, who had of late cultivated the society of Deborah very assiduously. People were of opinion, that the young widow cast a kind eye upon the amiable Manuel, and she seemed to encourage this belief by her conduct, for she always contrived to turn the conversation upon the youth, and would often remark how fortunate she thought Deborah's father in having so faithful and clever an assistant in the management of his extensive business.—“Every body,” she would say, “is delighted to have business to transact in your father's warehouse, on account of the cheerful and obliging Manuel. Every thing goes on so nimbly with him, for he knows the details of every matter, and the humour of every person. But, do you know,” she now added in a whisper—and as she spoke, she cast a keen look upon Deborah—“do you know there are some very unpleasant rumours about him at present?” Here she paused, but her eye continued fixed upon Deborah, who, though not without some hesitation, smilingly replied: “What rumours are they which can affect the reputation of Manuel?”—“Oh, nobody doubts his honesty,” rejoined Eleonora; “but can't thou guess? Did you never perceive any thing?—O then, surely it must be all a fabrication?”—A slight blush



suffused itself over Deborah's countenance, for she felt that the eye of her neighbour was seeking to detect symptoms of confusion in her features: "Well, what is it?" she inquired.—"They suspect him of being secretly a Jew," continued Eleonora in a lower voice, and eyeing still more narrowly her companion. "I know people who thoroughly believe it; at all events, you would do well to warn him,—there are many rumours afloat,—the populace is discontented, and throws the blame of the epidemic and the scarcity upon the Jews, who are said to commit horrid enormities, especially near the time of Easter,—and does not the Hebrew Easter fall upon one of these days?"—Deborah looked with astonishment at her companion: "Why ask me such a question? How should I know any thing about that?" said she.—"Oh, forgive me!" cried Eleonora, a little disconcerted; "I thought you might know that also as you know so much, and as Don Acuesta transacts business with so many kinds of people. Pardon me, assuredly I meant no harm by what I said."—"What harm *could* you mean?" answered Deborah. "The misery of the poor people must touch the heart of every one; but why should any person suffer accusation on account of what has arisen from natural causes? The disease and famine are certainly great and terrible evils; but the malignity of those who would lay the blame of these calamities on a poor and oppressed tribe, is certainly an evil too, and, in my opinion, a much greater one." Deborah did not utter these words without visible emotion, and when she looked up to her companion, she saw the traces of a retiring blush upon her forehead. After some insignificant talk, the Donna took her leave, but not without many assurances of friendship, which Deborah received with somewhat of reserve.

The mysterious remarks of Eleonora had disquieted the maiden; she resumed her book, but while her eyes traced the lines, her thoughts strayed far off, and were lost in gloomy forebodings. When the arrival of Manuel was announced, she dropped her veil over her face, and depositing



the book at her side, listened to the message which he delivered; and then raising her eyes with a melancholy smile towards Manuel, said: "I also have a message for *you*." Donna Eleonora, who takes a deep interest in all that concerns you, has just left me; she tells me there is a strong suspicion of heresy abroad against you, and that it behoves you to be guarded in your behaviour."—"She yesterday told me nearly the same thing about you," said Manuel, the blood mounting to his cheeks; "she spoke to me however not with the tone of good-will, but with all the appearance of a spy; and when she could extract nothing from me, she next assured me that your venerable father was a Jew. I contradicted her—as was my duty; not that my respected master would lose any thing in my estimation from following the creed of his forefathers, but you know the ideas of the populace, who concern themselves no farther than with the name of one's profession. I just now observed this same Eleonora in conversation with father Anselmo, at no great distance from this spot; when I passed, they looked sharply at me, and ceased speaking. Allow me therefore to warn *you* also, and to beg of you to avoid all suspicious appearances. Perhaps you might likewise warn your father."—"And do you then believe my father is in danger?" cried Deborah much agitated; "Has *he* an enemy,—he whose noble heart could not harbour one evil thought,—the friend of the poor, the father of the orphan, and the protector of the widow? Ah, perhaps it is not becoming for me thus to praise my father: but the idea that any danger might be hovering over his head—can it be possible? you look doubtfully,—O Manuel, do not abandon my father! Good Manuel, promise me you will instantly go in search of him and accompany him hither; you have frightened me so dreadfully, I shall not be composed till I see him here."

Whilst uttering these words, Deborah had risen from her seat, the veil had fallen from her forehead, and she now stood in all the splendour of her loveliness before the deeply



agitated youth, stretching out her arms in the attitude of entreaty, and imploring him in a tone of anxious sorrow. "You are too much alarmed," said Manuel—who himself was scarcely less so—"but your pleasure shall be obeyed. I will bring your father here as soon as his business with the shipmaster will permit."—"And will that business occupy him long?"—"They have a great many things to talk over, which will require sometime to arrange."—"Oh, it must,—it must be broken through! Manuel take this ring—it was my mother's, and my father never denies me any request when I send him it; it must be; he cannot be angry with me." So saying, she drew a gold ring from her finger, on which certain characters seemed to be formed by the artificial arrangement of the jewels: Manuel placed it upon his finger, and hastened by the shortest path, round the town, to the lodgings of the Dutch shipmaster which were in the neighbourhood of the port.

DURING this time an event had happened that too amply confirmed the anxious forebodings of Deborah. The stifled agitation of the populace, which had been secretly fanned into strength for some days before, had now broken out in consequence of an insignificant occurrence, and in one part of the city a tumultuous movement had taken place. Few knew the real cause of the commotion; but every one had his own account of it. Those who seemed to have the best information thus related the affair:—

It was in the Church of Saint Dominic, during vespers that the storm first broke out. The church happened to be very crowded, especially one of the chapels called the Cha-



pel of Jesus, in which there is a crucifix having the wound in the side of our Saviour's image covered with a piece of crystal. One of the devotees in this chapel, whose eyes were fixed on the crucifix, fancied that he saw a supernatural light streaming from the wound; and calling the attention of those nearest him to the sight, the report quickly circulated from mouth to mouth through the church, and every one felt himself irresistibly drawn forward to behold the miracle. Those who were nearest the spot prostrated themselves on the floor,—the more distant crowded and pushed upon each other,—and while the whole church was resounding with the devout ejaculations of the penitents, and the blows which they inflicted upon their breasts and heads, a dreadful voice from one corner of the Chapel of Jesus appalled the worshippers with the exclamation—"He has blasphemed God!" Instantly a thousand voices shouted, "Down with the heretic!—away with the Jew—the atheist—the apostate!" Every one turned towards the spot whence arose this wild outcry, mingled as it now was with faint sounds of suffering and entreaties for life and mercy. A poor merchant of Jewish extraction, it appeared, had pressed forward with eagerness to see the reported miracle, and had excited the ill will of the bye-standers by the impetuosity with which he shouldered his way among the crowd. "What wants he?" said one; "'Tis a dog of a Jew," cried another; and a third averred that he had heard him say, it was the delusion of a weak fancy to imagine that such a piece of dry wood should of itself become illuminated. Upon this accusation, whether true or false, one of the nearest bye-standers seized the unfortunate man by the throat,—another threw him on the ground,—several struck him with their fists, and his cries and moanings seemed only to inflame the fanatical fury of his persecutors, who, without doubt, would have torn him to pieces on the spot, had they not scrupled to commit so sacrilegious an act in the sacred place. After having trailed him by the feet into the street, a cry was



raised for fire and wood, and in a few minutes a pile was constructed of window-shutters and other furniture, into the flames of which the mangled corpse was thrown amid the shouts of a savage multitude, who thought to win the approbation of Heaven by having thus punished an apostate, and blasphemer. But the horrors of this single deed did not appease the infuriated mob. From various sides the cry was now heard: "Thus should all be served who dare to blaspheme Christ! Down with the false Christians on whose account God is chastising his people! Seize the Jews that they may make atonement for the horrors they have created, and that the wrath of God may be extinguished in these flames!" Shouts such as these increased to one wild, universal howl; and, at the moment while the most dreadful measures were agitated, an aged priest rushed out from the gate of a convent bearing a large cross in both his hands, and shouting with a loud voice: "Vengeance! vengeance! for a blasphemed God. Woe to the idolators and usurers! Strike them to the ground—the host of Amalek which is accursed of the Lord! He will walk before us like a destructive fire; he will destroy and slay them, even as he smote the Canaanites and the host of Korah!" The inflamed ecclesiastic was instantly followed by a confused mass of men and women with distorted features and naked arms, brandishing knives and faggots of burning wood which they had snatched from the pile, and uttering the most appalling screams and shouts of vengeance. The aged alone remained behind collecting with horrid zeal various kinds of combustibles to nourish the fire, for which they waited the arrival of new victims and a richer booty.



DURING these proceedings the old Acuesta was seated in the Dutch town of Ghent Coffee-house with his friend Juel Verporten, arranging some accounts and talking over new commissions. "You should again return to us," said the Fleming; "it would be better for us all; you yourself know what a different and cheerful life we lead yonder, and how a thousand things which seem to load the very air around one here, can be all overlooked and forgotten there. Here, I confess, I never do feel at my ease; and I sincerely thank God that with your good help my business is so far advanced that I can be again under weigh with the first fresh wind. This country is indeed beautiful, and might be made a perfect paradise; but every thing is ruined by the dark spirit which broods over the land, and my only wonder is that you, thinking as I know you do, have been able to continue in it so long."

"My thoughts," answered Acuesta, "are more frequently turned to your country than you are perhaps aware. It was there I spent my happiest years; and truly the reminiscences of youth touch me more vividly the older I grow. For a length of time, I have been gradually retiring from the Indian trade—though undoubtedly I am better able to carry it on here than any where else—and if I were not detained by the hope of yet discovering the children of my unfortunate friend Lugano, of whom I have often talked to you, I could to-morrow lock up my counting-room, and sail with you for the banks of the Scheld, leaving my business to the honest Janssen, in whose hands it would be as safe as in my own. But the hope which I have mentioned detains me here; and within these few days a new trace of them has been discovered, which may perhaps, after so many vain attempts, lead me to the object of my pursuit."

"Heaven bless your exertions!" said Verporten. "But



how is your daughter? She promised to become a fine girl."

"Nor has she disappointed that expectation," replied Acuesta; "and her mind I dare say is yet finer than her countenance. You may judge of this yourself if you will sup with me to-night. She is fond of the conversation of a well-informed man; and to the Dutch she bears the same heart as her father. You have a dear pledge of mine in your country—the grave of her mother, whom Deborah greatly resembles."

After this digression the two friends had resumed their business negotiations, when one of Verporten's servants rushed into the room, with ghastly looks and quivering lips: "What is the matter?" inquired his master.—"Murder and assassination!" exclaimed the Fleming. "A host of men—no! they are not men, they must have been spawned by hell itself—are rushing through the city breaking into the houses, yelling and raging, murdering and plundering; I do not understand their gibberish, but I saw them dragging off poor women and children by the hair, beating them dreadfully, and shouting *Ao fogo, Ao fogo!*" Acuesta sprung up at this confused relation, and the landlord entering at the moment, gave a more distinct account of the affair. He had not learned the original cause of the riot, but he understood what was going forward, and had despatched trusty scouts to gather information, whose return he expected every moment. "Only wait," said Verporten to his anxious friend, "till we learn in what quarter the tumult is raging; you will then hasten by the safest road to your daughter. Meanwhile the landlord will get a carriage ready to convey us with greater safety and expedition."

One of the messengers now returned with the news, that the infuriated populace had spread out in every street in which they fancied concealed Jews were harboured; that the houses of these unfortunate people were instantly assailed,—the old men, women, and children—many of whom had



already expired under their cruel treatment—dragged into the street, and the dead and the living carried to the area before the church, and thrown into the blazing pile; that monks were every where seen among the crowd, and that father Anselmo was stalking about with a crucifix, and exciting the popular fury by the most violent harangues.

The horses were now in the carriage, and Verporten had led his pale friend down stairs, when Acuesta's negro rushed in and threw himself breathless at the foot of his master, exclaiming, "Save yourself, dear master! For Heaven's sake save yourself! Your house in the city is assaulted,—the drunken Gusman heads the murderers,—he is foaming with rage at having missed you, and I just now heard him exclaim, 'We shall find him at his villa; there the Jewish dog is concealed, exercising his magical incantations with his witch of a daughter; there our prey shall not escape us.'"

At this relation, the old man trembled to his inmost soul; he no longer thought of his own danger or the loss of his fortune,—the fate of his daughter alone absorbed his attention; to her aid he insisted upon hastening with all his feeble strength, and come what might, he tore himself from his friend's arms, with this purpose, but had not crossed the threshold before he sunk down in a faint. There was no time to lose; Verporten, assisted by two servants and the landlord, raised the unconscious old man and lifted him into the carriage, where he took his seat beside him, and the party drove off at full speed.

RAPINE and murder raged through the streets of Lisbon,—the howlings of delirious blood-thirstiness mingled with the cries of its innocent victims,—and the flames ever renewed



rose to heaven and stained its pure beauty with volumes of dark smoke, while Manuel, with little presentiment of the horrors which were acting so near him, hastened along the tranquil paths which led through the blooming gardens of the suburbs, amid myrtles and orange-trees which seemed to offer the departing day the incense of their sweets. The message with which Deborah had charged him winged his steps, and his heart felt touched with such a sweet emotion that all around appeared to him like one great temple consecrated to the lovely maiden from whom he had just parted. A nightingale was warbling from afar its evening song : it sounded to him as the flute-like voice of Deborah, and he silently repeated every word which had fallen from her lips ; the pure vault of heaven extended above him, seemed to him like her blue expressive eye ; and the glowing couch spread out in the sky for the declining sun, reminded him of the bloom of her cheeks and lips. "She is the very masterpiece of Nature!" exclaimed he to himself; "and truly if that countenance is capable of deceiving,—if a soul pure as angel's speaks not in her eyes and the music of her voice, every thing around us is illusion." Musing thus he arrived at the Dutch Coffee-house, situated at the west side of the city, adjacent to the long gardens that adorn the banks of the Tagus, and greeting the landlord, whom he found in the court-yard, surrounded by his family, he inquired for his master. The landlord, who knew Manuel, stood astonished at the tranquil air with which he appeared among them, and no sound escaped his parted lips. Receiving no answer, Manuel looked steadily upon him, and repeated his previous question, adding, "I hope nothing has befallen my beloved master?" To this interrogatory the host at last replied, "Indeed I know not, Don Manuel, what to think of you! Are you then the only man in the city who is ignorant of what is going on in it,—how they are plundering and murdering, and sparing none who is secretly a Jew or is suspected of being such?"



Manuel's astonishment now exceeded that of his host; his features became convulsed,—Eleonora's insidious warnings,—Deborah's anxiety,—Gusman's threats,—all rushed at once upon his mind. "But where is my master?" inquired he once more. "Your master," replied the landlord, "drove away a few minutes ago with Verporten; they were talking of his villa and his daughter; perhaps they have gone thither, but the good old gentleman was in such a state of alarm that he was lifted in a state of insensibility into the carriage."

Manuel's anxiety allowed no time for deliberation. Having in a few hasty words inquired of the host what he knew respecting the actual state of matters, he ran back at full speed by the road he had come, but not, as before, absorbed in delightful reverie; he was now borne forward by anxiety, and animated by the single hope of finding his beloved master at the villa, and being able to render him some assistance in the event of an attack upon the house. The sun was now set, and the profound darkness which covered the country was broken only in one quarter by the lurid flames, which, veiled in smoke and vapour, rose to the sky. Manuel beheld it and smote his breast; more than once he fancied he could hear a distant moaning, and his imagination tortured him with the idea that he knew the voices. "Oh, Christ!" he exclaimed, "are these thy servants? Is this the fulfilment of thy first and highest commandment? Oh, my poor master! Oh, Deborah! thou angel in human form, what may virtue, piety, kindness, beauty, avail thee against the barbarity of fanatical priests?"

These distracting thoughts spurred him onward with an irresistible impulse, when suddenly a confused noise of voices, resembling the roaring of the sea when the storm begins to unfold its wings, assailed his ears; every moment it waxed louder and more hurried. It was a band of the frantic assassins which had penetrated into a side-road in search of fresh victims. Manuel threw himself into a corner, and protected by the shades of night remained concealed from the passing



rabble, but shuddered to hear the expressions of their outrageous fury,—the curses of one,—the yells of others,—the most blasphemous mixture of devout formulas with hellish projects and savage boastings. Sighing from the depth of his oppressed bosom, he raised his looks to the stars of heaven, which poured their mild and quiet light upon the earth, and it seemed to him as if all those eyes of love, instead of beams of light, ought to have shed tears upon the criminal deeds of mankind. With feelings of still deeper depression he pushed more rapidly forward, till the gloomy murmuring of a multitude engaged in prayer reached his ear, and immediately afterwards he saw himself surrounded by a number of people bearing candles and torches, which in long array followed in the rear of a lofty crucifix. It was a part of the mob who, satiated with murder, had united in solemn procession to return their thanks to our Lady of Hope, and to implore her to render acceptable to her Son, their late exertions for the honour of his name, and to obtain from Him relief for the afflicted people. As there was no possibility of shunning them in the narrow pathway, Manuel was constrained to move along with the torrent, and was glad enough to escape the recognition of some of his acquaintances, whose hands yet reeked with the blood they had lately shed. Some washed their knives in the font of holy water which stood at the entrance of the church, others threw themselves down before the altars and held their reeking daggers aloft in testimony of their meritorious zeal; but Manuel wrapped up in his cloak escaped from the church under the cover of the night. Having been thus drawn a little out of his original path, he found that the road through the city would now be his nearest path. Dark and deserted streets led him towards the centre of the town, where the mob was still more numerous and active around the plundered houses. Some were kneeling before the holy images, now more richly decked than ever, and surrounded with blazing tapers; some danced the *foffa* to the sound of the guitar, and



were ever and anon joined by others who had finished their devotions; and in the midst of them all appeared several parties engaged in carrying off the plunder of the pillaged houses. A spectator might have fancied himself looking upon a lively fair. Without pausing, Manuel slipped through the motley crowd and reached the street of 'The Brothers,' in which Acuesta's ware-house was situated. Some packages lay scattered before the door which stood wide open, and the ware-house had been broken into, and rifled of its contents. A hasty glance sufficed to inform him of the devastation which had been committed here, and, after pulling close the inner door, Manuel returned by a little back-gate, of which he had the key, upon his former route. All the rest of the road was deserted, and at last, out of breath but without further accident or delay, he reached his master's villa.

Exhausted by the rapid walk, but still more by the anxiety of mind under which he laboured, Manuel was compelled to pause a moment in order to take breath. Every tormenting conjecture now rushed upon his mind and paralysed his courage; the darkness which enshrouded the house, and the deep silence which reigned in it, left expectation doubtful. He stepped in; all was deserted in the rooms; no sound met his ear but the echo of his own footsteps; he rushed up stairs to the upper apartments where he found a candle half-melted lying upon the floor, the wooden wall already scorched and blackened by its flame, and with its assistance, he found his way to a distant closet generally occupied by the inferior domestics of the house. From this apartment a low moaning proceeded; he pushed the door, but it was locked from within, and when he called the moaning ceased; redoubling his efforts, the lock at last yielded to his strength, and he perceived a man lying at his feet who clasped his knees and implored for mercy.

Bending back the head of the suppliant, Manuel recognised by the light which fell on the face of the figure, the negro servant of his master. "What has befallen you, good Gomez,



and why are you afraid of me?" said he. At these words the negro slowly raised his eyes. "Is it you, Master Manuel," ejaculated the wounded man, "Heaven be praised that there is yet some one spared to us! I thought it was the murderers coming to finish their work."

Manuel raised the poor creature, and, having led him to a pallet, inquired what had happened, and what he knew of Acuesta and his daughter. At this question the negro cast a mournful look upon him, and drawing short and heavy sobs, like one whom deep anguish will not suffer to breathe freely, at last said: "Sit down here, Master Manuel, for I cannot speak except in a low voice, and with great difficulty."

Manuel was now informed of all that had taken place in the Town of Ghent coffee-house, up to the moment of Acuesta's having been carried away in a deep swoon. "What Verporten," continued the negro, "said in Dutch to his servants I could not understand; but I was sent hither to tell my mistress that her father's safety had been provided for; she herself was directed to shut up the house and to keep herself concealed, and I was told to inform her that further intelligence would quickly reach her, I ran as fast as I could to deliver this message and to defend the house if necessary; but when I arrived I found every thing empty and deserted, and could only learn this much from an old deaf neighbour, that Donna Deborah had been carried away in a litter by six armed men whom the old woman recognised to be in the service of the governor. Whilst I was extracting with much difficulty this information from the woman, a troop of assassins rushed into the house, who with bare arms and unsheathed daggers in their hands, called upon me to give up my master and his daughter; and when I assured them that I knew nothing of them, they knocked me down, and trailed me with them through every corner of the house; till at last, after satisfying themselves that I had spoken the truth, they threw me down the staircase, cursing me for a black dog, and a Hebrew slave—and that gave me more pain than



all their kicks and blows. I heard them as they rushed out of the house, threatening to return and renew their search; because, as they said, they could not suffer the old rogue and his daughter to escape them, and I then dragged my wounded body up to this closet where I thought they were not likely to come upon me. This is the whole truth; I could willingly resign myself to death if I only knew that my master had escaped the blood-hounds."

Manuel was in truth little able to comfort poor Gomez, but yet he had caught a gleam of hope. The negro was now quite exhausted by the exertion of speaking, and complained of a burning thirst; Manuel looked about for water, but, finding none, hastened down for it to the kitchen, which lay at the end of a long passage at the back of the house, and from which a door led into the garden. On entering this passage a confused noise of distant voices met his ear, and a ray of light falling through a seam of the door showed to him a number of people assembled in the kitchen. Gently and on tiptoe he approached and heard several rough voices apparently raised in altercation; but while he stood hesitating how to act, some one rushed out of the apartment with a sword in his hand, hardly leaving him time to escape into the garden.

WHILST Manuel was seated upon the bed of the wounded Gomez, listening to his narration, a crowd of murderers, headed by Acuesta's vindictive clerk, had returned through the garden into the villa to refresh themselves with meat and drink for the renewal of their bloody work. The larder was sacked, the cellar broken open, and the dishes which



had been preparing for that evening's supper, were pronounced an excellent capture. With loud shouts the party shared among themselves a dish of partridges, the flavour of which was heightened by choice Colares, and the still more costly wine of Carcavelos; after the birds, come a smoked ham of Monchique, boiled in wine and richly spiced, which, by its inviting flavour, might have stimulated the most satiated appetite.—“But how,” cried a young man of a much finer countenance than any of the others, who was standing at the table with his arms crossed quietly eyeing the distribution of the ham,—“how is this? A ham in the kitchen of a Jew! Are you correct in supposing him to be a Hebrew? whatever else I have heard of the old man is more perhaps than can be said of many Christians.”—“’Tis all hypocrisy and knavish deceit!” cried Gusman in a harsh voice. “I wish I may be as sure of paradise as the Israelitish dog is of hell! I tell you he is a Jew—a tenfold Jew! Does he not put on clean linen on Saturday? Does he not always get his furniture cleaned on Fridays? Have I not seen the cords of the *Arbon canfoth* peeping out beneath his waistcoat? Do you think I do not know how to distinguish a Jew from an old Christian?”\*—These bold assertions admitted of no contradiction, and the conversation again became of a general kind. The bottle now began to circulate faster, and every one boasted, with frightful fluency, of the bloody feats he had performed.—“But what are all these exploits,”—commenced one, who, by his hat surmounted with a tuft of worn-out and dirty feathers, a pair of mustachios, and a slashed waistcoat, seemed to be a soldier—“What are all these feats? Had you been with us at Congo, you would have had better entertainment. There the old creed flourished pleasant to behold, and whoever of the black

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\* In Spain and Portugal, those only who can prove their family descent to be untainted with Moorish or Jewish blood are entitled to the appellation *Old Christians*.



heathen would not allow himself to be converted was quickly put out of our way. We made short work with the king there. The powerful Maripagno, however, marched upon the town; he pressed us very hard with his mighty army, and we were obliged to make daily sallies. Shall I tell you what a glorious idea occurred to me? Whenever I could get one of the black devils by himself I threw him upon the ground, placed my foot upon his throat, and brandishing my sword over his head, called out, 'your life shall be spared if you confess the Saviour!' Most of them did it, and repeated after me whatever I told them. Now you must understand I always carried some holy water in my flask: with that I baptised the wretches, and as soon as the ceremony was over, I pushed my sword into their throats. What better could I do?—Paradise was secured to them. Had I allowed them to run about at liberty—a thousand to one, they would have apostatised instantly, and gone straight to hell."

The soldier's narrative was received with wild applause, the glasses sounded anew, and with the praises of the narrator, were mixed curses upon all heathens and heretics.—"Was it not also there," said an arriero of Herculean dimensions, "that the Saints marched before us and led our arms to victory?"—"Certainly," replied the soldier, "many of us saw the Mother of God riding at our head; her long blue mantle floated down to the ground; in her arms she held the Divine Infant, and upon her fair hairs sparkled the Crown of Glory just as it is represented in our Lady of Wounds. Saint John, the Evangelist, usually rode at her side, and wherever he was seen, no resistance could avail the black dogs."—"The Evangelist, you say!" cried one. "I was there as well as you: it was the Baptist."—"I say it was the Evangelist!" cried the soldier, striking his fist upon the table.—"You lie!" replied the other, "as you have been doing in your whole story: the Evangelist never was good for any thing in war."—"How!" cried the soldier



doubling his fists, "dare you calumniate my patron!"—"My patron," interrupted the other, "is as good as your's, whose courage is not worth a maravedi, and who would have run off as you did with all your lies and boasts."

These words were the signal for a general riot. The combatants seized each other by the hair, and instantly the whole company was arranged on one side or the other; one party contending for the honour of the Evangelist, the other for that of John the Baptist,—a dispute which had already distracted many convents, and stained the altars themselves with blood. The table was quickly overthrown, and the remainder of the costly wines spilled on the ground; and the kitchen proving too confined for the assault, the passage was quickly filled with the combatants, boxing, dragging, and at last stabbing each other with their knives. The conquerors departed screaming and quarrelling, leaving the wounded weltering in their blood. Among the dead lay the clerk of Acuesta.

Manuel had only witnessed the commencement of the fray; compassion for the poor languishing Gomez did not allow him to wait the issue. With a pitcher full of fresh water, which he had procured at the spring, he hastened up stairs; his candle having been blown out by the wind, he groped his way with difficulty to the couch of the negro, whom he called by name, but received no answer; he took him by the shoulder—it was cold; he sprinkled the cool water upon him in vain—the poor man had died while in the act of imploring heaven for the safety of his master.



MANUEL felt himself again alone in the deserted house. With a heavy heart he walked through the silent rooms, uncertain whither to direct his steps in order to procure tidings of Acuesta and his daughter. He seated himself upon a stone before the door, in a kind of melancholy stupor, his whole strength exhausted, his head sunk on his breast, and his hands supported upon his knees, totally at a loss how to act. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "my kind, my generous, and unfortunate master! what lot may have now befallen thee? Has the arm of friendship been able to snatch thee from the assassins? And thou, angel of beauty and kindness! Have thy heavenly features—has the harmony of thy voice disarmed the blood-thirsty butchers? Have they indeed been able to lay their guilty hands on such a temple of every grace and virtue?" Mistrustful, and with increasing anxiety and desolation of heart, he raised his eyes towards heaven; the pale stars looked out as if they mourned, and a fresh breeze announced the approach of the dawn. "Oh God!" sighed the afflicted youth; "Thou whose throne is beyond the stars, Thou who knowest the hearts of men, and hast promised to protect the just, if Thou in thy omnipotence hast preserved them, oh continue to shield them; and let me be once more united to them!"

While Manuel prayed thus with clasped hands, he felt the touch of the ring which Deborah had given him, and with it a strange feeling darted across his whole frame, a slender ray of hope dawned in his breast, the oppression at his heart gave way, and his grief and anxiety flowed forth in relieving tears. The sun had now risen, and began to shed his tremulous rays upon the mighty river, which rolled forward its waves like a sea to join the ocean; new animation manifested itself among the numerous ships which covered the tide, the sunbeams gilded the summit of the masts,



where various streamers waved in the wind, and several barks were already under weigh and floating down with full canvass amid the other vessels, at first slowly and hesitatingly, and then with increasing speed, as if the blue surface of the immeasurable ocean to which they were hastening, attracted them as they advanced with still increasing power.

Manuel's quick eyes had discovered the ships with the earliest dawn of morning, and by their manner of sailing he recognised them to be Dutch vessels. With longing feelings he stretched out his arms towards the sea, and envied in his heart the happiness of the strangers who were permitted thus to turn away from a city stained with blood and horror. Had he only known that Acuesta was in one of these ships, and that his friend was keeping watch over him with the tenderest solicitude, he would have felt more tranquil. At times he had almost hoped so; but a hope built on wishes only is ever weak against doubts. And what had been the fate of Deborah? Were the unknown men by whom she had been conveyed away really Don Leon's servants? Had he saved her to restore her to her father; or to share the lot of those slaves whom the companion of the intrepid Bartolomeo had brought home with his treasures from India?

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DON Leon de Palmeja, a man of obscure origin, but enriched and exalted by military service in India, had become acquainted with Acuesta in the course of some commercial transactions. By chance he had seen Deborah, and as his heart was open to every new passion, he no sooner beheld her, than he began to lay his schemes for getting possession of her person.



"She must be mine," said he to Henriquez his confident,—"she must be mine, though she should cost me my salvation! I have seen the finest women of every colour; but before this star, a whole galaxy of beauty grows dim. Since I beheld her, I have become disgusted with our sun-browned beauties; the colour of Deborah's cheek is like the blush of heaven in the morning-dawn, or the leaves of the new-budding rose; the young pomegranate bloom, when it is just breaking through its sheath, does not display a more beautiful red than her lips; the lilies are not whiter than her forehead; and like lianas and ivy, twined round the white bark of the plantain, do her fair locks encircle her brow and temples. Once only did I catch a sight of her heavenly countenance, but she turned suddenly away from me, and walked out of the room—she walked, said I: no, by Joseph and all the saints! she did not walk—she glided past me like an aerial form! He who obtains this phoenix, is no longer a mortal; the place in which she breathes is paradise."

The ardour of a passion which, as soon as kindled, burned with such intensity, left Don Leon no rest. Trained up in war, and accustomed to laugh at remorse and defy every danger which lay between him and the accomplishment of his wishes, he saw in every charming object, a prize of which he had a right to undertake the capture. His increasing riches had given him fresh means of gratifying his passions, and the hoariness of age with which his head was already covered, had not cooled the wild flames of his impetuous heart. Deborah was the object of his thoughts by day and night. The death, too, of his wife, Seraphina, afforded him greater liberty than ever; and he only now laboured to find the means of obtaining possession of Acuesta's daughter by persuasion, cunning, or force. The Donna Eleonora had become his accomplice; she was already extensively indebted to Don Leon, and had even flattered herself, that after the death of his wife, she might gain his own hand. Don Leon



on the other hand, concealed his new passion from her; and while she believed him to be excited solely by his zeal for the purity of the faith, in his frequent inquiries after the connexions of a suspicious family, under the disguise of friendship she sought admission to the company of Deborah, and faithfully reported to him whatever her vigilance discovered. All her communications were acceptable; for every thing which might serve at any future time to excite Deborah's alarms, was to him a step toward that end on which all his thoughts were directed.

When the bloody riot first broke out in the church, at the altar of the chapel of Jesus, instant intelligence was conveyed to Don Leon, to whom, as governor of the town, the preservation of the public tranquillity formed a peculiar duty. Messengers followed hard upon each other; but before any means of resistance had been adopted, the fury of the tumult had burst open every floodgate. Accustomed to scenes of massacre, Don Leon felt little concern at the blood shed by the populace; his whole thoughts were occupied with schemes for the gratification of his present passion, and he considered this event only as affording the long sought-for opportunity. Without delay, Henriquez was sent with a troop of soldiers to Acuesta's villa, and, whilst his men guarded the door, the rough soldier entered the kiosk where Deborah was sitting, with her head reclining on her arm, thinking of her father and Manuel. Absorbed in her reflections, she was thrown into no small consternation when Henriquez abruptly entered with his helmet in his hand, his short sword suspended from a broad belt, and a pair of pistols stuck in his girdle. He stood before her respectfully, but impatient to deliver his message: its amount was briefly to inform her of the danger in which she and her father were placed, and the generous offer of the governor to afford them both a safe asylum. "He is not able at this moment," added Henriquez, "with all the forces which he has at his command, to restrain the fury of the excited populace; but



he will protect every individual as far as is practicable, and you are yet safe if you do not delay."

Deborah grew pale at this intelligence, which so suddenly confirmed all her former fears, and inquired in trembling accents. "Is it certain that my father will be protected?" Henriquez placed his hand upon his breast, and with a low bow replied: "You shall see it yourself; but I conjure you do not delay." While the cunning emissary thus spoke, and Deborah was struggling between fear and distrust, one of her maids rushed in with shrieks of alarm, and was immediately followed by another, who both confirmed the dreadful tale of the riot, the massacre, the firing of the houses, and the fury of the populace, whose shouts and tumult were now heard approaching. Henriquez at the same moment, seized the hand of the hesitating girl, and led her through a garden to a back gate, where a litter was waiting in which she was quickly placed; the curtains were then drawn, and a troop of horsemen, one of whom took Deborah's maid behind him, closed round it; the other servants fled in every direction to seek their safety in concealment.

At a small but elegant villa, not far from the Convent Do Garasso the troop halted; the litter was opened; and when Deborah, supported by her servants, stepped out, Don Leon stood ready to receive her. She cast an anxious look around her for her father, but her glance only met the glowing eyes of her betrayer, whose harsh features now appeared doubly distorted by the smile of successful villany which played upon them. Alarmed at finding herself in the hands of such a man, she anxiously inquired: "Is my father not here? I hoped to have found my father here."—"He is not yet arrived," answered Don Leon; "but have patience,—walk in, you are in safety here, lovely Deborah; and I esteem myself happy in having been the instrument of your deliverance." With these words, he took the hand of the maiden and led her into the house. "If my father is not here," said she, with increasing alarm, "complete your kindness by sending



me to the Convent Do Garasso, to remain there till the danger is past."—"You cannot proceed a step farther," replied Don Leon impatiently; "I never should be able to pardon myself were I to expose your precious life to new danger; for even though you should succeed in reaching the convent—which is not at all probable—do not imagine that the fury of the mob would respect even a sacred place if they believed it sheltered one of their selected victims. Here only,—in this house only, can you be safe; here where the power intrusted to me—and if that should not be sufficient, my life itself, and the lives of all belonging to me, are devoted to your protection."

While the governor thus spoke, new messengers arrived with fresh tidings, and every word went like a dagger to the heart of Deborah, for each announced new horrors, and she momentarily expected to hear the name of her father among those of the murdered; her knees trembled beneath her, and fear would have deprived her of sensation, had not the presence of Don Leon, and the dread with which it inspired her, kept alive the feeble remains of her strength. Carried rather than led, she was conveyed to a chamber in the back part of the house, and intrusted to the care of a female servant.

Don Leon, though with secret reluctance, now departed to take measures for restoring the tranquillity of the city.

ALL that the heart of a maiden feels, who, in the midst of unheard of events, trembles for all that she holds dearest upon earth, and to whom the appearances of security with which she is herself surrounded are more alarming than the manifestations of open and impending peril, now distracted



the breast of Deborah. Assailed by tenfold anxiety, and tortured by the horrid pictures of her fancy, she beheld her hopes gradually vanishing with every moment that her father's arrival was delayed; and the efforts with which she strove to maintain her remaining strength, brought alternate flushes of cold and heat over her delicate frame, without the relief of a single tear, for her inmost soul was bound up by terror and alarm.

Isabella, her attendant, saw with deep compassion the sufferings of the lady intrusted to her charge; she tried to comfort her, and spoke of the zeal with which Don Leon had exerted himself for her safety. "Alas!" exclaimed Deborah, "what signifies my own safety to me, if my father has been given up to the barbarians? How much better would it have been for me, had they murdered me also in his arms, that I might have dared to present myself led by his hand before my Heavenly Judge! Of what crime can they accuse him? What indeed have been the crimes of all those whose lives are now sacrificed by the frantic mob? Is it a crime not to be an ancient Christian?—What is more ancient than the faith of the Jewish nation; or who earlier worshipped the true God in their temples? Were they not on that account the selected people of God; and are not the patriarchs gone to God in their ancient venerable faith? Were Enoch and Elias old Christians? Yet did not God take them up alive into his kingdom?—If there is only one faith which gives a right to heaven, where is there one which may claim this prerogative with a higher tone, than that of the people whom God himself led through the desert,—for whom he wrote commandments with his own finger,—and who, even now, though so heavily oppressed, still worship the one living God of their fathers?"

Struck with astonishment, Isabella listened to sentiments, which, in the enthusiasm of an indignation excited to a feverish pitch, flowed almost unconsciously from the lips of Deborah. "Lovely lady," cried she, "what do I hear



you say? If a stranger had heard you utter those words in these dreadful times, your fate would have been sealed. Even Don Leon himself would not be able to protect you, if you despised his creed."

Whilst Isabella thus spoke, Deborah for the first time cast her looks upon her attendant, and was surprised by the sight of her graceful form. The fire of her black eyes, over which delicately arched eye-brows were pencilled, was softened by an expression of benevolence and of silent melancholy which played upon her high forehead and around her exquisitely formed lips; her complexion, naturally dark, was now heightened by the rising blush with which interest and compassion had suffused her cheeks; her shape was slender and delicate; her motions quick but elegant; her whole features and manners bespoke an Eastern origin. As when, in the midst of a frightful dream, the sound of a friendly voice comes from afar upon our ear, and raises our courage to struggle with the illusion, which yet for a long while refuses to yield to our efforts, so Deborah felt a secret awakening of confidence in the presence of this interesting being, and that voice, in which she could distinguish a well-known harmonious cadence, gave to her, she knew not why, a presentiment of comfort.

In reply to Isabella, Deborah spoke more calmly: "May Heaven preserve me from despising the faith of any one! But the abuse which these men make of their belief, in which what is most sacred serves as a pretext for cruelty and blood-thirstiness,—to abhor this, no power on earth shall prevent me! Can it be the duty of Christians to crush entirely the broken reed,—to trample with horses and chariots on a nation already prostrate in the dust? Or can a people be rejected by God and given up to the most inhuman treatment merely because they have been unfortunate?"

Isabella raised her eyes and hands to heaven, then bending gently towards Deborah, she took her by the hand,—



her lips opened, but she seemed struggling to repress the words which rose to her utterance. "In this country also," continued Deborah with an animated voice, "a foreign creed once reared its victorious front,—here, upon the banks of the Tagus, now adorned only with convents and Christian churches, once shone gorgeous mosques, while Islamism was proclaimed to the people from a thousand minarets. Christianity had then taken refuge among the mountains, where it hid itself before the sword of the conqueror; and was the oppressed faith then less true for that? Did Power and Faith then occupy the same throne? And if it were a blasphemy to say so, must not the heart revolt when man in any case presumes to constrain the conscience of his fellows, and to enforce his own faith by cruelty!"

Whilst Deborah was thus speaking, the fate of the persecuted race presented itself in vivid colours to her fancy, and with it the remembrance of the blood-stained history of an earlier time; a flood of tears streamed from her cheeks and over her heaving bosom; Isabella too wept, and, kneeling before Deborah, raised her tearful eyes towards heaven, hid her face again in her folded hands, and sobbed aloud, as if some painful remembrances were pressing upon her heart.

Thus passed the night, and the morning dawned. There had been a perpetual hurrying to and fro in the house all night; with day-break all became silent; the servants had retired to rest, and only four eyes, moist with tears, at this hour greeted the return of light.

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WHILST Manuel was seated before his master's villa, pondering on the steps he should next take, and unable to resolve,



he suddenly felt the grasp of a man on his shoulder, who, on his looking up, thus accosted him: "Heaven be thanked you are still alive! I called just now at your master's counting-room, where every one is usually early astir, and, not finding you there, I ran hither at full speed to inquire for Donna Deborah." Manuel started up, and seizing his old Dutch friend, Peter Janssen, by both arms, eagerly asked him, "Do you know any thing about my master?—Is he still alive?—where is he?—where shall I find him?—Oh speak, I pray you, my dear—good friend!"—"You will not allow me to edge in a word," answered Janssen, wiping his forehead; "it is just to inform you about him that I have sought you out.—But what a night! I never thought I should live to witness such doings."

Manuel stood as upon burning coals, while the heavy Dutchman kept wiping and fanning himself: "I conjure you," cried he, "to tell me in a single word, whether he still lives!"—"He was alive yesterday evening," replied Janssen; "and had been rescued from the hands of the murderers: Verporten—God bless him—managed that."

When Manuel heard that his master was yet in life, he threw himself upon the neck of honest Janssen, and exclaimed, "God be praised for his mercy! Having saved my dear master, he will also have protected Deborah."—"Saved your master indeed is," continued Janssen, "and carried off in the Magellone: so far all is well; but he was ill—very ill." Janssen now told him that having gone the preceding evening on board the Magellone to transact some business, the tidings of the tumult reached the ship at that moment, and directly afterwards old Acuesta was carried on board in a deep swoon. Verporten had immediately sent some of his people to Acuesta's villa to inform his daughter of what had happened, and, if possible, to convey her on board the Magellone; but the uproar in the town, and the barricading of the streets, prevented these messengers from pursuing a direct path to the house, and it was not till a late hour that



they reached it. On coming opposite the door, they perceived a drunken rabble issuing from it, and heard one of them say: "We shall get the old Jew yet, and his daughter he shall never find again, as sure as my name is Henriquez; I have conveyed her into a safe keeping."

"From these words," continued Janssen, "our men concluded that the young lady had been conveyed away, Heaven knows how and whither. We then returned with this intelligence. Verporten hesitated what next to do; at last, it appeared to him, that the course he had previously resolved on was the best, and that he ought not to neglect a certainty for an uncertainty, but try to save one friend at least. To me he gave it in charge to seek for you, Don Manuel, to look after the property of our friend. 'The fate of his daughter,' he added, 'lies in the hands of God; I hope she is in safety; perhaps Manuel has rescued her from her danger; at least you will, with his help, endeavour to discover her present abode, and then, be guided by your own prudence in the rest.' With these words, we shook hands, and I went ashore; and while yet upon my way hither I saw the ship, in company with two others, get under weigh. She is a beautiful vessel, the Magellone, and a capital sailer."

The latter part of this recital had plunged Manuel into deep thought: "Henriquez you say was the name of the man who spoke of Deborah having been carried off."—"So our messenger heard him name himself."—"Oh then, every thing is clear. I know this Henriquez, he is Don Leon's right hand, and ready for every daring enterprise; a neighbour told our Gomez—poor fellow he also perished last night—that Deborah had been carried off by some unknown people, who appeared to be servants of the governador; and so it is all clear. Don Leon has had extensive dealings with us; we ever treated him with the greatest disinterestedness, and I do not doubt that he has in his gratitude contrived to save the most precious treasure my master possesses; let us go instantly, if you can, to learn the truth; or, what may be



still better—return you to the counting-house where business demands your presence; I can look after the other matters myself; if I am fortunate, as I hope to be, I will come to you, and we shall concert our next steps together.”

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HAVING parted with his friend, Manuel soon reached the house of Don Leon. He mounted the staircase without meeting a single creature, and was much alarmed at finding all deserted, before he perceived one of Deborah's maids asleep upon an ottoman in the anti-chamber. At the sight of the well-known countenance, his heart beat so violently, that he was scarcely able to pronounce her name; and when she opened her eyes, and he had heard that Deborah was there, he conjured her, with an earnestness that betrayed more of the state of his heart than he was aware, to bring him into the presence of her mistress: “And that she may not doubt,” added he, “that it is a friend who wishes to see her, give her this ring which she yesterday entrusted to me.”

The damsel departed,—a door opened,—and Manuel perceived Deborah seated upon an ottoman; she was without her veil, and looked paler than he had seen her the day before. His first words intimated the safety of her father; Deborah hastily rose from her seat and walked forward with outstretched arms to meet him, but suddenly stopped short, and then, dropping upon her knees, raised her eyes and hands to heaven and gave to God the offering of her tears,—for she could not yet find utterance for her soul in words. Manuel hesitated whether to communicate to her all the information he possessed; but as she pressed him with hasty interrogatives, he gave her the whole history, softening only his de-



scription of the situation in which Acuesta had reached the port.

During his recital, Isabella was attentively considering the ring on every side, and, by placing it in full light, endeavouring to decypher the characters in the interior of the circlet. Suddenly she appeared lost in wonder and astonishment, and returning the ring to Deborah, said to her: "Can you tell me, Donna Deborah, where you got this ring?"—"It was bequeathed to me by my mother, who wore it as a remembrance of a dear and unfortunate friend, and parted with it only upon her deathbed."—"And was it here," inquired Isabella, a deep glow crimsoning her cheeks,— "was it here that your mother had this friend?"—"No;" answered Deborah, astonished and almost impatient,— "it was in Antwerp, where I was born; but they were both natives of this country, and being strangers in the Netherlands, had become strongly attached to each other. When compelled to separate after years of intimate friendship, they exchanged their rings as memorials of their mutual love: but what does this concern you?"

Isabella could now no longer restrain herself; she fell upon her knees before Deborah, seized her hands, and bedewing them with tears, exclaimed: "Oh Allah! that friend was my mother; this ring was hers,—her name is engraved in the inner part in Moorish characters—*Roana di Lugano*,—that was the name of my poor mother,—Isabella Lugano is mine; and here, upon the other side, this setting contains the old confession of faith of my noble ancestors: *La elaho alla Allaho*, 'There is no God but God.'"

Deborah, who now very well remembered having frequently heard the name of Roana from the lips of her beloved mother, raised the weeping Isabella from the ground, and pressed her to her heart with the tenderness of an ancient friend:—"Your mother was called Bertranda," said Isabella. "How often my poor unfortunate mother pronounced that name! How much she longed to return to



her arms! Alas, had they never parted, that dreadful fate would never have overtaken her, and I should not have been left so lonely and forsaken in the world."

Manuel, who had not lost a word of this conversation, drew a step nearer, and said: "Excuse, Donna Isabella, a question which has not been prompted by unreasonable curiosity: what was the fate of your mother?"

Isabella, who in the emotion of her mind had entirely forgotten the presence of a third party, stared full upon Manuel, afraid perhaps of having incautiously revealed so dangerous a secret. But when she looked into his open countenance, which bore no trace of guile, she spoke without further restraint:

"You have perhaps heard of a persecution which took place about twenty years ago against the Moorish inhabitants of this country: free permission to leave the kingdom had been granted to them, nor were they prohibited from carrying their property along with them; but when the king saw a greater number than he had expected avail themselves of this liberty, and much treasure about to be withdrawn from the country, he retracted his royal word, and commanded to spare neither violence nor flattery in winning these unfortunate people from their faith. Very few complied with his wishes; some fled secretly, leaving behind them all their wealth; others hid themselves in the mountains, where they wandered about forlorn and solitary. A cavern in the ravines of Estrella sheltered my parents and their four children, of whom I was the eldest. My father died there of grief and want, after having made incredible exertions to save us; and my mother was nearly sharing the same fate, when two monks entered our abode of misery and horror, each of them bearing in one hand a cross, and food in the other; they wished to save us they said, and alleged that compassion for our distress had brought them thither. We children greedily snatched at the bread; but before they gave it up to us, they presented us the crucifix to kiss; to my mother also it was



offered and when she through weakness, or perhaps in compassion to us, did not turn away from it,—it was taken for an abjuration of her faith. We were then placed in a wagon and conducted in triumph to the city.—Every circumstance,” continued Isabella, “of that fatal return is yet fresh before my eyes. In front of the church of the Dominicans, where we alighted, we found several of our companions in misfortune—who had been laid hold of in the same manner as we were—surrounded by a great crowd of spectators, of whom a few showed us compassion, but the greater part viewed our unfortunate condition with indifference, and to some our sorrows afforded amusement. My mother was seated upon the ground, holding her youngest children in her arms, and we stood with our hands clasped around her neck: the crowd of the people, the noise, the moanings of the other prisoners, and the preaching of the monks from the steps of the church—all this has left an ineffaceable impression upon my mind. At length the State-alguazils, preceded by a monk, made their way through the crowd; at the command of the monk, we children were seized, and though we clung to our mother and screamed aloud, they tore us from her. As she hastened after us, the king came riding down the street accompanied by some of his grandees, and my mother threw herself into his way, and called aloud for mercy and the restitution of her children. He looked down upon her with darkened brows, and, just as his proud steed reared, said in angry tone: ‘Lead this mad woman into a convent, and let her be instructed there till she regains her reason; as for her children, let them be taken to the appointed place.’ After issuing these commands, he spurred his horse forward, but when I saw my mother in danger of being trampled down, I burst from my keeper, and threw myself upon her, and we lay upon the ground convulsively grasping each other, while the Alguazils beat us without mercy, and tried to tear us apart. Something like compassion now moved the heart of the king, for he commanded them to spare my mother, re-



marking: 'Even a dog will resist if you would take its young from it:' and with these words he rode off. We were now separated with somewhat less violence, and conveyed away each to a different place. My unhappy mother I never saw again—grief quickly finished her life—nor my poor brothers and sisters. Alas! I probably am left alone to weep for all."

Deborah during this recital had taken Isabella in her arms and given free course to her tears; but Manuel, in whose eyes also the drops trembled, now inquired if one of her brothers was not called Zamor. At this question Isabella started up in agitation; but before she could reply, the youth threw himself upon his knees beside her, and called out—"So you are my sister!"—"You are not Zamor," answered Isabella, pushing him gently from her; "Zamor is no longer among the living; he was the nearest to me in age, and you are younger than I; he had black hair too, and yours is auburn."—"So it is," replied Manuel with a soft voice, while his gushing tears bedewed her hands; "I am Osmyn, the youngest of your brothers; I received the name of Manuel di Lassolado from a poor but noble-minded man who saved me from the deepest misery, and who bequeathed to me his name. Yes! I am that Osmyn whom you have lulled so often to sleep with tales and sweet songs, and who loved you almost more than his mother. How long has all this been effaced from my memory! But your voice has brought it back—names, sounds, features, every thing. Oh Isabella, do not deny your brother!"

Isabella seemed to hesitate for a moment, and hung with a doubtful and inquiring gaze upon Manuel's features; but Deborah said: "Do not doubt his word; it must be true: Manuel is incapable of deceiving any one." Isabella then threw herself into the arms of her brother, and mingled her tears with his; and all the dangers of the present, and the terrors of the future, vanished in the happiness of this unlooked-for meeting.



WHILST both brother and sister gave themselves up to their feelings, and Deborah praised the ways of Providence in silent admiration, the tramp of horses sounded from the street, and words of altercation were heard. It was a division of the militia inquiring for the governor and desiring his orders. When they were told that he was not at home, and that nobody knew where he was, they rode off muttering to themselves. This incident at once awoke the party within to the consciousness of their present condition. Manuel was again recalled to the thought of the business on which he had originally come, and Deborah to the recollection that she was in the power of Don Leon. When that name resounded from the street, she cast a look full of anxiety upon Isabella and seized her hand: "I wonder," said Isabella, who guessed what was passing in her mind, "where he lingers; but whatever may detain him, you may believe that the extremest impatience will urge him hither, and that as soon as he is left to himself he will hasten home. I am not the confident of his feelings, heaven be thanked! A mere chance has now brought me near you,—but I know that he loves you with the whole strength of his impetuous soul, and I tremble at the thought that you are in his power. 'Twas for his own, not for your sake that he rescued you."

At these words Deborah grew pale and cast her eyes timidly around her, as if seeking for shelter from some imminent danger. "Since it is so," said Manuel, "nothing remains for us but the most rapid flight. His absence is perhaps a sign from heaven; do not wait his return, for however great his power may be over all the town, still it is here that it is most to be dreaded. Perhaps we may succeed in finding our way out of the house; for the rest, I shall provide. Trust to me, Donna Deborah, and be assured, that, except your venerable father, you have not a more faithful friend upon earth than me."



Manuel uttered these words in a firm voice, although a blush suffused his cheek while he spoke. It was impossible to deny him one's confidence. Deborah sunk beside the ottoman upon her knees, and bowing her head, prayed in silent devotion, then rose hastily, and said with great composure: "I follow you; God, who led his people through the desert, will not forsake me."—"I also follow you!" exclaimed Isabella; "my fate is bound up in yours; it is not for no purpose that God has here re-united us."

Manuel having stepped out to reconnoitre what was going on in the house, was informed by Deborah's servant, who was keeping watch in the anti-chamber, that two or three messengers had arrived, one after the other, and had spoken in a low tone with Don Leon's servants; she had heard the king once named, but nothing farther; the servants, she added, seemed to be in great consternation, and were gone off one by one. Returning with these news, Manuel exclaimed, "Oh! joyful tidings! The way is free; let us not delay a moment." So taking the hands of the veiled and trembling maidens, he drew them after him. With quick steps they hurried on; and Don Leon's house already lay at a great distance behind them, before any of them dared to speak. Deborah's servant followed close behind her mistress.

DREAD of Don Leon, whose patrols were now moving in every direction, determined the resolution of the fugitives. They could not doubt that he would employ every means for discovering them, and that he had ample opportunity of doing so; and, therefore, they instantly resolved to leave a country, the soil of which was soaked with the blood of their



friends, and seemed to be thirsting for their own. Deborah's only wish was to be once more restored to her father, and Isabella had no other desire than to renew, with Deborah, at the side of her brother, and in the country of her youth, the tender friendship which had once united their mothers.

For the execution of this plan some preparations were necessary, which were likely to detain them till the fall of night; and to escape Don Leon's scouts, it was also desirable that they should have the shelter of darkness. "If you could but resolve," said Manuel, "to live one day in the midst of poverty, I know where you might be concealed from every eye; the place is nigh at hand, and—what at this moment is of equal value—it is beyond the town." The maidens gave themselves up to his guidance, and soon reached a retired hut, the exterior appearance of which bespoke the poverty of its inhabitants. By a low door they entered stooping into a dark court, upon the walls of which hung some fishing nets and cruives,—the miserable implements of a fisherman who occupied the lower part of the little dwelling. Here Manuel, having ascertained that there was no one in the house, directed them to remain concealed till night-fall, before which he promised to return from the city. He then hastened back to make further arrangements for their flight.

THERE was still a great stir in the city; but the scene had changed, and, in place of the wild rage of an inflamed mob, dread of the ruling authorities now prevailed. Every where were seen pickets, mounted or on foot, patrolling the streets, or leading away to prison the rioters whom they had seized



in the act of pillaging; a few solitary monks were also visible skulking away in their alarm by the sides of the houses, and making wide circuits to avoid the armed troops; the rest of the people seemed silently pursuing their accustomed business. It was now apparent that measures had been taken to prevent a new explosion of popular fury and a repetition of the horrors of the preceding day.

Manuel found every thing in the counting-house as he had left it the night before, and even somewhat better than he had anticipated. The warehouse indeed stood open,—many articles had been damaged and still more stolen,—goods with which queens might well have adorned themselves lay scattered about and trodden in the mire of the court-yard,—but the counting-room, which was protected by iron bars, had not been touched. He opened it hastily, and deposited the books, accounts, and papers in a chest, into which he also put a valuable casket of pearls and jewels.

After arranging these matters, Manuel went to his friend Peter Janssen, and committed to his fidelity whatever he was unable to carry away, with directions to preserve it till he received further instructions. "I have only one piece of business more," added he,—“the most important and sacred of all. Deborah has been found; she was in Don Leon's hands,—but she has escaped him for the moment, yet how easily may his creatures succeed in seizing her again! This night is fixed upon for our flight; our way lies to Antwerp, where I hope to find my beloved master, and to gladden him with the restitution of his precious treasure in the person of his daughter.”

“Heaven be thanked,” said Janssen, “that the jewels and the daughter also are so far safe! Don Leon is a bad character—as I had intended to tell you before—and you have every thing to fear from him if he discovers your traces. The worst is that the priests are as much at his command as the soldiers, so that it is difficult to keep any thing hidden from him; you will do well therefore by all means to hasten your



flight,—but then, the misfortune is, that the port has been barricaded for some hours, and the ships are forbidden to sail till further orders. They are also to undergo a search for the discovery of the goods which were carried off in the course of yesterday's riot."

"Then we must go by land," said Manuel.

"That would do very well," replied Janssen, "but think of the distance, and how many dangers threaten you, were you to undertake such a journey with women under your charge. I should hardly like to undertake it with them even by water; the mountains are full of desperate marauders, and bands of disarmed soldiers are roaming about on the Spanish territory, who are still worse,—how it goes on in France we all know. I would therefore advise you to hire mules and set out this very night to the coast. When you have reached it you are safe. The embargo cannot last longer than two or three days; during that time I will secure births for you in the *Mermaid*, captain Tromp, which is ready to sail. He will take you on board at the *Cabo da Rocca*,—wait there for him. Now, go look after the business you have in hands, and leave me to manage the rest. My best greetings to Acuesta, if you find him still alive—as I hope you will, the dear old man—and tell him that at all times I am soul and body at his command."

After taking leave of his honest friend, and recommending him to the guardianship of heaven, Manuel hastened down the street, endeavouring to recollect whatever might be useful to the ladies now under his protection; but as he was turning the corner of a street, a female servant stopped his hurried steps: "I was just on the way to your house to seek you," whispered she hastily; "Donna Eleonora desires you to come to her,—she has important matters to reveal to you,—but she begs you not to delay a moment, or you may have cause to repent it."—"I have no time at present," answered Manuel, who dreaded some stratagem on the part of that cunning woman; "pressing business demands my attention,



—excuse me then,”—With these words he was about to proceed on his way, but the girl placed herself before him, and taking him by the arm, said: “As you hope to be saved, Don Manuel, or ever to succeed in any thing upon which your happiness depends, despise not the request of my unfortunate mistress! Mark you,—never will you know peace again if you disregard this request!”

When a reflecting man is engaged in any perilous enterprise, every casual event—every word, assumes a prophetic signification with him. Thus the words of the maid at this moment fell upon his heart with a deep import; he felt himself overcome by them, and followed her without farther resistance to the residence of Eleonora.

The door of her room being gently opened, Manuel could scarcely distinguish in the twilight the outline of a female form which lay extended upon a couch with her countenance turned towards the wall. It was Eleonora; but how altered from what he had seen her yesterday! A deadly paleness covered her once blooming countenance, over which her raven hair lay in dishevelled locks,—her fixed eye seemed to be staring upon vacuity,—and it was not till she had shaded the locks from her forehead, which was covered with cold perspiration, that she said, as if awakening from a deep slumber: “Is it you, Manuel? give me your hand; but look not with such wildness and astonishment upon me, otherwise I cannot speak to you.”

Manuel gave her his hand,—she seized it hastily,—her’s was cold and moist like the hand of a dying person. “What ails you, Donna Eleonora?” said he; “but be brief, for I am in great haste.”

“And I also,” interrupted Eleonora, convulsively grasping his hand; “my stay is but short;—they have murdered your master,” she added after a short pause.—“is it not so? and Deborah—”

“My master has not perished,” replied Manuel, “and



his daughter also I hope is safe. Do not give yourself any uneasiness about them."

"She is in Don Leon's hands," cried Eleonora, looking wildly upon him; "that is to say, she is ruined for ever! Detest me! Curse me! I have betrayed her to him; upon my head fall her ruin, and the blood of her father! Oh the perjured man,—the hypocrite! I loved him,—loved him to madness, and he betrayed me! I thought it was in his zeal for religion that he sought information from me, and so I quieted my conscience while I betrayed my friend. Perhaps even now she is lost—that angel of beauty and kindness!—given up to the most abandoned villany! Alas! how could I trust the black-hearted traitor! How love him!"

Manuel, now relieved from any suspicions of treachery, replied: "You are mistaken, Donna Eleonora, if you believe Deborah lost; she is no longer in Don Leon's hands,—she has been saved by her good angel."

Eleonora stared incredulously upon him: "You have ever been an upright man," said she in milder accents; "I could have loved you above all men, but that villain Leon held me in his snares. You now only wish to comfort me, seeing me so miserable."

When Manuel repeated his assurances, the unfortunate woman seemed to be struck with still deeper despair. She wrung her hands, tore her hair, and struck her forehead with her clenched fist; her exclamations, and a few words which fell from her pale lips, convinced the horror-struck Manuel, that, hearing how Deborah had been carried off, she had, in the fury of her jealousy, despatched some resolute fellows to revenge her upon the perfidious Leon, and had then, overwhelmed by the horrors of repentance and despair, poisoned herself.

He was about to hasten for a physician, but she held him back:—"All help comes too late; death burns within me, and I have still a confession to make."—She covered her eyes with her hands as she spoke: "You also I have be-



trayed. Intimidated by dreadful threats, I watched and discovered you,—you are marked in black,—the sword is hanging over your head,—flight alone can save you,—make use of these hours of alarm, and delay not. Heaven be thanked I have discharged my conscience towards you, and can now die more calmly! But tell me, before you go—tell me, if you can, that you do not abhor me; or, if you cannot, that you have at least compassion for me, and that you pardon me.”

She held his hand between both of her's and looked imploringly upon him: “You have fallen into bad hands, Eleonora,” he replied: “Wicked men have seduced you by the abuse of the most sacred things; therefore, believe me, I feel a deep compassion for you, and do not lay to your charge the injuries which you had intended me for the sake of your betrayer. God, I trust, will overrule every thing for the best; and so I part with you, thanking you for the warning which you have given me; but while you desire my safety, think also of your own eternal welfare, and what is before you.”

With these words Manuel gave her his hand. She took a plain gold ring from her finger and put it upon his:—“Heaven and all the saints be with you!” cried she sobbing, and then hid her countenance in the bed-clothes and wept aloud. Manuel hastened with a heavy heart down the street; the pale features of the expiring woman continually haunted his recollection, and melted his inmost heart with a compassion before which even the memory of her crimes gave way.



THE last rays of day had sunk into the ocean, and the night had already strewn the sky with stars as with flowers, when Manuel conducted an arriero with his four mules to the fisherman's hut. On his way he met the fisherman himself, an old and tried acquaintance, to whom he explained the situation of affairs and his designs, and who immediately requested permission to accompany him abroad. "Do you know," said he, "I also have several reasons for undertaking a journey; take me with you,—I stand my man."

Manuel, who had three women to protect, and knew but too well how little dependence was to be placed upon the arriero in the case of an affray, accepted the fisherman's offer without hesitation, and hastened to announce his arrival and the preparations for flight. A few minutes sufficed to arrange the cavalcade which then set out silently but quickly. The arriero went first followed by Manuel, Deborah and Isabella rode beside each other, and behind them came the maid-servant with the luggage; the fisherman was sent out in every direction to reconnoitre the way. After they had left the city behind them, Manuel gave his place to the servant, and walked sometimes before and sometimes at the side of the ladies, generally addressing himself to his newly found sister. While the three travellers were thus engaged in friendly conversation, Deborah felt that Isabella became all the dearer to her by the love which she manifested to her brother; for that she loved this brother, she knew not yet, or did not confess it to herself. But Manuel knew why his heart beat so wildly while near to Deborah, and why he felt so happy when her eyes met his, or when she addressed herself to him. If she called him 'dear Manuel,' these words sounded like the tones of an Eolian harp within his breast, and it seemed as if the angels of heaven were opening the gates of paradise to him, and as if thence all light and all



harmony streamed over him. Never before had Deborah appeared so beautiful as during this serene night; never had her figure seemed so slender and lofty, or her motions so easy and graceful; he thought that the very stars smiled through their eyes of love upon her, while the night cleared up around them, and the breeze blew softly and refreshingly upon their path. Happy youth, whose lot it was thus to save and protect his beloved! If you knew how she is listening to your every word,—how her silent gratitude kindles her unconscious love,—what delight she feels in gazing upon your open countenance and guileless eyes: but you know it not,—you have no presentiment of it,—and happy as you are in your present enjoyment, you would be overwhelmed with ecstasy could you believe that the lovely one would ever respond to your affection with all the strength of her devoted soul!

Whilst our travellers entertained themselves in this manner, and more with silent thoughts than audible words, the fisherman had fallen into close conversation with the arriero, regarding the events of the preceding night. The latter, who had just returned from a journey, had obtained only some brief and imperfect accounts of it; the fisherman therefore painted in lively colours the scenes he had witnessed, and his description of the injury and devastation which had fallen upon a great number of flourishing families would have torn the hearts of our travellers, if the narrator had not been too distant from them to be overheard.

“I too was obliged to assist in some of their proceedings,” continued the fisherman; “but truly it was not with my good will. I was standing at the corner of a street looking on the mischief, when the gardener of the Dominicans seized me and dragged me into a warehouse—I believe it was that of the rich Acuesta—and bade me load myself with as much as I was able to bear, and deposit my burden in the convent. Ten times, perhaps, was I obliged to pass back and forward, till the warehouse was empty and the cellar of the convent



full. I do not know whether they intend to carry all their merchandise to the market, or whether they mean to bestow it upon their own good friends. But this was not all: Tired of my labour I became anxious to get away to see my poor sister, but on asking my wages I was forbidden to depart. I now observed a singular uneasiness about them, arising, I suppose, from a report which had been whispered, that the king was violently incensed at what had happened, and was desirous of tracing the plunderers; they probably dreaded that I would betray them, and wished to keep me a prisoner,—nor perhaps would I have been the first that had been put out of the way by them when their credit was at stake—but I resolved rather to lose my money than run the risk; so I snatched the keys from the hand of the porter, and felled him to the ground with a blow. Thus I made my escape; but I am sure they have marked me, and therefore it is that I have undertaken this journey.”

The fisherman here paused till the rest of the party came up, when he added: “You have done well, Don Manuel, to get out of the way; the priests are violently incensed against you, and made frequent inquiries, in the course of the night, if you had not been caught; I know not what charge they have against you.”

At these words the ladies entreated their guide to mount again, and pushed their mules faster forward, while those on foot running beside them, kept pace with the strong and spirited animals.

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THE troop now entered the valley which opens towards Cascais, from whence the distance was but short to Rocca,



the final point of their journey. A fresher breeze already announced the morning-dawn, and the tops of the cypresses and palm-trees began to rustle more audibly, when Isabella's spirited mule suddenly erected its ears, and wild and threatening words were heard issuing from a ravine on the right. Manuel leaped from his saddle, and hastened with a drawn sword in his hand to the scene of altercation, having charged the fisherman not to leave the ladies.

The cries for help ceased just as Manuel entered the ravine in which he saw a man lying upon the ground, whom two others were engaged in plundering. A stunning blow with the flat of his sword announced his presence to the nearest of the robbers; but the other, with ready resolution, seized Manuel by the throat, and being instantly seconded by his comrade who quickly recovered himself, would have overpowered him, if Deborah and her companions, with the vigilant fisherman at their side, had not made their appearance at the mouth of the ravine. Surprised at the unexpected sight, the robbers instantly fled, but in their flight, he whom Manuel had knocked down, hurled his dagger upon him with so good an aim that the blood was streaming from him when his friends came up to his aid.

The consternation of the females at the sight cannot be described; Isabella prevented herself from sinking to the ground by leaning upon the fisherman; but Deborah threw her arm around the wounded youth, and strove to stanch the blood which flowed over his breast and shoulders,—the point of the dagger had grazed his neck on one side, and separated a vein without penetrating deep.

Isabella now lent her aid in binding up the wound of her brother; the fisherman meanwhile stepped up to the murdered man, but on turning him over and causing the light to fall upon his countenance, he shrunk back with an expression of terror, exclaiming: "Is it possible! *He* here! Who would have imagined it?—God have mercy upon his poor soul, he would need it much!" These and similar exclama-



tions drew the attention of the rest to the stranger, whom they had almost forgotten in their concern for Manuel, and their astonishment was not small when they discovered in him Don Leon—the man at whose influence a few hours ago they had trembled as before an Omnipresent power. How he had come into this deserted mountain, and here found his death in so forlorn a situation, was difficult to imagine. It afterwards appeared that the king, enraged at the barbarities of the people and clergy, had directed his anger principally against Don Leon, who, instead of quelling the riot in time, as was his duty, had regarded it with indifference, and even made use of it for his own guilty purposes. In the course of the night he had been summoned before the king, who overwhelmed him with well-merited reproach, and ordered him to be imprisoned, after threatening him with a severe examination. But all this had been done with the greatest secrecy, for the excited mob, and the powerful party of the governor, were dreaded even in the palace of the monarch. On the road to prison he found means to escape; but while, pursued by the anger of the king and the stings of his own conscience, he wandered over the mountains in search of an asylum, the hand of the Eternal Judge overtook him, and he fell under the daggers of the assassins whom the jealousy and revenge of Eleonora, as we hinted above, had armed against him.

Before the party resumed their journey, Manuel and the fisherman made it their care to bury the murdered man, by deepening an adjoining hollow in the soil, in which they placed the corpse, and covered it with earth as well as circumstances would permit. The fisherman formed a cross with two sticks, and planted it at the head of the body; after which, having said a short prayer, all returned to their mules, which had meanwhile been comfortably browsing upon the luxuriant sward of the valley.



Our travellers having recovered from their alarm, and satisfied themselves that the wound of Manuel was not dangerous, accomplished the rest of their journey without further accident, and with the greater tranquillity, as they were now relieved from the dread of Don Leon's pursuit.

At noon the cavalcade reached Cascais, and after having taken some refreshment, they arrived about sunset at the Rocca. Here the fisherman led them to the hut of a friend who carried on the same trade with himself, and who, with his kind wife and two blooming daughters, welcomed the strangers into his house as if they had been old acquaintances. They rested with much pleasure here, for all stood in need of refreshment, and Manuel's wound required repose; he experienced no want of attention, but the tender interest manifested by Deborah, her conversation, and the love which she showed to his sister, proved the most efficacious medicine. After the lapse of three days, the ship destined for their conveyance made its appearance; the arriero was sent back with letters to Janssen, and with him Deborah's servant, who was frightened at the prospect of a sea-voyage, and whose place was supplied by one of the daughters of their host at the Rocca, who was attached to the young fisherman, and willing to follow her lover courageously to a foreign land.

With prosperous omens they went on board. The sun rose in all his brightness and glory over the sea,—a fresh breeze from the south-east filled the sails,—the colours waved gaily in the blue sky,—and rapidly like a noble falcon the vessel flew over the calm expanse. Standing upon the deck, our travellers turned their looks once more upon the city spread out upon seven hills, with its palaces and towers gleaming through the mist, and when the promontory hid the magnificent theatre from their eyes, tears flowed down their



cheeks, and their heaven-raised looks returned the homage of their gratitude to a protecting Providence. Such was the farewell they took of the beautiful but now blood-stained land of their fathers!

THE sun had nearly set, and the vesper-bells were ringing, when the Mermaid, commanded by Hugo Tromp, entered the harbour of Antwerp. With beating hearts our travellers went ashore; and now, when the decisive moment was so near, hope yielded to fear, and indescribable anxiety awoke in the breast of Deborah.

"Is the Magellone got in?" was the first question of Manuel to a Flemish porter who was loitering about upon the quay. The lethargic Fleming turned his head listlessly round and pointed with his hand in the same direction: Manuel's eye followed in the line marked out, and perceived the fair Magellone glittering with her newly gilded hair in the evening sun; all was animation upon her deck, which was covered with casks and chests, and a loaded boat was just putting-off from her for shore. Manuel flew to the spot of its landing, and the maidens hastened after him; but before they could overtake him, he had obtained the longed-for intelligence: "He lives!" cried he; "your father lives, and has no other wish but to behold you again. Oh, merciful heaven, I shall again see my dear master, and you your beloved father!"

Full of this joyful hope they hastened to the house which the sailors pointed out to them. Manuel preceded them. He found his master in company with Verporten; he was still pale and reclining upon a couch, but out of danger.



Manuel's entrance, and the joyful message which he brought from his daughter, seemed at once to restore him to strength; he immediately raised himself up in his seat, his cheeks glowing with joy, and with beaming eyes he sat awaiting his daughter's arrival. In a few minutes Deborah was kneeling at his couch. He listened to the history of her anxious days,—the dangers by which she had been threatened,—Manuel's faithful services,—and Isabella's unexpected discovery of a beloved brother; and when he had heard her story, he raised his eyes and hands to heaven, thanked God for the great happiness which had fallen to his lot, and pressed alternately the beloved daughter and brother and sister to his heart: "How marvellous and dark are the ways of providence!" exclaimed Acuesta. "Long years have I been searching for these dear children of my unfortunate friend,—pursuing with vain exertion every trace of their existence, while that which I so much desired to behold was before mine eyes! I might have almost divined in the love which attracted me towards you, Manuel, that you belonged to me by other ties than I knew; and how often, Isabella, in the house of Donna Seraphina, have I fondly gazed on your loveliness without thinking that what seemed to me so friendly and well-known in your features was a remembrance of my beloved friend Roana. Now those who have been divided by misfortune, have been reunited by misfortune; evil has turned into good, and I see my old age surrounded by children who are all worthy to love each other as brothers and sisters."

The silent love of Deborah and Manuel could not remain long unobserved by Acuesta; after a few weeks they were a happy pair. On the wedding-day came a letter, with the news that the goods stolen from Acuesta's warehouse had been traced and recovered in consequence of the information furnished by the fisherman; and shortly afterwards the faithful Janssen himself arrived with the restored treasures and accounts. As he was now daily in the house of Acues-



ta, and witnessed the happiness of the young people, and the harmony which reigned among all the members of the family, he felt with some surprise the approaches of a feeling to which, engaged as he had been in active business from his earliest years, his bosom had been almost a stranger. He soon made himself understood to Isabella, and one day both presented themselves before Acuesta and craved his blessing. The wedding was celebrated soon afterwards, and Janssen having in consequence transported his business to Antwerp, all the friends remained together undivided.



THE

## BITTER WEDDING

A SWISS STORY

BY J. R. WYSS.

ONE fine summer-morning—it was many hundred years ago—young Berthold set out with a very heavy heart from his Alpine hut, with the view of reaching in the evening the beautiful valley of Siebenthal, where stood his native village, and where he designed to be an unknown and silent guest at the dancing and festivity of certain merry-makers.

“Ah, heavens,” sighed he, “it will be a *bitter* wedding! Had I died last spring it had been better with me now.”

“Fiddle faddle!” exclaimed a snarling voice from the road-side. “Fiddle faddle! Where Master Almerich touches his strings, there goes it merrily—there is the hurly burly, dirling the bottoms out of the tubs and pitchers! Good morning, my child! Come, cheer up my hearty, and let us trudge on together in good neighbourship!”

The young herdsman had stopped when he heard such a frog-croak of a voice, and now he could not speak for laughing. An odd-looking, dwarfish figure, mounted upon one leg and a half, and propped upon a crutch, with a nose as long as one's thumb, came hobbling up quite out of breath, and making half-a-dozen wry faces, from a foot-path on the left side of the road. Behind him he trailed an enormous fiddle, on which lay a large wallet,—appurtenances which seemed to be attached to such a little odd figure by way of



ballast, lest the rush of the wind down the valley should sweep it away.

"Good morning!" Berthold at last roared out. "You are a merry fellow, Master fiddler, and will prove heart's ease to me to-day. In spite of my misfortunes I could not help laughing at the sight of you and your hugeous fiddle. Pray take it not amiss; a laugh has been a rare thing with me for many a day."

"Has it indeed," rejoined the dwarf; "and yet so young! Perhaps you are heart-sick, my son?"

"Yes, if you choose to call it so," replied the herdsman. "Here in our mountains and valleys, you will find a great many clouts of fellows who will be fancying themselves in love, while they are all the time eating, drinking, and sleeping, as sound as any marmot, and in one year's time can as easily pass from Margaret to Rosamund, as I from this town to the other. That is all a mockery; I would much rather die than forget Siegelind,—though for me all rest and joy are for ever vanished."

"Aye, aye," replied Master Almerich, "I thought you were going to the dance, my hearty. I heard you crying out of a bitter wedding, and I thought to myself, 'Aha, *he* does not get the right one.'"

"And that's true enough," replied Berthold; "*he* does not get the right one,—that Hildebrand! I will tell you the whole matter, Master Almerich, as you seem to be going the same way, if I guess right."

"Ah, yes, good heavens!" sighed the dwarf; "surely, surely, I would be going to the wedding if I had only got a pair of stout legs, but look you here, my dear child, what a miserable stump is this for crawling down the mountain! I am asthmatic too, and my gortre has been enlarging these last fifty years,—and that wallet has galled my back sore all yesterday in climbing over the rough hills—Heaven knows when I shall get to the wedding! There was such a talking about it on the other side of the mountain, that thought I to



myself, I will away to the wedding also and make some money; so I took my fiddle and began to crawl up the ascent,—yesterday I became quite exhausted,—and now I must lay me down here by the side of the road and submit to fate. Tell me all about the wedding when you return, child,—if the wolves have not swallowed or hunger killed me before that time.”

With these words the dwarf, apparently exhausted, sunk down with a deep and melancholy sigh on the nearest stone, threw his bundle on the grass, and stretched out his bony hand as if to take a last farewell of young Berthold, who stood leaning upon his staff, and gazing upon the fiddler, quite unable to comprehend what ailed him.

“Master,” began the herdsman, “how drooping! You have left all your gay spirits at home! Although it is a weary journey for me as well as you, I will yet endeavour to carry your wallet and fiddle, so I may enjoy your company on the road. You must really hear what presses upon my soul,—perhaps I may obtain some relief in speaking it out, and you will have some pithy word of comfort for me.”

The dwarf accepted the kind offer, and quickly transferred his wallet and fiddle to the stout shoulders of the herdsman; then taking his crutch, he whistled a merry tune, and trudged gaily on by the side of Berthold.

“It is a long story, this wedding,” begun the herdsman; “but I will be as brief as possible, for it still grieves me to the heart when I think about it, and whoever can understand it at all, understands it soon; as for me my sufferings will never be at an end, though I should talk the whole day about it.

“In the village there, below us, old Bernhard has a pretty sweet girl of a daughter, Siegelind; he has lived for many years, and his wife Gertrude with him, in a nice little cottage close by the stream, where the road strikes off into the wood. Their trade is to make wooden spoons for the herdsmen, by



which, and the help of a goat and a couple of sheep, they gain their livelihood.

"Last winter, having got some ashen spoons and cups nicely cut, I thought with myself: now, as my father is getting old, and sends me with the cattle to the mountains in spring, if I only behave there as becomes a herdsman, what is there to prevent me coming down in autumn and marrying Siegelind?

"Ah, Master Almerich, my words do poor justice to my heart; my feelings always get the start of them, and reason comes limping after!

"I beheld Siegelind, you see, moving actively about,—wearing a merry face late and early,—all goodness and discretion from top to toe, and pretty too,—overflowing with gay spirits and merry songs without number: all this my eye, my ear, and my heart drunk in smoothly,—she was satisfied, and the old people too,—so in summer I was to go to the mountains, and at harvest-home to the wedding, and in the meantime she gave me this waistcoat to wear on the hills in remembrance of her.

"Old Bernhard went to the forest in spring to choose the finest stems, and to provide us with nice furniture against the wedding.

"So one morning as he was ascending the mountains through those ravines where there are some mavelously fine trees, a little man, in an odd sort of dress, hastened to meet him, screaming violently, and beckoning and calling him so earnestly that he could not but go with him. They soon reached a barn, where he found the stranger's wife lying sick and in extremity. Her he relieved and cured; but for me—bride, peace, and happiness were lost from that hour."

"Ah, good heavens!" exclaimed Almerich; "you are talking bravely, whilst I am almost starving—hop, hop, hop—we are trudging on, and my stomach is as empty as a bagpipe! Yesterday evening—nothing; this morning—nothing!



Oh that brave wedding-dance; the fiddle runs off, and Master Almerich is starving here!"

"Now, now, the deuce, then," bawled the herdsman, "what have you got in this cursed wallet? Here am I toiling on with this plagued bag, rubbing the very skin off my shoulders,—if there is not at least a little ham and cheese and fresh bread in it, why should I be smothered under such a bundle of rags!"

"Softly, softly, my son," replied the fiddler, "there are treasures in the wallet, an old barret-cap of Siegfried, and an old sword-belt of Dieterich, and a couple of old leathern soles of Ylsan, child!—These are no every-day concerns, my hearty! They are all estimable jewels to him who understands the thing; they are worth a whole mountain of sweet wine, and seven acres of thick golden wheat to him who knows their value."

"It may be so," said the herdsman, "I only wish we had a few cups of milk in the place of your treasures; but if it is so with your stomach, my good master, look you, here is a mouthful of goat-milk cheese I meant to serve me for the night, but never mind, I am little disposed to eat."

Berthold now produced his provisions, and Almerich devoured them as greedily as if he meant to swallow the herdsman after them by way of dessert. He then wiped his mouth, leaped briskly up, was again in good spirits, and stumped away before the herdsman as freshly as if nothing had ailed him. All this, however, seemed very odd to Berthold, and when he again felt the annoyance of the wallet, he drew a sigh so deep that it echoed back from the neighbouring rocks."

"Lack-a-day!" cried Almerich again, "the poor lad has lost his bride and his peace of heart; I have been so concerned about him that I could not eat a bit!"

"That fellow could devour the Stockhorn!"\* thought

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\* The Stockhorn, a well-known rock behind Erlenbach in the Siebenthal.



Berthold with some indignation. "The club-foot is not in his right senses, I believe!"

"It was really too bad," began he, resuming his story. "The dwarf in the barn returned a profusion of thanks to old Bernhard, and said: 'I am a foreign miner, and have lost the road with my good wife; so I have nothing to reward you for your kind services, save a little bit of cheese and a few draughts of wine,—take that and remember the poor fellow who gave you what he could, and will pray that Heaven may reward you farther.'

"Old Bernhard accepted the little bottle and piece of cheese only to get rid of the importunity of the dwarf who would take no refusal.

Towards noon, he was proceeding to his village; the road was long, and, feeling fatigued, he lay down in the shade of a tree, took out the gift of the dwarf, and began to eat and to drink. Meanwhile, who should my evil stars bring in his way but young Hildebrand, the most miserly fellow in the village! 'God bless you, father Bernhard!'—'Thank you, my son.' Thus the conversation proceeded. The niggard sees the old man comfortably enjoying his repast; so he sets himself down beside him and takes a share. There they eat and eat for about an hour,—but the wine never gets less, and the cheese is never done, and both behold the miracle till their hair stands on end.

"All was now over, Master fiddler, and poor Berthold was undone!

"Hildebrand chose words which went down with Bernhard as smoothly as honey, and the long and the short of the matter was, my dear sweet Siegelind was promised to the rich miser, with the marvellous cheese for her dowry. The old man was now quite beside himself,—the young man talked finely,—they were to outdo the whole village and keep their secret to themselves; I was called a miserable wretch, and the spirit of mischief just brought me into their way in time to hear the whole sad story."



"Ah, good heavens," exclaimed Almerich again, "I am undone with cold; it is turning a chill rainy day, and my bones are so naked!—Hew, hew, how the storm blows into my very soul! This day will be the death of me,—I thought so before. Take your way, my son, I give you my fiddle in a present,—leave me the wallet here, I will stretch myself out to die upon it."

"The mischief is in it!" grumbled Berthold. "If matters are to go on this way, we shall be a year and a day hence still travelling this cursed road! Hark ye, old boy, you are an odd fellow! what tempted you to think of wandering through our rough country, without meat or drink or even a coat, but with a fiddle as large as a ton, and an empty wallet as heavy as seven three-stone cheeses! 'Tis a perfect tempting of providence! Why the deuce do you drag after you that ass's burden of old rubbish, without so much as the convenience of a cloak in your bundle?"

"It is all very true," sighed Almerich. "I am not yet accustomed to be the lame, feeble man you now see me. Thirty years ago I could skip like a leveret over hills and dales; but now, farewell to friend Almerich, I shall never leave this place! However, it is all one,—perish here or die there, a dying bed is ever a hard one, even though it should be of down and silk!"

"Now really," replied Berthold, "you are too whimsical, fiddler! The cold blast never hurts a tough fellow who is accustomed to run about the mountains,—there, slip into my coat, and walk smartly on, for a shower is approaching, and that rascally wallet is weighing me down to the ground."

"Patience, child, patience!" said Almerich. "This coat is quite warm from your shoulders,—I feel very comfortable in it,—slowly, gently; your story of the marvellous cheese and wine has quite restored me to warmth—how did the matter go on?"

"You rogue and rascal!" thought Berthold to himself, and thus continued his lamentable tale.



"How did it go on!—Gertrude sang to the same tune as her husband; Siegelind grew sad and lost her bloom and strength; the old boy urged the matter, and Hildebrand too,—Bernhard was anxious to get the rich and proud son-in-law, and was in great fear lest the enchanted wine should soon dry up,—the young fellow had money in his eye, and wished to turn the bewitched cheese to usury,—thus the wedding was determined on, and I was left in sadness upon my mountain. I tried to forget it; I thought Siegelind could not have borne me in her heart, otherwise she would not, even to escape death and martyrdom, have married the red-haired Hildebrand. Last night, however, I could find neither rest nor sleep upon my straw. I must go and see her with my own eyes take that miser for her husband. Near the village I will wrap up my head and dye my hands and cheeks with berries, so that nobody will know me,—nor in the bustle of the wedding, when every thing is turning topsy turvy, will a living soul care for poor Berthold. When all is over I shall, so it please Heaven, become wise again; or if not, my poor brain will be turned altogether, and that will be a blessing too!"

"My good child," said the dwarf, "you will get over all this. I perceive very well that it is a hard journey and a bitter wedding too for you; but it is your good luck, my child, that you have me for a companion,—I will fiddle till your heart leaps again,—your sorrow grieves me as much as if it were my own."

Whilst talking thus, a few drops of rain fell which proved the prelude to a heavy shower; and although the travellers had already gone a considerable way, they were still far from the end of their journey, and, gush after gush, the rain poured upon their heads till the water ran down from their hats as from a spout.

Berthold trudged silently on, sighing frequently and heavily under his burden,—he could have sworn that it increased a pound's weight every step, nevertheless it was



impossible for his good nature to think of giving it back to the poor cripple in such a tempest. The rain soon began to trickle through his waistcoat and run in a cold stream down his back; he wished himself, the dwarf, and the wedding, all far enough, but stalked sullenly on through the mud as if he had been wading through the highest Alpine grass.

The fiddler limped close behind him, croaking occasionally through his raven throat an old spring-song which told of sunshine, and singing birds, and pleasure, and love. At times he drew himself snugly together, and expatiated on the excellencies of the herdsman's coat, which he declared was quite waterproof,—and then he would exhort Berthold to step leisurely, to pay particular attention to the wallet and fiddle, and above all not to overheat himself.

The herdsman would have lost all patience and courage a thousand times over in dragging his hundred-weight of a load and playing the fool to the crazy fiddler, if he had not been ashamed to throw away the burden which he had volunteered to carry, and to forsake the person whose company he had himself invited. But in his heart he vowed deeply and solemnly never again to lend his coat to a fiddler, nor give away his cheese, nor to carry a fiddle and wallet, and after all be mocked and laughed at by such an odd quiz of a fellow. "If," thought he at last, "the upshot of all this is a fever in the evening which carries me quickly off—be it so,—it remains a bitter wedding!"

After a few hours of rain, the two pedestrians reached the valley, where a swollen and rapid torrent, which had swept away every vestige of the little bridge that led to the village, with the exception of a single small plank, rushed across their path; the herdsman heeded not the narrow footing, and was stepping boldly across, when his companion began to roar out lustily about the dangers of the path: "For my life and soul I will not move from this spot! Neither cat nor rat could pass over there,—I would be a dead man if I ventured on that cursed plank! Let them fiddle yonder



who can swim,—I wish I was in a feather-bed with my fiddle for a pillow !”

“Don’t make such a noise about it!” cried Berthold. “If we have got this far, we will surely get on a little farther,—if I have brought the fiddler this length to the bitter dance, I will also bring him to the wedding-house,—though I am a fool, I am nevertheless a good-natured one.”

With these words the herdsman took off the fiddle and wallet from his back, and supplied their place with the dwarf, whom he carried over as easily as a bundle of straw. He then returned for the fiddle, wallet, and crutch, which lay as heavy as so many stones upon his shoulders.

“Well, the best of it now is,” said he, “that we shall soon reach the village,—but either my head is turned, or that wallet is filled with flesh and blood, and master Almerich’s body is stuffed with chaff!”

“Nonsense !” replied the fiddler with a broad grin. “You have behaved well, child; it would be a great pity if the bride yonder should not get you; you have the genuine patience of the lamb in you, yet I perceive you have also strength enough, with your heart in the right place, and as much wisdom as there is any need of in the country. Come, let us paint your cheeks, and put on the old cap you will find in my wallet, and the green waistcoat, and get that belt about you; to-day you will be the fiddler’s boy, and not a living creature know you.”

The fiddler opened his wallet and threw out its contents to Berthold, whose face he painted with cranberries, and beard and eyebrows with a bit of coal, and then they walked gaily on towards the village.

Evening was just coming on, and the sun broke out all at once from under the clouds,—the birds began to sing cheerfully,—the flowers opened their leaves as if to listen, and Berthold felt his clothes sooner dried than if he had been sitting close to a large fire.

In a few minutes our wanderers mingled with the merry



wedding-guests; noise and merriment was echoing all around, and no one looked sad but Siegelind, who kept her tearful eyes fixed upon the ground. The old fiddler was welcomed with shouts of applause; for the rain had prevented the arrival of the band of fiddlers and pipers who had been invited on the occasion, and every body thought it a piece of marvellous good-luck for the wedding, that Master Almerich should have got through.

"Now, children!" exclaimed the old boy, "fetch us something to drink, and some cheese and bread,—and do not forget that youth who has dragged myself as well as my fiddle here to-day."

The guests hastened to execute the old fiddler's commands, and even Gertrude and Bernhard bustled about to serve him. Poor Berthold's heart was bleeding, but he kept eating and drinking that he might not be obliged to speak. Meanwhile the old fiddler put dry strings on his instrument, and began to tune it so stoutly that it thrilled through marrow and bone, and quickly drew the attention of all upon the musician.

"Bless me," whispered Bernhard to Gertrude, "upon my faith it is the very dwarf who gave me the bewitched wine and cheese! Be gentle to him, wife, and say not a single word."

All at once the fiddler struck up so briskly that the very house shook with blow upon blow,—he commenced such a furious strain that the whole company leaped up from their benches and began dancing as if they were mad. "Heigh, heigh!" shouted the people. "*There* is a fiddle!" and every one capered and whirled through the wedding-chamber as if they danced for a wager. The young people led out the dance, and the old ones hobbled as fast after them as they could; and nobody stood idle but Siegelind—who wished herself ten thousand miles away from the merriment—and Berthold, who gazed steadfastly and sorrowfully upon his beloved.

In the midst of his fiddling, Master Almerich beckoned to



the beautiful bride to step near to him: "There stands a little bottle yonder where your bridegroom has been seated, and some old cheese with it,—I dare say it will not be the worst in the house,—I would taste a little of it,—this playing makes me a little nice in the palate."

The good-natured bride brought the bottle and cheese, and placed them upon a chair beside him, knowing no reasonable objection to the old man's taking as much as he could eat.

The dwarf quickly laid his fiddle aside, raised the bewitched bottle in his right hand, and the cheese in his left, and exclaimed with a loud voice: "Well, my good people, well, here's the health of that beautiful bride there and her sweetheart; may she live long and joyfully!"

"Long and joyfully!" resounded through the room, while fifty bonnets and hats were tossed up into the air.

But horror-struck and deadly pale did Hildebrand and Bernhard and Gertrude become when they saw the wondrous wine and enchanted cheese in Almerich's uplifted fist. "Dares he—can he—will he!" darted through their hearts. But, wo and alas! in one turn of his hand, the glutton with his large ox-mouth had swallowed the bewitched draught and marvellous cheese without leaving a morsel!

A roar of passion from the red-haired Hildebrand, and a gush of tears from Gertrude, now terrified the people; while old Bernhard stood like one petrified. But a cheerful smile lightened up the countenance of Siegelind, and Berthold rose boldly from his bench and stood ready to use his fists upon Hildebrand if he should dare to touch the fiddler.

"You rogue! you beggar!" at last exclaimed Hildebrand. "Who told you to give that old fool of a fiddler that gift of heaven? You may now toss your house and your bride too to the moon; I no longer care a straw for you or all that belongs to you!"

With words of venom and execration, Hildebrand rushed out of the room, while the outraged Bernhard and his crowd of guests looked terrified after him. "I am an undone



man!" at last exclaimed Bernhard. "My child and we all are ruined! The wedding feast and the adornments are all unpaid! Oh cursed, horrid miser! bring me a knife—a knife!"

"A fig for a knife!" exclaimed the fiddler. "See here is the bridegroom just come, who has brought with him a whole wallet full of gold,—and the bride loves him with all her heart,—and the guests are all together,—and my fiddle is in glorious tune!"

With these words Almerich crippled forward to the half-bewildered and yet joyful Berthold, and drew him into the circle; he then wiped the paint off his face with the skirts of his coat, and showed to the delighted bride and the astonished guests their well-known neighbour, who was dear and welcome to all. He then ordered the wallet to be dragged forward, and having opened the lock, behold a prodigious quantity of pure red gold tumbled out from it, dazzling the eyes of all with its splendour! Old Bernhard and Gertrude embraced Berthold with tears of repentance, and Berthold by turns embraced the lovely Siegelind and the ugly dwarf. Almerich now took his fiddle and struck up a tune which bewitched them all, and they danced till midnight in joy and glory. The musician then escaped, and left a whole house full of merry-makers around the two happy lovers, who, till their last day, a thousand times blessed the bitter wedding in which they had been so wonderfully united by the benevolent lame dwarf.



# THE MAGICIAN

A HARZ STORY.

IN a small town which possessed the right of holding criminal courts, there was once a famous Magician caught, the country being at that time infested with such sort of people. He had been forced to make a free confession of his crimes by torture; and therefore the court found itself at full liberty to sentence the wicked wretch to be burned alive.

The day fixed upon for the execution drew nigh; the pile stood already erected before one of the gates, and all the inhabitants of the adjoining country were impatiently awaiting the arrival of the hour of execution, for the little town had never been so dull and desolate as for some months before. During all that period they had neither drowned a single witch, nor even flogged a pickpocket: so the whole country had been longing for an execution to diversify the monotony of their existence, and now hands and feet got enlivened, and for several days all who could wag their tongues talked of nothing but the burning of the Magician, and all who could move their limbs skipped twice a-day round the pile.

Well, the great day arrived. Long before dawn hundreds of small waggons came pouring into the city from fifty miles of the surrounding country, and swelled the numerous company who had arrived the night before and were spending the time till the hour of execution in various gossip. With daybreak all was crowd and bustle in the town; and in less



than half-an-hour streets and houses were deserted, and the large field around the pile so crowded with spectators, that had one tossed an apple into it, it could not have reached the ground. Every eye was fixed upon the pile, and upon the motions of the executioner and his assistants; while from time to time a distant observer heard a loud noise resembling the rushing of the storm through a pine-wood, caused by the rustling of the crowd, which again sunk down into an awful silence.

During one of these pauses a gloomy whispering was heard,—deep gravity spread over every face,—and after the lapse of some minutes, a universal shout arose, “The Magician has escaped!”

Nobody could believe it,—nobody could think it possible,—yet every one shouted it the louder for his disbelief, and thousands were about to run off to storm the prison: for was it not quite insufferable thus to have their excited expectations deceived,—to have been kept awake the whole night for nothing!—to have endured hunger and thirst, and all for nothing!

A wild outcry of fury and rage was already heard throughout the field, when the judges made their appearance, and partly to confirm the sad news that the impatient criminal had not chosen to await his burning, and partly with the prudential motive of saving themselves from a shower of stones, desired the whole assembly to pursue the Magician, who must undoubtedly, as they affirmed, still be lurking about the neighbourhood, and could not escape the scrutiny of so many thousand eyes. They also invited the whole assembly to attend on the following day at a still more solemn execution of the wizard.

In the twinkling of an eye the whole crowd were in motion, galloping over and against one another with as much confusion as ever distracted Babel. Not a few were induced by the mischances they met with to desist from the chase, and took their way back to the town in no very good hu-



mour, though not quite without hope; but hundreds of them scattered themselves over the country in search of the Magician.

The constables well-provided with arms hastened, according to orders, towards a wood where it was thought the criminal could most easily hide himself. On the road thither they met a man with a long beard, whom they at first took for a wandering Jew, and accompanied part of the way to learn if he could give them any information about the Magician. Hereupon the stranger showed them a bow and an arrow, and assured them that he never failed in shooting with them, and could with these weapons keep off a thousand enemies. The constables stared upon him, and fancying that they could perceive the features of the Magician under the mask of the Jew, began to tremble in all their limbs; the wish to lead him back in triumph to the town struggled with their fear of the enchanted arrow; but all of them fell a few inches aside at every step, and thus a wide circle was gradually formed around the pretended Jew.

He looked around him and discovered a falcon soaring high in the air above him; it now appeared like a little black speck in the heavens, but he bent his bow and presently the bird fell, transfixed by the arrow, into a marshy ditch all overgrown with thorns. "Fetch me the falcon and my arrow!" called he out with a commanding voice to the constables, who hesitated long, but at last the terror with which his voice inspired them conquered, and one of them proceeded with faltering steps towards the place where the bird lay. Whilst he was yet picking his way over the marsh, the archer drew a little whistle out of his pocket and commenced playing a waltz, when lo! the poor fellow began to waltz about, and stretched out his hands as if to invite his companions, who stood gaping in astonishment upon him, to join him! Presently they all rushed like mad people into the marsh, where they danced and waltzed till their senses reeled, and their hands and feet were grievously torn by the



briers. Often they implored the Magician to spare them, and to allow them a little respite; and at last, when their strength was nearly utterly exhausted, he ceased to play, and they left off dancing.

All breathless and exhausted they crept out from among the thorns and the marsh; but one of the constables had sufficient presence of mind left, secretly to carry off the arrow and the bird along with him.

The archer received them laughing; he now wore another beard and garment, and no longer seemed a Jew, but in truth the very Magician they were in search of: "Do you not know me?" inquired he. "You were all active enough, however, in torturing me; and this morning you would doubtless have been very well pleased to have assisted at my burning. The pile is yet standing, and you wish to prepare for to-morrow the feast which has been spoiled in the cooking to-day; well, I will return with you, provided you will promise to dance to my whistle, for I suppose you are come to fetch me back?"

The constables could not deny it; but declined very earnestly the honour of invitation to the dance. Their protestations were, however, of no avail; the Magician took his whistle, and they felt themselves constrained to obey. Fortunately he was this time content with playing a slow Polonese, and thus they escaped skin-free for the present.

When they reached the field before the town, the Magician greeted the executioner, who, happy at the return of the Magician, but not without considerable sensations of alarm, made what arrangements he could, by beckonings and signs, to prevent the criminal again escaping.

The Magician mounted the pile, and sat very contentedly down upon it; upon which the constables hastened, as fast as their weary feet could carry them, into the town to proclaim the unheard of news, their own great deeds, and the deliverance of the country. They proceeded, attended by a



crowd of many thousands to the court-house, where the tribunal was yet assembled, and with loud complaints brought forth fresh accusations against the knave, who, in their persons, had affronted the whole citizens. They were complimented on their good services—the arrow was placed as a *corpus delicti* among the criminal proceedings,—and as there seemed to be some difficulty in keeping the rogue in prison, it was resolved to fire the pile without farther delay: especially as the auspicious burning of the Magician had been already engrossed in the protocol of the proceedings as having happened that day, and, according to an ancient and wise law, nothing which had once been recorded could be afterwards altered in any wise.

Three councillors marched in solemn and high judicial array, to the pile, with the constables, preceded by the assistants of the executioner, bearing burning torches, and followed by all the people who had remained in the town, in expectation of the issue.

When they approached the gate they heard from afar a shouting as of ten thousand tipsy people; and soon, oh marvellous! their own feet began to skip under them, and skipping they went out at the gate, and saw a numberless crowd of spectators, every instant swelled by the crowds which streamed towards them, all leaping with the greatest exertion around the pile.

Upon the pile stood the Magician—to whose whistle they danced—beating time with his feet. All danced who had feet to dance,—children, and grandmothers,—and grave-looking men who never had dreamed of dancing in their lives before,—and old men, and nuns, and noble knights, and fishwomen—all in the most motley crowd. Sometimes the Magician led them through a reel, and sometimes through a waltz,—now he allowed them to recover breath in a minuet,—and presently he set them a-dancing with increased vigour at a Swabian jig or a Cosaque; even the executioner and his assistants were footing it upon the pile it-



self, and streams of perspiration flowed down their limbs at every *saut périlleux*.

The torch-bearers also approached dancing, their leader incessantly calling out:

"Lack-a-day! Lack-a-day! Did not I say:

"Let not the rogue take his whistle away!"

"Bravo! Bravo!" shouted the Magician, making a short pause in his playing—welcome relief to the feet of the dancers—when he saw the van approaching with the torches intended to light the pile: "Bravo! Bravo! Now comes the torch-dance.\* Courage! Courage! The torch-bearers first; and after them every one of you according to his dignity! Only a few hours more of it! But you must sing also."

Instantly all the thousands who were dancing around the Magician began to sing:

"Lack-a-day! Lack-a-day! Did not I say:

"Let not the rogue take his whistle away!"

"Da Capo! Da Capo!" exclaimed the remorseless Magician; and every body screamed and danced, and danced

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\* The Torch-dance seems to have had its origin in a custom of the Greeks—afterwards adopted by the Romans—who had a torch carried before the bride, at their weddings, by a youth representing the god Hymen. Constantine introduced the Torch-dance at his own court, when he transferred his residence from Rome to Byzantium. It was consequently known in the 14th century as a court and ceremonious dance. In later times it became a part of the merriments with which emperors and kings celebrated their weddings; and when tournaments had ceased, the Torch-dance yet remained as a memorial of ancient times. The Torch-dance was solemnly danced at Berlin on the recent occasion of an illustrious marriage.



and screamed, till one sank here, and another there, perfectly exhausted, and yet again leaped up and danced more furiously than ever.

Forgotten was prison and execution. They danced till deep in the night, and in the morning—each one lay groaning in his bed, and Magician, and arrow, and pile had vanished!

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this purpose, and in the purchase of masses. In vain did his more prudent wife urge him to give his son an education suitable to the rank of his parents, to preserve his castles and villages from ruin, and not to lavish his whole fortune on the church: Walter would be guided only by his own weak mind, and the selfish and crafty priests.

## RING OF HALLWYL

Meanwhile young Walter, under the care of his mother, grew up into blooming youth and reached his sixteenth year. In vain had his father and the monks endeavoured to repress the chivalrous spirit of the boy; his high-minded mother knew how to stimulate and cherish it.

WALTER of Hallwyl, an old heroic family which traced its origin to Rome, having been devoted by his parents to the service of the Church, had received a thoroughly monastic education. But all his elder brothers having perished in war, Walter became the only heir of the wealth of Hallwyl, and the possessor of its ancient castle.

The castle of Hallwyl, in Argau, lies close on the shore of the lake which bears its name. The limpid Aar flows through the lake, and winds around the buildings on its margin.

Within a circle of several leagues around, there was scarcely a village in which Walter did not possess vassals or bondsmen; he was lord-superior of many churches, and his granaries were every year filled with the tithes and dues of extensive districts.

But his monkish education did not allow him the cheerful enjoyment of his immense wealth, or with sword in hand to imitate the example of his celebrated ancestors; and it was with difficulty that his parents prevailed upon him, shortly before their death, to marry a poor relation of his own.

All his life Walter remained surrounded by monks, on whose convents he lavished his fortune; while he built churches and chapels in such profusion, that not only his immense revenues, but even his finest estates were expended on



this purpose, and in the purchase of masses. In vain did his more prudent wife urge him to give his son an education suitable to the rank of his parents, to preserve his castles and villages from ruin, and not to lavish his whole fortune on the church: Walter would be guided only by his own weak mind, and pleased himself with the approbation of the crafty priests.

Meanwhile young Walter, under the care of his mother, grew up into blooming youth, and reached his sixteenth year. In vain had his father and the monks endeavoured to repress the chivalrous spirit of the boy; his high-minded mother knew how to stimulate and cherish it.

About this time, Rudolph of Habsburg had become, by succession to the domains of Kyburg, the liege lord of this district; and the noble mother now inflamed her son's mind by relating the heroic achievements of this far-famed chieftain, whom she in the meantime secretly besought to rescue the last representative of one of his noblest vassals from utter degradation. Rudolph, with all the frankness and promptitude which distinguished him, came in person to Hallwyl, and requested the old nobleman's permission for his son to enter his service, that the youth might under his own eye improve himself in the practice of arms. Fortunately the feeble Walter and his monkish associates durst not resist the application of so powerful a chief, and the wishes of the mother were at length fulfilled.

Young Hallwyl lived for some time under the eye of the prince, and soon became a gallant frank-hearted soldier, though not without some mixture of roughness and impetuosity in his character.

Meanwhile Walter's high-minded mother died, and his aged father felt his declining strength so dependent on female attendance, that after a short interval, he called a poor young orphan relative, Clementine of Landenberg, into his family.

At this period, the young duke Conradine of Swabia, had



solemnly summoned the old servants and friends of his house to accompany him into Italy, for the recovery of the Crowns which had been worn of old by his glorious forefathers. Many nobles of Argau, and among the rest, young Walter, who thirsted for knightly deeds, went to Naples for the purpose of assisting the last representative of the Imperial House of Hohenstaufen in the struggle for his hereditary rights.

But the flower of German knighthood fell upon the field of Palenzia, and Walter escaped a similar fate only by the valour and friendship of a young fellow-countryman, Egbert of Mulinen, who had, along with himself, obtained the honours of knighthood on the first hotly contested day of the war. Mulinen's father, one of the leaders of Conradine's army, found a glorious death in the field of Palenzia.

When the two youths reached home, after a painful journey, they found the old lord of Hallwyl as usual surrounded by monks; and the unexpected arrival of his son, who had been reported dead, seemed to be cordially welcomed by no one in the house except Clementine, who openly manifested her pleasure.

In the anxiety occasioned by the first rumour of the total overthrow of the German army, old Hallwyl had made a solemn vow, that if his son escaped the present danger, he should visit the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and there offer the expressions of his gratitude and devotion. Walter thus found himself once more constrained to take a long farewell of his paternal castle; but now, for the first time, did he leave it with painful feelings. His sweet and amiable kinswoman had made a deep impression on the mind of the rough impetuous knight; he had now become acquainted with the peaceful side of human life, and had learned to love it in beholding Clementine's cheerful activity. The cold vacancy which he had long felt within his heart amid the bustle of war, and even in his intercourse with his bosom-friend, seem-



ed now to be filled up; and with his characteristic precipitancy, he declared to his father, that he would not take his departure from the castle before he had made Clementine his wife.

The old knight, having advised with his friends the monks, declined to accede to his son's demand, on the pretext—not altogether groundless—of the lady's extreme youth; but desired him to wait till his return from the Holy Land, and in the meantime to consider Clementine as his betrothed bride.

Walter reluctantly obeyed; and however grieved he was at parting with the mistress of his heart, as well as with his friend Egbert, who having to fill the place of a father to his younger brother and sister, could not accompany him—he now hastened his departure, in order that he might return the sooner.

On the day of parting, the old knight—moved perhaps by a secret foreboding that he would never again behold his son—took a gold ring and broke it in two: one fragment he gave to his son, and kept the other to himself, in order that Walter, however much he might happen to be changed by time and fortune, might be able on his return to prove his identity by uniting again the two halves of the ring.

The whole household shed tears at his departure, and even the monks feigned to be deeply afflicted. Walter mounted his impatient steed,—pressed Egbert's hand—to whose protection he recommended his lovely bride—and then rode quickly off with his squires. Egbert, who had promised with a sigh to be the faithful friend of the fair Clementine, now took leave of his companion's father, and rode back with an oppressed heart to his castle. He sincerely believed himself to be moved to grief only by Walter's departure; but the lovely image of Clementine would ever and anon, against his own will, associate itself with that of his friend; and when at last he joined his brothers and sisters, and mingled his tears with theirs for the loss of the father who



came not back with him, and for the mother whom he found no longer with them, the reflection that he was now called upon to discharge a parent's duties to the orphan family was scarcely able to rouse him from his melancholy inactivity.

Egbert's father, a high-minded impetuous man, and a zealous partizan of the House of Hohenstaufen, had employed all his influence and means in raising a troop of soldiers upon his own lands, and equipping them for the war.

He had for this purpose even mortgaged one part of his estates, and sold another; and when his son returned to the castle, he found nothing remaining of his paternal inheritance but the little barony which bore his name, the village of Thalheim beyond the Aar, a numerous uneducated family, and a heavy load of debts.

The castle of Mulinen was situated at the steep eastern extremity of a ridge of mountains, the highest peak of which is called the Walpispurg, and whence the castle of Habsburg looks down over the whole adjacent country. On the top of the ridge, towards its western extremity, where the elevation is considerably less, was situated the castle of Wildeg, the residence of the Truchses\* of Habsburg. Upon another part of the same mountain-chain, stood the castle of Brunegg, another possession of the Truchses.

Towards the south, Egbert's castle overlooked the large plain of Birrfield, anciently celebrated as the scene of three bloody battles; the first of which had been fought by the Helvetians against the Romans, and the two latter by the Alemanni against the same invaders.

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\* This word—according to the most probable derivation, a translation of the Latin *Triclinarius*—was used in the middle ages to designate a high officer at court, corresponding to the French *Senechal*. The *Truchses* had the inspection of cellar and kitchen, and on solemn occasions bore the first dish to the royal table.



Eastwards below the castle lay the village of Mulinen, washed by the waters of the Reuss, in which are yet to be seen reflected the ruins of an old Roman bridge, and of a fortification erected for its defence. Beyond the river lies Birmistorf, and the fertile fields of Baden stretch away in the distance.

Towards the west and north, the ditches of the castle were bordered by a forest of old oaks which had grown over the ruins of Vindonissa, and where may still be traced many relics of ancient grandeur and art. This forest stretched to the confluence of the Aar and the Reuss, and onwards to the large fortresses of Habsburg, Brugg, and Altenburg—all stately buildings constructed out of Roman ruins.

But however grand the surrounding country appeared, the castle of the knight was a small plain building. For, according to the custom of the time, though strongly fortified, and rising to a great height, it was narrow and destitute of splendour. Of two brothers and four sisters who required Egbert's fatherly care, only two, Petermann and Bertha, were past the years of childhood. Egbert thus found much to occupy him; every where order had to be established,—debts increased by usury were to be paid,—Bertha required assistance in educating the younger branches of the family, and Petermann was to be trained for military service. Such various occupations left small leisure for the knight to think of the beautiful Clementine, and with astonishment he found that two years had elapsed ere he had executed the most pressing part of his new arrangements; the constant cheerfulness of his sister lightened every hour of care to him, and the occasional presence of two ancient friends, of very opposite characters and habits, contributed to enliven the monotony of his retirement.

One of these friends was the Truchses of Habsburg, who sometimes resided with his brothers at Wildegg, and sometimes with his ill-mated spouse at his own castle of Brunegg. Ten years older than Egbert, he had contributed much to his



younger friend's education, and was esteemed the most gallant and prudent knight in Argau. By his mediation, the quarrels of the other knights were usually adjusted, and he was generally chosen umpire when any differences arose amongst them. Every week he spent a day with his youthful friend; and all the inhabitants of the castle, even the children and servants, rejoiced at the presence of the noble guest.

The other friend, a relation of the family, and also devotedly attached to Egbert, was the Marshal of Rapperschwyl, the far-famed Minnesinger, once his gallant companion in arms,—worthy of admiration as a minstrel, but unhappily distinguished by his imprudence and mischievous curiosity, and perpetually intoxicated either with vanity, wine, or love, so that one knew not whether he was more to be praised or pitied.

Bertha, however, and the children always hailed his arrival with pleasure, for when he leaped from his richly-caparisoned steed, he was sure to bring mirth with him into the ancient hall.

By this personage, Egbert was one day informed that tidings of his distant friend had been received at Hallwyl. He immediately hastened over, and found the whole household of the castle shedding real or affected tears.

One of the squires whom the old lord had sent with his son to Palestine, had returned from that country, and related with many details, how his master had perished in battle against the Saracens. In vain did Egbert call the attention of the by-standers to certain evident inconsistencies which appeared in the fellow's narration,—the suspicious tidings were implicitly believed, and the monks who surrounded the old man affected to pity the youthful thoughtlessness of Egbert and Clementine, who refused to credit a tale so melancholy.

The knight beheld on this occasion, with deep admiration, the young lady of Landenberg, now shot up into the full bloom of womanly beauty; and his long-slumbering love vio-



lently excited by her sight now seemed to him excusable, as it might really be true that Walter had met his death in Palestine.

Egbert, however, felt it his duty to conceal these feelings in his breast, and with thoughts singularly perplexed took his journey back to Mulinen. A few weeks afterwards, a letter from his reverence the Abbot of Kappel, announced to him the sudden death of the old knight of Hallwyl, and added that he had been buried in his church with shield and helmet.\* The whole surrounding nobility were in consequence invited to be present at Hallwyl at the opening of the will.

Egbert appeared on the day appointed; the testament was read, and not without indignation did the noble knights hear that the old Baron of Hallwyl, believing himself the last of his name, had disinherited all his distant relations,—destined Clementine for the convent at Frauenthal,—and bequeathed the whole of his immense wealth to the holy brethren of St Bernhard of Kappel, on the condition of their founding a new monastery of their order at Hallwyl.

There was, however, a clause added to the will, declaring that the half of the ring already mentioned, should be preserved under his own seal in the church; and stipulating that if, against all probability, young Walter should be found still alive, and should prove his claims by the production of the other half, he should immediately enter upon the undisputed possession of all his deceased father's property. This clause had been inserted at the pressing solicitation of the lady of Landenberg, and much against the will of old Walter's spiritual counsellors.

The knights were on the point of separating, hardly concealing the indignation which they felt, when Mulinen stepped forward and opposed that part of the will which related to

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\* It was an ancient German custom to bury his shield and helmet along with a knight, when the last of his name and family.



the disposal of Clementine; to her alone, he maintained, belonged the right to decide her own fate; the knight of Hallwyl, her distant kinsman, had no power whatever to determine such a point.

In vain did the monks maintain that the young lady, without fortune or relations, had no other choice left her than to become a nun. The knights unanimously declared that Clementine should decide her own fate; and she was accordingly invited to join the assembly, which she entered with a modest and dignified appearance.

Egbert instantly spoke. He appealed to the sacred promise he had given to his friend Walter to become Clementine's protector, and offered her an asylum with his sister. Clementine with blushes placed herself under his protection; the younger knights smiled,—while the monks spoke of scandal and immorality, but gave up the smaller prey without any violent struggle, the better to secure the larger.

A few hours afterwards, Clementine attended by an old female servant of the house of Hallwyl, found herself on the road to Mulinen under the protection of Egbert; and twenty of the noblest knights of the canton, who judged no good of the cunning and powerful Abbot, accompanied them with their men.

Rudolph of Habsburg, destined by fate the following year to become emperor of Germany and the founder of a powerful line of princes, then held his court in the castle of Lenzburg. Informed by one of his knights of the events which had taken place at Hallwyl, he sent his page, Petermann of Mulinen, Egbert's brother, with an invitation to the returning train to spend the night at Lenzburg. They willingly accepted the unexpected courtesy, and followed the page to the castle where the count received them in the great hall. He kindly greeted the young lady, and presented her in a friendly manner to his wife, the virtuous Gertrude, saying: "Heaven has not created a maiden like you for the convent, but to bless some gallant knight." He then wel-



comed all the well-known warriors in his own hearty way with many a jest; and while he was entertaining the knights around his table, the countess treated Clementine with so much kindness, that she completely gained the maiden's confidence.

Clementine spoke to her quite unreservedly of her uncertain situation, and begged she would intercede with her husband for the restitution of a small inheritance at Winterthyl, which had been long withheld from her by some powerful enemies of her family. The princess promised to do this, and offered to receive her among the ladies of her court; but Clementine declined this proposal, from unwillingness, as she thought, to offend her noble-minded protector, though perhaps from some other motive which she did not confess to herself.

Egbert had sent a squire to his castle to inform his sister of the unexpected approach of his lovely companion, and a few hours after having left Lenzburg, both were received by Bertha—who wished for nothing more ardently than the presence of such a friend in her solitude—with lively manifestations of joy.

Both the young ladies had grown up alone, and without a friend of their own age and condition; they were accordingly the sooner and more easily united by the new feeling of the warmest friendship; in a short time they became inseparable, and shared between them like sisters, the management of the household, and the education of the orphan children.



spirits, while the lively Bertha, on the contrary, assumed more than ordinary thoughtfulness.

One fine autumn day which Egbert had spent hunting MEANWHILE the report became more general and more probable that Walter of Hallwyl was still alive; and with chivalrous fidelity to his friend, Egbert avoided more anxiously the company of Clementine. He attended his liege lord, the count of Habsburg in all his expeditions, and when at home, made hunting his constant amusement, or, under the pretext of surveying his estates, would remain the whole day superintending the rural labours of his peasantry, and even walking for many hours behind the plough. Only on those days which the Truchses of Wildegg spent with him, Egbert appeared less sad and thoughtful,—for the Truchses was the confidant of his soul, and the interest he took in all that concerned the knight poured balm into his wounded heart.

The Marshall of Rapperschwyl's presence would also at times produce a favourable change. Both the young ladies were pleased with his verses, and Egbert was frequently forced to defend his poetical friend against the sallies of the lively Bertha. When the young ladies were left alone, they would chatter together at the distaff, or embroider a new scarf for the beloved Egbert, or teach the children, or manage the affairs of the household, or feed the hens and pigeons in the castle-yard.

In fine weather they would stroll about the neighbouring forest, with the children, picking bramble-berries, or exploring Roman antiquities. Frequently they directed their steps towards the ruins of an old temple in which a pious eremite, a devoted friend of the house, had built a little cell. The country-people of the neighbourhood respected him as a saint, and the young ladies would often discourse with him on the evils of this sinful life, or the eternal blessings of another world; on these occasions, Clementine, though naturally melancholy, never failed to return home with elevated



spirits, while the lively Bertha, on the contrary, assumed a more than ordinary thoughtfulness.

One fine autumn day which Egbert had spent hunting with his friend the Truchses, he was returning slowly in the light of the setting sun from Brunegg to his castle, armed according to huntsman's fashion, only with a sword and light spear. Two of his huntsmen, each carrying spears, led the hounds, while the knight conversed with them about the chase in which they had been engaged, when all at once, as they drew near to the hill on which the castle stood, a loud clashing of arms resounded from the neighbouring forest. Egbert put spurs to his horse and rode at full speed, followed by his squire, towards the place from which the noise proceeded.

They there perceived two men on horseback, in full armour, defending themselves gallantly against eight others, of whom one had just fallen lifeless to the ground. At the sight of the knight, the combatants paused, and one of the eight who seemed to be the leader of his party, rode towards him, exclaiming: "Do not intermeddle with our affair! My companions and I have orders to deliver these two murderers, alive or dead, into the hands of our count." Egbert replied with a commanding voice: "Sheath your sword, you ruffian; you are now within my bounds and upon my property, and he who has right on his side shall have justice here!"—"Well," replied the unknown figure riding up to him, "you are the knight of Mulinen;" and at the same instant he aimed a powerful blow at Egbert, which the latter partly avoided, but not without receiving a considerable wound in his shoulder. Mulinen, however, threw his spear with a strong and exact aim through the bars of his antagonist's vizor, who fell dead to the earth, while, with the quickness of lightning, the knight attended by his squire flew to the assistance of the two strangers, and a desperate fight recommenced. The want of armour, however, on the part of the new-comers, and the wounds which those to whose support they arrived



had themselves received, would have given the advantage to the more numerous party, had not Egbert's huntsmen come up to the assistance of their master, while the hounds which they let loose, frightened the horses by their furious barking.

At the moment when the sword of the gallant Egbert had stretched another of his antagonists lifeless on the ground, the five others took to flight, and Egbert leaped down from his steed to approach the unknown knight, who at the same instant sunk exhausted from his horse. "Who is your master?" said Egbert to the squire, as he hastened to tender him his assistance, although himself severely wounded. "We have come from a great distance," answered the squire, "to die here; he is the knight of Hallwyl." "Heavens, my Walter!" exclaimed Mulinen, throwing himself down at his side, and unloosing his shattered helmet. "My deliverer, my Egbert!" replied Hallwyl grasping with a bleeding hand that of his friend.

Night meanwhile descended; Mulinen with his huntsmen bound up the wounds of the knight, who seemed to be deathfully wounded, and then proceeded to convey him to the castle upon a litter of branches. They were quickly joined by some servants of the castle, whom the ladies, uneasy at the prolonged absence of the knight, had sent out with torches.

Egbert hastened before the troop, and announced to the anxious-hearted maidens whom he met at the gate, the approach of a severely wounded friend. "The Truchses?" inquired Bertha.—"No; it is Walter who has been found again," said Egbert. At these words Clementine would have sunk to the ground had not Bertha's arm supported her.

The troop soon arrived in the castle-yard with the wounded Walter who lay in a deep swoon. He was conveyed into a room, and laid upon a couch, where Egbert committed him to the care of his sister, whose skill in the healing art,



was celebrated throughout the whole country. She bathed and dressed the deep and dangerous wounds of the knight and was then desired by her brother to attend to the squire who was also severely wounded; last of all Egbert himself throwing aside the mantle in which he was wrapped up, and revealing a deep wound, said with a smile: "Now, my dear Bertha, it is my turn to experience the virtues of your far-famed art," and Bertha with tears glistening in her eyes dressed also the wound of her beloved brother.

The ladies alternately watched the invalids throughout the whole night, and the following morning when Bertha removed the dressing from Walter's wounds they were fortunately found not to be deadly, his deep swoon having been produced only by the great loss of blood. Egbert now remarked for the first time, how much changed Walter had returned from his sojournings in the East. Severe hardships and the burning sun of Syria had scorched the bloom of his youthful cheeks, while a deep scar on the face increased the difficulty of recognising in the weather-beaten warrior the young knight of Hallwyl.

The news of his return, however, and of the attack which had been made upon him, quickly spread over the surrounding country. The Truchises hastened to welcome him, and he was followed by Arnold of Reinach and Hartmann of Wessenberg, two neighbouring knights, the friends of Walter, who had learned with him at the court of Habsburg the noble science of arms.

THE invalid was soon sufficiently recovered to be able to satisfy the curiosity of his friends with the recital of his ad-



ventures. He told how he had come with Ulrich of Erlach from the East, by Italy and the Gotthard, to Lucerne; that he there parted with his friend, and heard of the death of his father, and of the monks having taken possession of all his estates. He had thought it most advisable instantly to proceed with his faithful squire to Mulinen, but hoping to obtain some further explanations as to the state of his father's affairs, he imprudently resolved to pass through Hallwyl, and with this view attempted to disguise himself at Lucerne under the helmet and shield of a common horseman.

Before the castle of his forefathers he had alighted at the house of a peasant, but perceiving a great bustle of horses and men in the castle, he proceeded without delay to Lenzburg, where he rested his horses some hours, and towards evening as he approached Mulinen, he found a man of a decent appearance standing on the road-side who informed him that the knight of Mulinen was then hunting in the neighbouring forest with some friends. Without suspicion he had entered the forest accompanied by the ruffian, but was scarcely within its shadow ere he was attacked by eight armed men who would certainly have left him dead on the spot had not Egbert luckily arrived to his deliverance.

Upon this recital, the assembled knights at Mulinen consulted together respecting Walter's affairs, and after much deliberation it was resolved that the Truchses, accompanied by Wessenberg and Reinach, should ride without delay to Kappel, taking with them the half of the ring which Walter had preserved, and should demand in name of their friend the restitution of his estates. The following day the three knights set off with a numerous and stately retinue.

On reaching the convent they instantly perceived that their arrival was not unexpected. For they were received with the most distinguished honours, and led into the state-room of the Abbey where they found the whole Chapter assembled to receive them.

The Truchses advanced with a dignified air, and began to



explain the purport of their message : " These two gallant knights," said he, " descended from the most noble and distinguished families in Argau, have come with me in name of Walter of Hallwyl, our brother in arms and friend—who has returned from the Holy Sepulchre to his native country, but now lies at Mulinen having been severely wounded by assassins—to bear his knightly greeting to the reverend Abbot of Kappel, and solemnly and formally to demand from him the restitution of those estates of which the Church has obtained possession in the belief of his death."

The Abbot replied to the knight that he was rejoiced beyond all measure to learn that the son of the great benefactor of his pious house was, in spite of the general belief to the contrary, yet alive; and that although he had heard that the stranger who had just arrived at Mulinen bore but small resemblance to the young knight, he was, however, ready as soon as he could prove his legitimate claims by the production of the other half of his father's ring, not only to restore to him all his hereditary estates, but even to give him a faithful account of all the revenues he had hitherto drawn from them.

The two younger knights were quite charmed with the noble conduct of the Abbot, but the Truchses was not a little astonished to hear him talk in so unexpected a tone. He drew the ring from his bosom, and the Abbot ordered the other half to be brought up from the Treasury.

One of the holy brethren quickly produced the casket, sealed up with the seal of old Walter; the Abbot placed it in the hands of one of the younger knights desiring him to break the seal; it was opened, the half-ring taken out and tried with the other, but lo! the two halves had not the least resemblance, and in no respect corresponded to each other. Astonishment and indignation produced a general silence; the Truchses threw a contemptuous piercing look upon the Abbot who stood before him with piously folded hands and downcast eyes, though hardly able to suppress a



rising smile of mockery. At last the latter interrupted the silence, and said he was very sorry that knights so noble, and for their wisdom so highly and deservedly praised, had been deceived by so shameless an impostor, but he hoped, however, that as the question was now quite decided the Church and the saints would be left in the peaceable possession of their lawful rights.

"My lord Abbot," answered the Truchses, "an evil spirit has had some interference here; an evil spirit bribed assassins to waylay my friend;—may the vengeance of Heaven descend upon the villain whoever he be, and may justice have its accomplishment!"

The knights now took their leave in angry silence, and were accompanied to their horses by the whole Chapter, who kept bowing till the knights rode off, though the latter were not out of hearing ere a burst of derision broke from the assembled churchmen, to which the men of war replied by a threatening gesture.

But who can describe the rage of Walter and his friend, when they heard the relation of the scandalous farce which had just been performed in the convent!

Walter now demanded assistance from his liege lord, the powerful count of Habsburg; but as the count was occupied in a distant war, and had likewise got a different account of the matter from the Abbot himself, he ordered his bailliff of Argau, the baron Rudolph of Aarburg, to assemble a great baronial court at the ancient place of assembly at Rohr, to hear and pronounce sentence in this important affair.

At the appointed day the numerous vassals of the princely house of Habsburg assembled. Hallwyl appeared before them with his friends, and the Abbot likewise with a numerous attendance of the higher nobility from the districts round the lakes of Zurich and Zug, whom he had persuaded of the justice of his cause.

The baron of Aarburg, as the representative of the count, seated himself, according to ancient custom, under a venera-



ble lime-tree; the other noble members of the court stood in a large circle before him, while all around them was gathered a numerous crowd of spectators whom curiosity or attachment to one or other of the parties had attracted to the spot. The contending parties, with their train, were kept at the farther extremity of the barrier, till called by the youngest knights to place themselves within it.

On stepping forward, Walter boldly addressed the court. He related the adventures of his whole life, and delicately adverted to the weakness of his father's mind, but denounced with violent indignation the crowd of flatterers and deceivers which had hovered round him. Then he told how he had been attacked by assassins, and undertook to prove that the three men killed by him and Egbert in the forest, had been seen some days before at Hallwyl where the Abbot was then residing, and unhesitatingly accused the latter of the shameful trick played with the ring. He next appealed to a number of witnesses who had known him as the knight of Hallwyl when in the East, and to a number of others by whom he had been recognised at his return. Finally he exhorted the judges not to allow themselves to be imposed upon by deceit and cunning, and concluded by invoking the vengeance of Heaven on the unjust monks.

Quite otherwise spoke the Abbot, in a cool and well-reflecting strain. He commenced by extolling to the skies the virtues of the old Lord of Hallwyl, lamented the death of his gallant son, and expressed his astonishment that the noble knights chose rather to trust to the inventions of an unknown stranger than to the most striking evidence of a piece of base villany. In reply to what had been said of the attempted assassination, and of the fraud which had been practised with the ring, he appealed to the sacredness of his character, called upon the judges to decide according to the proofs laid before them, and affected to recommend to their mercy the foreign impostor, who, he said, might have been induced by poverty to play the part he had done.



The parties now left the circle, and the votes being collected, they were again summoned before the court, when the baron pronounced sentence to the effect that the court felt that no wisdom of man could decide in this matter, and that the judgment of God must therefore interfere by a fair combat upon life or death. He then ordained the parties to appear before him three weeks and three days hence, at the same place, then and there before judges of the combat, the complainer in his own person, and the defendant by a knightly proxy of equal birth with his adversary, to maintain the truth of their respective asseverations.

Walter in the consciousness of his courage and a just cause, thanked the judge for the sentence he had just pronounced, then turned round and flung down his glove in the midst of the circle. The Abbot confiding, as he said, in the protection of his saints, returned thanks also, but remarked aloud and with feigned regret, that no knight or noble would take up the glove, as nobody knew who the stranger was, but that he would order, if required, one of the bondsmen of the convent, — a man probably of equal birth with the stranger — to enter the lists with him.

Upon this an unarmed stout fellow stepped forward and stooped to take up the glove, but a loud clamour arose and many of the knights half-unsheathed their swords, so that the bondsman had some difficulty in making his way back under the protection of the Abbot's people. In vain the judge commanded peace to be made; silence could not be obtained till the Truchses came forward with Egbert and five of the most distinguished knights, protesting with a solemn oath, and in name of God and all the saints, that the complainer was a man of noble birth, qualified to bear shield and helmet; but when the churchman still dared to contradict this assertion, a young knight, highly reported for his generous feelings and gallantry, Marquard of Russegg, a nephew of the old lord-superior of Kappel, indignant at the unfair objections of the Abbot, stepped forward and picked up



the glove; whereupon Walter shook hands with him, and the two adversaries gave their solemn promise to the judge to appear in the lists on the day appointed, within three hours after sunrise.

The court now separated, and Walter with his friends rode back to Mulinen.

THE report of the approaching combat soon spread over the whole surrounding country. The names of the Lords of Hallwyl had been far-famed from ancient times, and the fate of their last heir excited intense interest. The numerous nobility within a circuit of several days' journey repaired to assist at the remarkable process of trial by combat—which even in these times had become rare—and all who had any connection with the house of Hallwyl went to Mulinen to make offer of accompanying Walter to the place of combat. The knight of Erlach, his brother-in-arms in Palestine, left his castle at the lake of Bierme, to stand by his friend in the lists; and the hall of Mulinen was daily crowded with guests, which obliged Bertha to exert all her housewifery to treat them in a suitable manner.

At last the appointed day arrived, and Walter with his seconds, Erlach and Mulinen, and a numerous train of barons, knights, and servants, rode up to the lists before Aarha. His train, however, was much surpassed both in numbers and brilliance by that of Russegg. The Abbot did not appear, churchmen not being permitted to be present at these ordeals. Only a single priest attended in his orders to comfort and shrive the dying.

The baron of Aarburg, as the count's representative, had



made all the necessary preparations for the combat. Extensive barriers surrounded the lists. Beyond these, the lofty seat of the judge was raised, adorned with the banners of Aarburg and Lenzburg. A little lower were ranged the seats of the witnesses. Before the judge stood a standard bearing the scutcheon of Hallwyl; and at the opposite extremity, at the entrance of the lists, the shields of the combatants were seen elevated upon high poles,—that of Russegg displayed a golden unicorn,—that of Hallwyl bore no device but the simple motto of *SUM CUIQUE*.

A flourish of trumpets having announced the arrival of the hour of combat, the judge and the twelve witnesses chosen from among the most ancient and noble knights of the district, took their seats, and four heralds, magnificently attired in the colours of Habsburg, led the combatants into the interior of the circle. Hallwyl and Russegg unsheathed and crossed their swords, and swore before God and all the Saints the prescribed oath, binding themselves to fight upon death and life till one of them should fall deadly wounded, and declaring that they entered upon this combat without magical spells, and would fight according to the most sacred laws of knighthood. After this the attendants brought a bier into the circle of the lists. Then the heralds proclaimed a free combat, and commanded the spectators to preserve order and peace on pain of death. The lances, shields, and war-horses were then brought to the knights, who mounted their steeds and rode apart from each other, till the sun shone freely between them, whereupon the judge gave the signal for combat.

Heaven blessed Walter's just cause. His adversary fell, after a severe struggle, deadly wounded upon the sand; and the heralds having proclaimed the conqueror,—the judge, in name of the court, reinstated the knight of Hallwyl in all the honours and rights of his house, and solemnly presented him, amid the acclamations of the multitude, with the scutcheon of his ancestors. With loud shouts the hero was wel-



came by the whole nobility of Argau, and with hearty warmth by his friends. His wounds were carefully healed at Aarha, where they obliged him to remain for some days; but at last he found himself able to set out, accompanied by Egbert and the Truchses, to take possession of his ancestral domains.

The monks, however, had got the start of him, and on his arrival he found all the buildings empty and pillaged; but an old servant of the house gladly received Walter and the knights, and gave them a supper and lodging for the night in his rustic habitation. Both the friends lent their assistance in getting the household put into order, and then returned home,—Walter promising to appear soon at Mulinen to take home his bride and invite them both to the wedding.

Egbert was unable to reply to his friend, but took leave of him silently pressing his hand.

On his return he appeared melancholy and thoughtful; for the thought fell heavily upon his mind that he should now behold the beloved of his heart for the last time in her full freedom. With feelings of deep emotion, he looked forward to the moment when the happy Walter was to tear Clementine for ever from his presence. His principles, however, were too virtuous, and his sentiments too chivalrous, to allow him to entertain for a moment the thought of possessing Clementine for himself. He had, in spite of the long absence of his friend, lived in the constant expectation of his return, and viewed himself as no more than the keeper of this precious jewel,—and now to transgress against the most sacred duty of friendship, by entertaining even the wish to make this treasure his own, was an idea which he shrunk from with horror. This firm confidence in his own integrity might even have allowed him to be less guarded in his intercourse with Clementine, and less jealous in suppressing the first risings of his passion, than he would have been under other circumstances. Bertha too, who long ago, with an anguished heart, had perceived the love of Clementine for her brother, now exhorted



her companion to take courage and to bear patiently what honour and duty imposed upon her; and Clementine felt herself too much bound by Walter's long-tried fidelity, and the obligations she owed to the house of Hallwyl, to be able to entertain the thought of afflicting her betrothed lover by a refusal of his suit.

AFTER a few weeks Walter arrived with a stately retinue at Mulinen; yet, however little he had been accustomed to observe men, he was nevertheless struck by the melancholy solemnity with which he was welcomed. He remarked Egbert's unwonted absence of mind, and Clementine's pale countenance; and one afternoon, while taking a walk with the Truchses, he revealed to him the observations he had made. That noble friend of the house thought the moment an advantageous one to make Walter acquainted with the state of Egbert's heart; he painted to him in glowing colours how faithfully Egbert had guarded the pledge intrusted to him; how the constant sight of the lady of Landenberg had kindled a violent passion in his breast, and how he had nevertheless not betrayed his feelings even by a look; how he had avoided his own castle, and tried every method to stifle the flame of this unfortunate attachment; and how at last the violence of his feelings threatened to prey upon his health. "Clementine's feelings toward Egbert," continued the Truchses, "are unknown to me; but it is difficult to believe that she can have lived so long in his house without admiring his virtues, and being moved by the warm interest he has ever taken in her welfare."

Walter walked for some time thoughtful and silent by the



side of the Truchses ; at last he broke silence by the question, "What, do you believe, my friend, that Egbert would do in my situation?" But without waiting an answer, he began to converse on another topic. After some time they returned to the castle, and found the two young ladies seated under the high lime-tree at the entrance with their eyes fixed upon their needle-work, and Egbert sitting silently beside them at the other end of the bench, without offering to interpose a single word in the conversation.

"My beloved Clementine," began Walter, after having gazed upon her in silence for some time ; "it seems to me as if you would like to remain a little longer with our friends at Mulinen?"

A deep blush suddenly suffused the cheeks of the maiden, while a beam of joy and hope animated her eyes now dimmed with tears.

After a pause, Walter continued with a faltering voice : "Perhaps, dear Clementine, you would rather choose to remain all your life in this castle where you have spent so many happy days,—perhaps rather than to go to mine, which has nothing for you but bitter remembrances? Why should you not joyfully stay with our Egbert who so dearly loves you?"

Egbert started up at these words, covering his countenance with both his hands while he exclaimed violently : "Truchses, in the name of heaven what have you done?"

"Clementine," continued Walter, "what would you think if I were to renounce the part of a bridegroom, and use my authority, as your lawful guardian, in placing your hand in that of our Egbert?"

But who was able to paint the surprise, the astonishment, the joy which filled all present, when with these words the generous Walter took Clementine's hand and placed it in that of his friend! Egbert threw himself into Walter's arms, and tears of emotion rolled down the manly cheeks of the Truchses. Clementine in mute rapture saw only her Egbert.



and Bertha skipped about amongst them in an ecstasy of surprise and happiness.

The generous knight, after having secured the happiness of his friends, again surrendered himself to his inclination for active life, and hastened to join the army of the potent count of Habsburg, who was then engaged in the siege of Basle, where he learned the choice of the princes of the empire which raised him to the imperial throne.

Beloved by their friends, esteemed by their prince, and grateful to Divine providence, the young married couple lived happily in their small castle; and their domestic comfort was soon heightened by the news that, at the intercession of the empress, the bailiff of Kyburg had examined and ascertained the justice of Clementine's claims, and put her in possession of the estates near Winterthal which had been so long unjustly withheld from her.

The noble Truchses now lived more at Mulinen than in his solitary Brunegg. He was attached with brotherly love to Egbert and his gentle consort; but the knight now pretty far advanced in manhood, would not for a time confess it to himself that the lively Bertha formed his principal bond of attachment to Mulinen. Bertha had already read his heart, and bestowed her's upon the noble-minded man, who had long ago got rid of his ill-tempered wife; and she conferred on him by her cheerful mind, clear understanding, and unfailing good temper, all that domestic happiness which he had missed in his first marriage.

Walter of Hallwyl, tired at last of his wandering life, returned covered with glory and honourable scars to his noble estates, of which the revenues had meanwhile been doubled by the skilful management of the friends to whom he had intrusted them. He married successively two ladies of the noble houses of Hunenberg and Suniswald, and became the ancestor of a numerous and honourable posterity.

An unbroken friendship reigned among the three friends throughout their lives, which were long enough extended for



them all to hear it related, that a dying monk at Kappel had confessed with bitter repentance his sin in having counterfeited the seal of Hallwyl, and having so introduced the fragment of a false ring into the old knight's sealed casket which had been committed to the care of the monks.

The knight good-naturedly refrained from tracing this report; and the monks, pretending that the old brother had become deranged in intellect, contrived first to throw doubt upon the rumour, and afterwards to lull it in oblivion.



## THE BROTHERS

### A SWISS STORY.

In the centre of the Jura, where France and Switzerland border upon each other, lies a small hamlet consisting of seven cottages. Here in the bottom of a narrow ravine, dwelt a small tribe of herdsmen, of simple but hospitable manners. It was seldom that any of these villagers crossed the mountains into the neighbouring Pays de Vaud, or the provinces of France; for all that they needed their own valley produced, and the artificial manners of their neighbours ill-accorded with their own simple and unsophisticated ideas of life.

They were under no rulers at the period of our story, for the sovereignty of their little district had been long disputed between France and the Canton de Vaud, and the matter still remained undecided,—neither party being willing to renounce its claims, though the possession of the poor little hamlet was indeed hardly worth contesting.

In this village lived two brothers, Claude and Felix Lamont. They had lost their father in early life, and their mother was also dead; but they had grown up in cordial and undivided friendship. Felix was of a strong bodily and mental constitution, and cultivated their small field which lay up the ravine on the declivity of the mountain, while Claude tended the flock. In winter Felix carved children's toys, which a Swiss pedlar yearly bought from him for a trifle; but Claude had the gift of song and music, and would then roam



through the surrounding country, singing the pieces he had composed during the summer months to amuse the people and earn a few sous.

The light-hearted favourite of the muses was always pleased with change. In spring, when the pastures began to look green and the bells of the Alps to resound, he went merrily up the mountain with his bugle and guitar, and did not descend again till the snows of winter drove him home. He would now stretch himself on the flowery sward, under the shade of the bushes, while his flock climbed about on the neighbouring hills,—beneath him the inhabited world, above him the immense deep blue sky, and at night the friendly stars. Sometimes he poured forth from his Alpine bugle the melting strains of the *Rans des Vaches*, or responded to the notes which echoed from the summits of other mountains. Often his feelings bore him away as if soaring up into the blue height; and then would he sing the beauties of his hill-flowers, the Alpine skies, and mountain-shepherdesses, while his skilful hand accompanied his strains on the guitar. To his song the shepherds and shepherdesses would listen from afar; but they seldom approached him, for their merriment always rendered the young poet mute and reserved, and he regarded them with little attention, his blue eyes seeming to be fixed on the distance. This conduct procured for Claude the name of the Heavenly Shepherd; but though they mocked in their gay games and dances the timid and retiring youth, many a maiden would lead her flock, as if by accident, into Claude's neighbourhood, on purpose to see him and to hear his songs.

But when winter drove the flocks lower down into the valley, and at last to the stalls, and the inhabitants of the little village had assembled around the hearth to beguile the slow course of the winter-days, and to gain a few francs by carving wooden toys, Claude would take his guitar and his pipe, and hasten with light feet over the mountain into the rich and ample valleys of Burgundy. The beautiful dreams



of former days seemed then to be effaced from his mind; that deep drawn inspiration which raised his languishing eyes towards the heaven would now give place to the merry and playful looks of a French lad who seems to live only for love, wine, and dance, and who hunts pleasures like butterflies. Wherever loud laughter announced the presence of gay-hearted youth, thither Claude hastened and sung to lively measures the songs of playful love, or with his pipe led on the gay dance. He now pledged the wine-cup gaily with the rest, and often when midnight arrived he would fling his guitar and pipe into a corner, and thread the festive maze with one of Burgundy's sun-browned maidens. Thus the winter flew away, but before the green meadows announced its departure,—before the warmer sun had melted the snow from the declivity of the mountain,—Claude felt the approach of spring; his look became melancholy,—his song now mourned in slow, longing, plaintive strains,—he no longer pledged the wine-cup,—jest and laughter fell powerless on his ear,—his eyes were fixed on the blue distant mountains of his native country, while his fingers unconsciously touched the strings,—and suddenly, as if a spirit had borne him away upon its wings, he was gone, and the merry young people of the neighbourhood sought in vain for their favourite musician.

One year, spring was nigh, and as the swallow prepares for her flight, so Claude anticipated his joyful return. But suddenly the call to arms resounded throughout the whole of Burgundy: "Liberty—Liberty! to the struggle for liberty, sons of your country!" called the men to the youth, and the youth to the boys. Armed with various weapons the enthusiastic youth flew into the ranks of the quickly marshalled cohorts, more anxious to prepare for the combat than formerly to hasten to the dance; and the maidens gathered around to behold the young heroes, and gazed with melancholy joy on their array. But Claude stood timidly at a distance; never had the peaceful son of the valley heard of arms and combat,—nature, love, and pleasure, had formed his gen-



the mind; he was struck with wonder at the new spirit which had seized upon his once merry companions, and though already hastening to depart for his home, curiosity prompted him to stay a few days longer to witness the result of their preparations.

During a review of the troops, while Claude stood leaning against a tree, with his guitar upon his arm, gazing at the scene before him, the leader of the young volunteers cast his eye upon him, and galloping up to him demanded in a thundering voice who he was. The trembling shepherd answered: "A musician from Point le Jougars."—"What a miserable wretch; who with his effeminate strains would weaken the high spirit of these heroes! Do you not blush to be holding a guitar while they are exercising for the combat? Citizens, seize the fellow and throw him into the Ain, if he will not resolve to join the battalions of the sons of France!"

The young men hastened forward and seized upon Claude, from whose arm the guitar dropped down: "Mercy, friends!" exclaimed he with a plaintive voice. "By the joys of youth I conjure you do not kill me!"—"Be not a fool," answered the young men gaily; "we only kill tyrants. Come, arm yourself, and be a man like us!" One attached a cockade to his hat; another brought a gun and sabre; and trembling yet with fear poor Claude stood transformed into a hero. He cast a mournful look on his instrument, which some maidens conveyed to a place of safety; "Now, comrade,—now you look like a man of honour!" exclaimed the rough voice of the chief. "Only a fortnight's exercise and you go with us to Strasburg, to fight against the slaves of the tyrants—the German dogs!"

This announcement terrified the youth still more, and upon that heart in which hitherto joy alone had dwelt, grief now lay heavy like dark thunder-clouds. In vain the warlike songs resounded in his ear—in vain the consoling cup went round the circle of his gay comrades,—the tones touched no



chord in his heart, and the wine only oppressed without cheering his spirits. Day after day passed on in sadness and anxiety, yet too quickly they fled; for already was their departure fixed, and never, never again was poor Claude to behold the beloved inhabitants of his home, or the sunny heights of his native valley.

While seated in deep sadness before his dwelling the day before his departure, he heard a well-known but long unheard voice pronounce his name. Too overjoyed to recollect clearly who it might be, but well-assured in his mind that it must be a friend, perhaps a deliverer, he turned round and saw Felix—his brother Felix standing at his side; he clasped him in his arms and sobbed aloud with joy before he could utter the beloved name.

In vain had Felix waited the time of his brother's yearly return to lead the flock up to the green summits of the mountain. Anxious for the youth, who, unacquainted with danger and accustomed to repose confidence in all he met, was incapable of protecting himself, he had hastened over the mountains to seek for him; soon he found his traces,—the maidens who had been charmed with his sweet songs all knew and lamented the bitter fate of the gentle musician,—they gave the guitar to Felix and told him where he would find his brother.

When Claude had unlocked his brother from his embrace, he perceived the long-missed guitar in his hand; eagerly he snatched it from him, and with joyful haste his fingers wandered over the untuned strings; but all at once a flood of tears gushed from his eyes,—he placed the instrument on the ground, and leaned mournfully on the breast of his brother: “Ah Felix,” exclaimed he; “who is more unfortunate than I! Never again will the shepherdesses listen to my song; never again will my delighted fancy soar through the blue air upon the serene sunbeams, whilst my hand calls forth the sounds of love and pleasure from the chords; never again will the bugle respond to my joyful notes from the distant Alps;



never again will the melodious bells of my flock tinkle around me in the darkness of the evening! As the chamois trembles in the chase of the wild huntsman, shall I meet the furious enemy, and fall in the bloom of my youth because I had not the courage to kill my fellow-creatures."

"Oh do not lament thus!" said Felix. "You tear my heart. *I will go—I will redeem you from the duty of war.* Point le Jougars does not belong to France,—we never paid contribution, and no herdsman of our valley ever bore arms. You shall be free, Claude, and return home to-morrow."

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Claude delighted; "so soon as to-morrow! Ah, it is impossible! Go not, my dear Felix! Oh do not go! The ruthless chief will seize on you also as he did upon me. Oh, do not go! Let me go and—die. And when I am dead call my name aloud sometimes: for beside your cot and in my native vale my spirit will hover and play around the leaves of the trees in the warm and gentle breeze. When the bells resound more softly, mark the time, Felix, and be assured that my blood has been spilled, and that I left no one behind me on earth so dear as you. For my heart never beat for a maiden; friendship for you filled it all since first my lips were able to pronounce your name."

"Let me go, brother," said Felix, while the tear trembled in his eyes; "I fear not to go; hard words do not shake my courage; I will deliver you."

He went to the chief: "They have taken my brother for a soldier," said Felix firmly but modestly to him; "he is not a son of France,—Point le Jougars never paid a contribution to France,—never raised soldiers for her armies. I beg for his deliverance, and expect it from your justice."

The chief was astonished. It had never occurred to him to inquire about the country of the youth; a friendly intercourse with Switzerland was anciently cultivated by the inhabitants of the French frontiers, and he was inclined to let him go free. But one of the militia-men stepped forward; "Citi-



zen," said he, "this man does not speak the truth; France always maintained the sovereignty of Point le Jougars, though the Pays de Vaud disputed it. There has been nothing demanded from the inhabitants because they are poor and few in number; but it is necessary that the nation maintain her claims of territory. The soldier of Point le Jougars must be the more strictly detained since it has been urged that the place of his birth forms no part of France."

This reasoning made the chief inexorable. In vain did Felix now represent that his brother was of too gentle a disposition to wield the sword even against the enemies of liberty. "He never had a dispute," said he, "with anybody; and in the first struggle he will stand petrified with fear instead of fighting." The chief laughed at the idea of a man having such a dread of war. "Now," exclaimed Felix, "if my entreaties do not move you, take me in his place; I have strength, and know not fear. Let him return to his forefather's cot. I only request that his freedom be announced to him without mentioning its condition; for his faithful heart could not bear the thought of seeing me exposed in his place to danger, the greatness of which he estimates by his own feelings, and his love for me would deprive me of the only means now left me for his deliverance."

The chief gladly accepted the offer; Felix wrote some lines and then proceeded, accompanied by some of the soldiers, to his anxiously waiting brother: "Claude," said he, "you are free; but it has cost great pains; hasten home, for I must go to Clairveaux and cannot return before to-morrow evening. Take care of the house and give this letter to Annette, she is in great anxiety for you and me."

Claude looked doubtfully upon him; but the soldier who accompanied his brother confirmed his words, and he then joyfully threw away his arms and seized with delight on his guitar. But a dark foreboding of Felix's resolution darted through his mind: "Felix!" exclaimed he, "you deceive



me. Are you free like me?"—"Free like you," replied his brother with affected cheerfulness, beckoning to his companions; "do not doubt it, and to convince you I will accompany you to yon spot where the pass of the mountain begins to ascend." "Is it true! is it possible! oh brother, brother, how I will shout—how I will sing at your Annette's wedding! Come, come, here the earth burns under my feet; I will fly away from it beyond the mountains!"

He took the hand of his brother and drew him away with him; the soldiers did not oppose it, for they trusted to the open countenance and the stout heart of their new comrade. Felix accompanied his brother half-way up the ascent where he took leave of him. Claude stepped cheerfully singing up the height, whilst Felix went slowly down the path with many a sigh, till he reached the place where he was to proceed at day-break to enter on the career of blood.

CLAUDE arrived towards noon of the following day. He arranged the household, which Felix had intrusted on his departure to an old herdsman, and then proceeded with his brother's letter to Annette—the beautiful Annette, who in a few weeks was to be his sister-in-law. She uttered a joyful exclamation when she saw him, for the gentle Claude was dear to her, and often when Felix sighed at her feet she would turn from the whispers of love to listen to the lovely tunes in which Claude breathed his feelings in the evening twilight. "But where is Felix?" inquired she. Claude gave her the letter. "Do not grieve, dear Annette," Felix wrote, "if I return not to-morrow evening; perhaps you shall not see me for a month. I have a long journey to perform, and



will not fix the day of my return, as many unforeseen accidents may befall me, and you would be anxious if I failed. Near you, or distant from you, in every place and at every time, I am ever yours."

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Annette, handing the letter to Claude, who read it and stood petrified upon the spot. His eyes, filled with tears, were fixed upon the maiden,—his lips quivered and gave no utterance to his words. At last, bathed in tears, he fell into her arms: "Oh the generous heart!" exclaimed he, sobbing aloud, "oh unfortunate man! Alas I had a foreboding of it, but he deceived me! Believe me, Annette, never would I have consented to it."

Annette sought an explanation, and what she heard wounded her all too deeply; both remained comfortless, though they tried to console each other with tender words. Claude went back with trembling steps towards his hut. From every corner he thought he heard Felix's name called out, and listened shuddering—as if surrounded by spirits—to the sound of his own breath. Without telling any one, he took his staff and his guitar, and wandered over the mountain in quest of his brother; Annette waited the whole day for his return; she had many inquiries to make of him respecting Felix, for grief had not permitted him to give her more than a few scanty indications of his fate. The sun was setting—he will surely come in the evening, thought she; but one star rose after another into the sky, and still Claude came not. She went to his hut; the old herdsman was there who could only tell her that Claude had gone away on the road to France. Annette returned in melancholy silence to her cot, and sitting down under the shade of a lime-tree, looked out into the night—which grew darker and darker around her—listening to catch the footsteps of the wanderer; but none whom her heart desired approached. Weeks passed over and neither her beloved nor his brother returned. The hut of the brothers stood silent and deserted like



a house of death; Annette's father had taken home the little flock; high grass waved around the threshold, ivy grew up over the windows, and the creeping plants and shrubs became wild and rugged. Often would Annette steal in secret to the deserted dwelling, for her father reproved her when she wept before him,—the door creaked with a ghostly noise upon its hinges, and her steps echoed drearily through the deserted abode; she would then call in the depth of her grief sometimes upon Felix and sometimes upon Claude, for her heart was equally grieved for both, and when the death-watch ticked in the wood, or an insect flew against the window, she started as if those whom she called were about to appear. Terror would then suddenly seize upon her, and she would fly hastily back to her father's hut to bathe her couch with tears in her lonely room.

One evening the moon shed her pale light through the branches of the beech and lime-trees of the village; the roof of the brothers' hut appeared in the mild radiance above the tops of the fruit-trees by which it was surrounded; she saw it from afar, and a melancholy pleasure agitated her bosom: "Oh how delightful," thought she, "would it be to dwell there!" She stopped and gazed at the lovely scene in deep reflection,—she hesitated to go nearer lest the sweet delusion of her dreams might be dissipated; at last she approached it slowly and with gentle steps, as if afraid to destroy the spell which attracted her;—suddenly she starts back,—her breathing is suspended,—her eyes are fixed upon one point,—there is a man sitting on the bench opposite the hut, leaning against the beech-tree, and gazing thoughtfully and sadly towards heaven. "Claude!" exclaimed she aloud; and when a second time she uttered his name, with glad surprise she lay within his arms and folded to his breast.

The first moments of surprise over, they sat down under the beech-tree, and Annette besought Claude to inform her of the result of his journey. Claude sighed deeply; "Ah Annette," he began, "how has life passed over me for the



long days that I have borne my griefs unshared within my heart; at your sigh I now for the first time again breathe freely.

"I went to seek Felix and to force him to leave me to that fate from which his generosity would have rescued me by the sacrificing of himself. When I arrived at the place where I last parted from him, he was already gone to Lyons, as the people told me. For some days I wandered along the road, and could nowhere obtain any information of the passage of troops. I looked on either side in the villages and towns without finding a trace of him.

"Then I returned to Arbois and inquired again. Here I learned that the National Guards were gone to Strasburg, as had been at first resolved on. So cruel had Felix been in his kindness to me, that he had employed people to lead me off his traces if I should come in search of him. They now thought it no longer necessary to conceal the truth from me, for they considered it impossible that I should find him. The Germans were at the Rhine, they said, and whoever was able to bear arms was hastening thither to drive them back.

"But I could not be detained; all my feelings urged me to follow my brother. How could I have seen you and this dwelling again without dying of despair had I not gone? I wandered to Strasburg; my guitar and my songs gained me the favour of the people, who received me with hospitality. When I went into that enormous town I inquired in vain after my brother at the guards of Arbois,—arms clattered everywhere,—soldiers came and went,—and the wild crowd, on foot, on horseback, and in waggons, rushed past me, as when the howling winter-storm struggles with the tops of the fir-trees. My heart trembled with fear and horror. Upon a stone near a large house I sat down and wept; and while my soul overflowed with grief and tears, it seemed to me as if an invisible hand placed the guitar gently in my arms, and I struck the chords in harmony to a plaintive song.

"Close above me a window opened, and a beautiful lady



bent out of it and cast a friendly look upon me, and when I looked up astonished at her she invited me to enter the house. She seemed so good and kind, and I stood in such need of the comfort of a friend! But when I was about to enter her room, a feeling of anxiety came over me at the sight of so much splendour and riches, and I remained standing on the threshold; she, however, approached to meet me—Oh Annette, she was as beautiful and kind as you!—and inquired kindly after my friends and my home, and what had brought me to the town. I told her everything about Felix,—about you,—and about myself; her beautiful eyes streamed with tears and she listened silently to my words; ‘Sit down,’ said she, ‘and refresh yourself; I will get information about your brother.’ She ordered wine to be brought me, and, sitting down beside me, inquired much about my home and asked for a description of you. I spoke to her as I now speak to you,—and her soft clear eyes smiled mildly at my words.

“An hour afterwards a servant whom she had sent out came back with a note: ‘Go,’ said she, after having read the contents, ‘and conduct this youth to the place mentioned in this paper; then give the note to the officer of the guard, and you will afterwards be directed what next to do. But you, my good friend,’ said she to me, ‘do not forget to come back, and take this for a remembrance of a person whose warm interest you have excited.’

“She gave me this green purse full of gold; I refused in my surprise to take it: ‘Take it,’ said she, ‘the pleasure I feel in bestowing it upon you is worth ten times all the gold I give you; there is something in it for Annette besides’—Look, this little golden cross with diamonds—it was this, Annette, the lady sent you; often have I looked upon it since she gave it me, and rejoiced to think of the moment when I should put it into your hands.

“I accompanied the servant. He led me through a great many streets to a large building, around which several senti-



nels were placed, and the windows of which were filled with soldiers. The servant inquired for an officer and gave him the note. The officer called a soldier and said to him: 'Take this citizen to Felix Lamont from Point le Jougars.' Ah, Annette, how did I tremble at this name! It seemed to me as if I had been lifted up in the air, and my glances darted from side to side to discover my brother amid the crowd of his merry and bustling comrades. How could I believe that Felix, separated from his Annette and his own cot, could bear to abide there, where noise and jovial songs would ever disturb sweet though melancholy dreams. As once he found me, I now found him,—sitting solitarily in a distant room, plunged in reflections and deaf to the world around him. Yes, I saw him, Annette! I called his name,—I rushed towards him,—flew into his arms, and pressed him to my breast, and wept on his neck full of inexpressible grief and inexpressible joy! 'Ah, my brother!' he could only exclaim, as he pressed me in his arms, for his soul struggled like mine betwixt grief and joy. 'How is Annette?' he at last inquired in a low voice; I told him all I knew; and there we sat and talked till we both forgot all that had happened to us. Then a drum all at once rattled without. 'Oh God!' exclaimed Felix, leaping up and seizing a gun which stood in a corner of the room.—'What is the matter?' asked I.—'Farewell!' said he, struggling painfully to repress his feelings, 'and give my love to Annette.'

"He was about to rush through the passage, where all was bustle and confusion,—I fell on my knees, and clasped him so firmly that he could not get away,—with my left hand I seized the stock of his gun.—'Felix,' I exclaimed, 'I leave you not! You shall not shed your blood for me—you shall not die for me! This gun is mine; I am called forth to bear it; go, return to Annette, and remember me.'—'Leave me,' said he, shaking his head, and struggling to free himself from my grasp. I yielded not, and called louder and louder, and conjured him, by the memory of our father and mother,



to return home and to let me go on whom the lot had fallen. Four men now entered with an inferior officer: 'What means this noise?' called the subaltern; 'why do you delay, citizen, to do your duty? Who is that man?'—I wished to speak—I wished to entreat, but he roughly commanded me to be silent. 'It is my brother,' said Felix; 'his tenderness for me has drawn him into too lively expressions of grief; excuse him, I am ready to follow you.' He tore himself away from me and went out,—I rushed after him, but his companions drove me back.

"The soldiers drew up in the market-place, and my brother was lost to my eyes amid the crowd. In vain did I look for him in the distance,—the word 'march' suddenly resounded,—the drums rolled,—troop after troop filed away before me,—I saw myself beckoned upon from one of the lines, but the salutation passed me,—rapidly like the flight of a dove, vanishing as quickly as it came. Alas! it was the last; my brother was lost to me. Sadly I followed; I would at least have taken care of him and cheered him with friendly conversation,—but I no longer found him, he was in the advanced guard, and soon the thunder of the artillery announced the approach of the enemy. My soul and heart trembled at the sight of the direful combat, and like a timid deer I wished to flee away, but I could not leave my brother. Our army gained the victory, and with shouts of triumph they drove the Germans before them. Alas! Annette, it was then I first knew what feelings victory excites in our hearts, and how the bloody thirst of revenge kindles within us! For I also shouted when I saw those flying who had stood as enemies opposite my Felix, and for the first time in my life I longed to have a sword in that hand which had hitherto only sported with the strings of the guitar. I followed them; a troop of prisoners soon arrived, and I recognised, amongst those who guarded them some of my friends from the neighbourhood of Arbois. 'Where is my brother?' called I to one of them—Alas, Annette!"—



"He is dead!" exclaimed Annette; "Claude, speak! Oh, the generous heart! Oh, Claude, I beg—I beseech you, say, is he dead?"

The sorrowing brother could only convey the dreadful reply by a silent motion. Grief sealed his lips; he hid his eyes in both his hands and sobbed aloud, whilst Annette lamented at his side the fate of her beloved in heart-wringing accents. At last Claude found strength to speak and she to listen to him. He told her that, according to the relation of the Arboise, his brother had fought like a hero, and was the first to mount the parapet in storming a battery of the enemy, where a dragoon cut him down with his sabre. He added that he had gone to look for his body, but could not find it, and that he had lingered several days in the neighbourhood, in hopes to hear something of him, but without success. Hesitating and sad he had wandered back. At Strasburg he had again sat down on the stone before the house of his benefactress; but no window now opened to him, and nobody in the house knew any thing about her, for it was an hotel, and the stranger lady had probably remained there only a few days in passing through the town. Thus he took his way home.

"But the nigher I drew, Annette," said he, "the heavier became my heart. 'Never,' said I to myself, when I beheld from the top of the mountain my beloved valley and hut, 'never shall I see him again! no more will his friendly greeting bid me welcome; no one will joyfully count the flock when I have brought it home: my songs will be echoed only from the mute walls, and no friend will cheer my soul with friendly converse.' Oh Felix, Felix, thou who wert so good, so valiant, so prudent! Oh my brother, or rather thou who wert in the place of a father to me, what shall I become without thee!"

Thus Claude lamented, and Annette shared with him the painful consolation of praising the memory of him they had



lost. They then parted for the night; but their agitated minds found no repose in sleep.

NEXT morning Annette communicated to her father the tidings she had received from Claude. He was grieved at the loss of so honest and industrious a son-in-law; but, as happens with old people, he spent little time in useless repinings, and directly intimated that the wished-for alliance might still be formed by a marriage with Claude. Otherwise, he said, it would now be difficult to divide their property. Annette had never thought of this, and remained silent; but Claude and Felix were so singularly blended together in one image in her soul, that she was unable to mourn for the one without deriving comfort from the other, or to rejoice in the living brother without grieving for the dead. Embarrassed by this feeling, she strove to forget both; but her heart beat strongly as often as her father pronounced the name of Claude, and an inexpressible anxiety seized her when she saw the youth approach her hut. Claude too was very plainly informed by her father what he thought was best to be done under existing circumstances. He blushed and was silent, for he had thought as little of what was now proposed as Annette. But where an intimate friendship unites a youth and a maiden, there love lies concealed like the butterfly in its chrysalis; and with the thought of the possibility of loving each other, the passion itself is easily kindled into flame. Claude now felt for the first time—what he was never again to forget—how beautiful and lovely Annette was; but an inexpressible sorrow affected him in the consideration that he should win his bride by the death of his brother. When therefore the



father again adverted to the proposed union, he abruptly broke off the conversation by declaring that he did not yet feel himself sufficiently composed to give his thoughts to such a matter, and was not even quite certain whether he would remain at home or again go abroad.

He delayed his departure, however, in the hope of having another interview with Annette, though he had not courage to inquire for her. She came not; and Claude at last took leave, and returned melancholy to his home. He felt oppressed with anxiety in his cottage; many things there required his attention, and he attempted to execute them; but in the service of the muses, and the employment of a shepherd, he had gathered little skill in household occupations, and his anguished heart had not sufficient strength to allow him to make up by his good will what he wanted in experience. He longed for one in whom he could confide—whom he could love; Annette, and no other image than Annette's, filled his thoughts,—she alone could supply what he longed for, and yet he felt an invincible reluctance to seek it.

Summer passed away,—Claude and Annette still mourned in silence,—she retired whenever she beheld him approaching,—Claude gazed mournfully and silently after her, but never asked her to remain; seldom and still more seldom became his visits to her father's hut, who now no longer made any allusions to the proposed marriage, as he used at first to do; he could not understand how they should—as he thought—have both such a dislike for each other; he therefore renounced the idea he had at first entertained, and the inhabitants of Point le Jougars, who had formed the same notion regarding the young people, were now, like him, convinced that all was over between Claude and Annette.

Autumn drew near,—the sun went daily earlier down behind the Jura,—the leaves began to grow yellow,—the flocks pastured lower down on the mountain-ridge, when Claude sat one evening before his hut, accompanying his songs with the



guitar, according to his custom, for the only solace his wounded heart now received was from sweet songs. The moon broke in full splendour through the rent veil of fleecy clouds, and shed a beautiful light over the silent landscape; Claude suddenly became exquisitely alive to the extent of his misfortune, and sung to a simple and sad tune, a sad and simple song. At this moment a sound of grief fell upon his ear; he listened in silence, and distinctly heard a sobbing of one near him, as in deep grief; he rose,—looked around him,—beheld Annette leaning against a tree, her countenance hidden in both her hands,—him she saw not nor heard, but gave herself up to the passionate expression of that grief which she had so long silently cherished in her bosom.

She had been visiting a friend, and the path by which she was returning home led her past the cottage of Claude; for that reason she had hitherto preferred a more circuitous route, but, as chance would have it, she had overlooked her ordinary precaution in the course of an animated conversation which she had held with her friend. She was yet twenty paces from Claude's hut, when his song reached her ear,—she paused in joyful surprise, long had it been since she last heard the harmony of that voice which now reminded her of happier days,—she could not fly,—her breast grew more and more oppressed,—her heart beat more violently,—her eyes were blinded with the rising tears,—she approached nearer with faltering steps and hid herself behind the large trunk of an aged elm; the name of Felix, accompanied by a melancholy tone from the strings, reached her ear,—it overpowered her,—she shrieked out the name which echoed in her heart,—and wept in inexpressible grief. The gentle melodious murmur of her name first awoke her from this trance; she looked up,—the youth whom she loved, from whom she had fled, stood before her,—his eyes beaming with tenderness spoke the wishes of his heart. Not long she hesitates,—she lies in his arms, and, scarcely breathing betwixt joy and grief, can only whisper in the accents of love that dear name



which her timid heart had so long scarcely ventured to pronounce, and her lips never.

"Oh, my Annette!" exclaimed the happy Claude, "Heaven be praised, I shall now begin to live again,—I will cheerfully talk at your side,—I will pour out all my joys and sorrows into your breast,—I will make songs for you, and sing them to you,—I will gather the Alpine rose on the snow, and your cheerful smile shall reward me. Annette, how was it possible,—how could you fly from me as from a murderer?"

"Ah, Claude, was it I who fled? were not your looks all so dark? Did not you turn your eyes so quickly and angrily away from me? Oh how many nights have I spent sleepless and in tears because I could not help loving you!"

The more they thought of it, the more inconceivable did it now appear to them how they could have remained so long so distant to one another. Their innocent souls, agitated by the excess of enjoyment in the recovery of their long lost friendship, did not at this moment recollect those delicate feelings which had hitherto kept them apart from each other. Hand in hand they now walked to Annette's hut; her father was at home,—he was surprised when he saw them both enter together in such a friendly and cheerful manner. To guess the cause, however, was not difficult; "Now that is right, children!" he called to them; "Dead is dead; your brother, Claude, was an honest man; that you should marry the bride he left behind him, he would himself approve, if the dead were able to speak. Well then, my blessing is with you!" At these words he took both their hands and joined them together.

A shudder of terror passed over both at these words, while the old man joined their hands together in such a solemn manner. What in the depth of their joy they had lost sight of, now rose with redoubled force from the bottom of their souls. The father went out that he might leave the lovers undisturbed; they stood for some time in timid alarm, but



still holding each other's hands. "Annette," at last murmured Claude; she turned her eyes timidly upon him, afraid once more to look upon the dark past; but the eyes of the youth beamed only love, and that cheerfulness which after a short reflection his heart had felt in the consciousness of innocence. "Annette," said he, "God knows I wish Felix were still alive, and that you might be his wife. But God has taken him away, and I dare to love you and will love you as my brother would have done, and so I press you to my heart."

She sunk enraptured in his arms; all her doubts were dissipated; once more she dared to resign herself to feelings which had long before filled their bosoms with joy; all their wishes were fulfilled in being thus restored to each other; Claude lived only for Annette,—Annette lived only for Claude. Never was there at Point le Jougars a pair so beautiful—so amiable—and so happy! And the whole little hamlet rejoiced in their happiness, and in the expectation of the return of spring when Claude and Annette were to appear in their bridal garments along with reviving nature.

"SPRING came,—the mountains drew their green mantles higher and higher up to their snowy summits,—the streams again murmured cheerfully between the flowery banks,—the trees threw thicker shades,—and the cattle lowed impatiently in their stalls for the arrival of the hour which was to usher them again into their mountain freedom: Like the Alpine rose amid the snow, Annette's cheeks began to blush more and more joyfully; so lightly she stept along the path to Claude's hut, that the young men looked wondering after her



as on an angel's track; she did not speak, but sweet words seemed to be hovering around her lips, as butterflies disport upon the flowers, and her brightening looks spoke what filled her soul. Lost in sweet musings, she would now stand at Claude's side before the hut in which they were soon to dwell together; and when Claude asked his lovely bride why she stood thus mute and lost in thought, she would gently and smilingly whisper to him, "How happy shall we both be here!"

One day she stood thus with Claude in his garden, under an apple-tree whose blossoms were just beginning to redden. The sound of a man's steps, and the clattering of a sabre, suddenly fell upon their ears,—they looked up,—a French officer stood before them,—his left arm was hung in a sling, a deep scar was traced upon his sun-burned countenance; silently and melancholy, but with a friendly expression of countenance, he looked upon them; Claude dropt Annette's hand, while he shuddered at the sight of that uniform which had wrought him so much sorrow; he looked astonished at the unknown: "Who are you?" inquired he, after some moments of mute examination.—"A friend" was the answer, given in a manly but gentle tone. The scales seemed to fall from the eyes of Claude, and with an exclamation of surprise and delight, and calling aloud the beloved name, he fell into the arms of his brother.

But Annette stood there trembling; she could have wished to have sunk into the earth whereon she stood, so that she might have thus hid her shame. To Felix she knew herself bound by plighted faith, all the solemn weight of which her pious heart now felt; trembling with anxiety, she waited for the moment when the two brothers should awake from their intoxication of joy to the consciousness of the unfortunate circumstances in which they were now placed.

Felix was the first to recover himself; he looked tenderly upon the trembling maiden: "And you, my Annette!" ex-



claimed he, taking her hand.—She burst into tears, and in the same moment Claude remembered all that he had forgot in the first moments of his joy for a restored brother. He grew pale, and his looks full of sorrow met those of Annette; both were silent, and remained with their eyes fixed on the ground.

Felix considered them for some time with a keen and earnest look: “My friends,” said he at last, “why so greatly moved? Let us rejoice that fate has once more brought us together in the lovely peace of this valley. My heart revives again, after so many scenes of grief—so many threatened dangers. Oh come both of you to my arms! Never in my life did I experience so solemn and yet so joyful an emotion.”

These gentle words calmed the anxious feelings of the lovers. It was he—their former, noble-minded Felix. Both fell into his arms, and all silently renewed together the bond of sacred love.

“Come, I will tell you what has befallen me,” said Felix. They sat under a tree, and he related to them his adventures. In that combat which Claude had witnessed, the corps in which Felix was, had been in the early part of the fight dispersed by the enemy’s cavalry. A heavy blow with a sabre across his forehead had thrown him senseless to the ground. The charge however passed rapidly onwards, and he recovered from the stunning effects of the blow to surrender to another body of the advancing enemy, a humane officer of whom directed him to be conveyed from the field of battle. He was then for some time left in a village in the hands of the enemy; but after some days the village was surprised by the French, who delivered him and his comrades. After his wounds were healed, he again joined his corps,—fought gallantly,—became an officer,—was lamed in the left arm,—lay a long time without hope of recovery,—and at last obtained his dismissal as an invalid.

“Unable any longer to fight for freedom,” continued



Felix, "I resolved at last to live for it; I longed to behold again what was dearest to my heart; heaven be praised I have found you; and this hut shall again become to me an abode of quiet happiness!"

Annette and Claude gazed tenderly but sadly upon him. They were deeply moved to see the once noble figure so changed; they each silently felt that every sacrifice on their parts was due to him, but neither of them spoke, afraid to betray their emotions in a faltering voice. When Felix had finished speaking, Annette went hastily away, and Claude entered the hut with his brother.

In the hut every thing appeared arranged with all the ingenuity of happy love; Annette and Claude had ornamented it, and the whole revealed to a susceptible heart the dwelling of a happy pair. Felix stood and gazed on it with an agreeable surprise; the rustic elegance which he loved, was heightened by a certain indefinable hue which fancy alone will spread over things even the most insignificant. His intercourse with the world had sharpened his judgment; it was not therefore difficult for him to guess the secret of that spell which had prompted Claude thus to decorate his abode.

He turned with a smile towards his brother, who was now evidently struggling with some rising emotion, for he wished to declare the whole truth to Felix, yet he could not find words in which to express himself. At last he raised his eyes; the friendly looks of his brother encouraged him to proceed; he was beginning to speak: "Felix, Annette is yours, and I willingly yield her to you."—But he was suddenly checked and terrified by the words of his brother.—"It looks here so



like a wedding, Claude ! whom have *you* then chosen, brother,—and will the sisters, think you, live peaceably here together ?”

These words appeared to Claude to indicate that his brother had no suspicion how matters stood ; his guilt suddenly appeared to him enormous,—he fell into the arms of his brother and wept aloud. In vain did Felix strive to comfort him : “ Pardon me,” at last exclaimed Claude ; “ and be not angry with Annette and me ! Her father alone is guilty ; he persuaded us both ; and as we believed you to be dead, we thought not that we were acting wrong. But Annette is still yours ; I have yet no bride,—I will have none. You have shed your blood for me ; I will now go and fight instead of you.”

The youth continued to pour forth exclamations of the wildest grief ; brotherly tenderness, gratitude, and the most ardent love by turns distracted his soul. “ Claude,” said Felix at last, after having long listened to him, “ I am not come to disturb the happiness of your life,—that would be to destroy my own. When I went for you to the battle, I sacrificed more for you than I do to-day in giving up my claim to Annette. Fate has taught me many things which do not agree with the quiet happiness of this dwelling ; I can enjoy it as a balm for burning wounds, but I am no longer able to create happiness for others. Annette is yours ; in this moment do I bless your union ; your happiness will be mine.”

“ No, Felix !” exclaimed Claude, “ never ! I will serve you,—you shall be my master, and Annette my mistress ; you shall enjoy the fruits of my labour ; you have fought for me in the bloody field, it is but just that repose and joy should now refresh your generous heart. Annette shall be yours, and my songs as formerly shall add to the charms of those hours in which you are conversing with your beloved.”

Night descended upon the two brothers while thus earnestly and heroically contending with each other. Felix re-



tired to rest, and Claude hastened to Annette's hut, and told her all that lay upon his heart,—that Felix had resolved to renounce her, and how much more he deserved her than himself. All this he told her with an eloquence which inflamed the mind of the maiden, and persuaded her at last to give him a solemn promise to become the wife of his brother, and to forget every wish which had been founded on the conjecture of his death.

Late after midnight Claude returned; with gentle steps he entered the hut not to awake his sleeping brother; he himself could not find repose,—joy and grief kept him awake; already the morning shone into the room—Felix did not move; Claude rose gently to arrange the household, he looked to where his brother lay, but saw nobody; he rubbed his eyes and stepped nearer towards the bed—Felix had disappeared:—He ran through the court and garden,—searched the stables, but all in vain—Felix was nowhere to be found. He went to a neighbour,—to another,—a third, nowhere could he gain any intelligence of him. Breathless he reached Annette's hut,—there he must be—how foolish it was not to have immediately sought for him there! he was grieved to think that Felix had been there before him, for generosity springing from love likes to reward itself by beholding the happiness it has created,—and yet was it not better, thought he, that my brother should himself obtain Annette; he entered,—Annette stood at a table occupied with some household work, her eyes inflamed with weeping; Claude, anxious and trembling, inquired after Felix,—that name drew forth a fresh flood of tears from her eyes, but Felix was not there—had not been there.

The heart of the faithful Claude was broken; to have become—as seemed to him—the evil demon of him whom he loved more than his own self,—to have deprived him of freedom and health, and now to have deprived him of his beloved bride,—to have even driven him away from his quiet home—all this fell heavily upon his heart; in vain Annette



strove to comfort him,—nothing could soften his grief. Exhausted, but not calmed, he at last sat down, musing silently on the sorrow which tore his inmost heart. Annette's father came in; he shook his head, but he had long ago been taught that his view of the case was of no avail.

Days, weeks, months passed,—Felix did not return. More grieved every day, Claude went to Annette's hut, every hope of being united to her had long since perished, but his tender heart could not deny himself the comfort of seeing her, and reading in her eyes that she was consumed by the same grief which preyed upon himself. With the falling leaves of autumn his anxiety increased; his flocks returned from the Alps—the melody of their bells,—the harmony which had delighted his joyous youth, fell now upon his ear like funeral sounds,—he flew away, and wandered alone and in despair for several days through the woods and mountains,—in vain Annette expected him at the accustomed hour, for still his melancholy appearance, his painful silence, were the only comforts she received in her sorrow. The second—the third day passed, and Annette was now seized with the most direful forebodings: she conjured her father to go in search of her friend.

With much difficulty he discovered his traces, and at last found him in a chalet,\* waiting his death in cold despair. With great trouble he succeeded in persuading the youth to follow him; they reached his hut in the twilight,—Oh what a sight for the unfortunate Annette! With difficulty she repressed a shriek of terror; she approached him with soothing words; Claude, anguished and distracted in all his heart by the power of love, felt, as frost-bound plants do under the first return of the sunbeams,—he felt himself revived only to be-

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\* An Alpine hut, usually constructed of planks, in which the Swiss herdsmen reside during the summer while tending their flocks on the mountains.



come again conscious of his wounds; he turned away from her, beckoned her to leave him, and sat down in silence. It grew darker and darker, and more and more insupportable became the silence! Annette lighted the lamp to dispel the dismal gloom; the faint light glimmered through the silent room where these three sat with their heads bent to the ground, lost in the gloom of their inmost minds.

The baying of the faithful watch-dog suddenly rose amid the stillness of the night; the father started at the sound, and Annette sprung up; the baying of the dog became louder, but suddenly sunk into a joyful whining, while the voice of a man was heard calling his name, at the sound of which Annette was startled; it fell like a voice from the grave on Claude's torpid soul; the name of Felix already half-whispered died away on Annette's lips; Claude looked with frantic earnestness on the opening door,—in the pale glimmer of the lamp entered a monk, with his head concealed beneath his hood.

"I come late," said he, and yet before he had thrown off his hood, Claude and Annette were in his arms pronouncing the beloved name incessantly, as if in recompense of what they had each suffered in not having dared to pronounce that name for so long a time. It was Felix,—Felix, for whom they had so ardently longed,—whose loss had reduced them to despair, and who was now restored to them again.

"But why this disguise?" they at last inquired of him; he turned his brightening eyes alternately upon them and towards heaven.

"The dress I wear," he answered, "is no disguise; it belongs to me,—I am a minorite at Freyburg. Fate has transformed me from a labourer to a knight; and, according to ancient custom, I have doffed my knightly garments to die in the raiment of a monk. Perhaps"—here he paused for a little while striving in vain to hide from the lovers his darkening looks and the feelings which for a moment darted over his countenance—"Perhaps I might have done so later,



when the growing calmness of life's stream had more seriously reminded me of death; but, my dear brother, I could not deny my heart the joy, and yours the comfort, that my brotherly hand should tie the bond of love between you and Annette; for this purpose am I here, and now step both of you—not before your brother, but before the priest."

They obeyed the solemn command, both trembling under varied emotion.

"Claude Lamont," said Felix with a powerful solemnity, flowing more from his feeling of the action than from that of his sacred office, "Wilt thou have this Annette Vaudray to be thy wedded wife?"

"Annette Vaudray, wilt thou have this Claude Lamont to be thy wedded husband?"

When the surprised lovers had in a melancholy and low voice responded in the affirmative, he pronounced a blessing on their union. Having finished, the two lovers sunk in mute emotion into his arms, and he himself remained for a long while silent.

"The blessing of the priest," he spoke at last, "you have received; take now the blessing also of your brother. I will not compare it with the first, but I gave it you earlier than the other. Farewell!"

In vain they ardently besought him to remain, reminding him of the dark and dangerous night: "Should I know fear," said he, "in the service of a heavenly master, who never knew fear when the swords of the enemy were gleaming around me? My spirit remains with you, and you will feel its presence."

Thus he tore himself away, vanishing like a spirit into the gloom out of which he had come; the new-married couple stood there, gazing upon the spot where he had disappeared, distracted between grief and love; at last they raised their eyes filled with tears—their looks met,—their hearts glowed under the fraternal benediction,—Claude drew the weeping Annette gently to his heart,—the astonished father congratulated



lated them on what had happened,—and silent and melancholy, yet filled with inexpressible joy, they walked together to Claude's hut.

In the course of time the happiness of love bloomed again purer and purer. Felix returned after some months to gladden his noble heart with the sight of that happiness for which he had sacrificed so much; like the visits of a tutelary angel his were always received; for a time he came frequently; by and bye his visits became fewer and far between;—at last he returned no more. After waiting long in fruitless expectation, Claude went to inquire for him at the convent—he was in his grave.



## THE DWARF

## AND THE INVISIBLE CAP

## A HARZ LEGEND.

SHEPHERD Jacob's greatest pleasure was his bagpipes. Almost before the morning dawned he was puffing upon them, and he puffed away at night when all other honest people were in bed. Though this afforded much pleasure to Jacob, it was not so well-relished by his neighbours.

In a cavern of the mountain upon which Jacob generally took his seat lived a dwarf, who, at the christenings and weddings of the surrounding country, made himself very useful by lending the people knives and pewter plates. Wherever he found a good reception, the dwarf proved very friendly, and was well liked by all. Now to this dwarf, the eternal puffing that went on above his head became very tiresome; he therefore one day took his way up the mountain, and with much politeness requested the shepherd to give up his music for a little; but Jacob, casting a contemptuous look on the diminutive figure before him, insolently answered: "What right have you to command me? And what does it signify to me though your head should ache again when I blow my pipes?" And from that time Jacob blew away more furiously at his bagpipes than ever.

The dwarf resolved on revenge; but concealed his anger under the mask of friendship, and strove to win by degrees the confidence of the shepherd. He soon succeeded in this;



for he had wit enough to praise the exquisite melody of his pipes, and gradually wrought himself into his full confidence, entertaining him with a thousand merry stories, for the sake of listening to which the shepherd would sometimes forget his darling pipes for half a day. At last the dwarf invited the shepherd to a party at which he promised him a great deal of pleasure. "Knight Fegesack, who lives in yonder castle," said he, "celebrates his wedding to-morrow; he once set his dogs after me to hound me from his court when carrying some plates to his servants to help at a christening. All those great people who look with such contempt upon us and our acorns, will be gathered together yonder; we will go thither if you choose, and give them a little sauce to their mirth. Here, Jacob, is an invisible cap; if you put it on your head, nobody will be able to see you, though you see every thing that is going on around you. Try its virtues at home, and leave the rest to me; only clean out that bag you have got there, for, unless I am sadly deceived, you will soon have occasion to fill it with something better."

Jacob took the wonderful cap from the dwarf, and made an attempt to try its virtue even before he reached the hut. Well, the sheep came running against him, and not even his own children could find him out, when he called them by name with the cap on his head. He now gave himself implicitly up to the dwarf's directions.

The day afterwards, Jacob and the dwarf set out with their caps on their heads, and two empty wallets under their arms, to the castle of the knight. During the bridal ceremony they placed themselves upon the large round table, around which the bridegroom and bride and the principal guests were to sit. The dwarf then instructed the tittering shepherd in the part he was to perform.

In the course of an hour the whole company entered the room in pairs, and all took the places which were pointed out to them according to their several dignities, little suspecting the presence of any other guests.



And now the frolic began. The invisible dwarf pulled out the pins which fastened the myrtle garland on the bride's head, and Jacob pushed a large dish out of the hand of the butler which splashed the gravy over the guests; meanwhile the bridal wreath fell from the head of the bride—a bad omen, which might well wrinkle the brows of the old ladies, and set the younger ones a whispering.

A pause ensued, in which the guests, who waited the filling of the bumpers to resume the conversation, set their jaws briskly in motion.

But, good saints defend us! what was the surprise of the whole company, when, on the appearance of the second course, scarcely had they got a morsel on their forks and raised it to their mouths, ere it was snatched away by the dwarf or by Jacob, who crammed it with much laughter into their invisible wallets. The guests opened their eyes wider and wider,—their faces lengthened more and more,—a silence like that of midnight in a cemetery, reigned throughout the whole room,—knives, mouths, jaws, were laid at rest, while each gaped in blank astonishment upon his neighbour. Flagon after flagon, cup after cup, now disappeared from the table, and still the thief remained invisible! Well might the hair of the guests now begin to rise on end; every where all was silent as death,—not a sound was heard but the chattering of teeth.

How they might best make their way out of the enchanted room, or hide themselves under the table, was now the question with the horror-stricken guests. Most of them were about to adopt the latter alternative, when, the dwarf having suddenly snatched the cap from the head of his companion, all at once the culprit stood revealed to their astonished sight, sitting upon his heels, with each arm supported by a well-filled wallet.

The death-like silence now gave place to the most outrageous uproar; every arm and every tongue was again in motion, while Jacob, with his head hanging down like a broken



reed, was dragged away, amid a thousand curses, towards a dark noisome dungeon, there to starve beside his emptied wallets.

They are just about to lower the unfortunate shepherd into this loathsome place, and all around stand the guests mocking and jeering the trembling rustic,—when lo! the invisible dwarf approaches his half-dead companion, claps the cap again on his head, and in the twinkling of an eye the prisoner disappears.

The spectators stood there as if changed into as many stones, with faces as long as a yard, for the full space of an hour, without bethinking themselves either of eating or drinking, or the merriment of the wedding. And there they might have been standing to this hour, had not the dwarf, compassionating their blank amazement, taken off his cap and revealed himself for a minute's space in his true form. "Now, Sir Knight," said he, "do not hound me again with your dogs out of your castle-yard; and you, Jacob, I hope you will in future put your bagpipes a little while aside, when I politely ask that favour of you."

The guests now tumbled over one another, and scrambled out of the house where the mysterious dwarf had appeared, in the greatest consternation.



## THE HAKELNBERG

### THE TOOTSEL

#### A HARZ LEGEND.

WIDE around the mountains of the Harz, and in the forest of Thuringia, rides the Hakelnberg, or Wild Huntsman; but chiefly he delights in the Hakel, from which he takes his name, particularly the neighbourhood of the Dummburg. Often is he heard at midnight, when amid the howling storm, or by the light of the moon in a troubled sky, he hunts with his dogs, the shadows of the game which he killed in his lifetime. Generally he sets out from the Dummburg, and crosses over the Hakel to the now deserted village of Ammendorf.

Only a few Sunday-children\* have ever obtained a sight of the Wild Huntsman. Sometimes they meet him as a solitary huntsman with a dog; sometimes he appears to them in a chariot drawn by four horses, and accompanied by six hounds. But all men can hear the Hakelnberg when he rides

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\* It is a popular German superstition, that people born on a Sunday possess a peculiar faculty of seeing ghosts or supernatural appearances. These gifted people are called *Sunday-children*.



abroad,—the fearful rushing through the air,—the hoarse barking of the dogs,—the splashing of the horses as if they were plunging through a marsh,—and the holla of the hunter. His companion and bugle-player, the Tootosel, is often distinctly seen by the ungifted.

Three travellers were once seated in the neighbourhood of the Dumburg. It was deep in the night, and the moon gleamed out by fits through the clouds as they chased each other over the face of the heavens, every thing around was hushed in silence, when suddenly a rushing noise filled the air above their heads, and raising their eyes, they beheld a large owl flitting past them. "Aha!" called out one of the wanderers, "there goes the Tootosel. Hakelnberg is not far distant!"—"Let us fly," cried the second wanderer, "before the monster overtakes us!"—"We cannot fly," said the third. "We have nothing to dread if we do not irritate him. Only stretch yourselves silently and closely down upon the ground when he passes over us; but beware of speaking to Hakelnberg, or you will meet the shepherd's fate." The three travellers lay down on their faces beneath the bushes; immediately a rushing noise as of a pack of hounds came bursting through the air, while from time to time, they heard the Wild Huntsman's holla. Two of the travellers pressed themselves closely to the ground; but the third could not resist the impulse of his curiosity, and peeping out above the bushes, he saw the shadow of a huntsman with his dogs rapidly traversing the air above him.

All was again silent; the wanderers rose slowly and timidly, and thought to get a sight of Hakelnberg, but he had vanished and did not again appear to them.

"Who is the Tootosel?" inquired the second wanderer after a long pause.

"In a distant convent in Thuringia," answered the first, "there once lived a nun called Ursula, who even in her life-



time had not a little annoyed the sisterhood by her shrill voice, and, on that account, had been called the Toot-ursel.\* But the vexation she created by means of her discordant notes while in the body, was tremendously increased after her death: for regularly as the convent-bell tolled eleven o'clock in the evening, she used to project her head through a hole in the steeple, and scream out *to-whit! to-whit!* in most doleful accents, and every morning at four o'clock, she joined without invitation the song of the choir. For some days the nuns endured all this with beating hearts and trembling knees; but at last one morning, one of the nuns, with a low and faltering voice, whispered to her neighbour: 'Ah, that is surely our departed friend, Ursula!' Instantly the chant was suspended, and the nuns rushed out of the church screaming aloud: 'Ah, the Toot-ursel, the Toot-ursel!' and no threats of penance or punishment could prevail upon the holy sisters to enter the church again till the Toot-ursel was banished. They sent for the most celebrated exorcist of those times, from a convent of Capuchins on the Danube, and he, by fasting and prayers, succeeded in banishing the Toot-ursel, in the form of an owl, into the distant Dumburg. Here she found Hakelnberg, the Wild Huntsman, and took as much pleasure in his hunting holla, as he did in her tooting; and so they now go about hunting together in the air,—he glad of the company of another of his species, and she greatly pleased at being no longer shut up within the walls of a convent. Such is the story of the Tootosel. But what happened to the shepherd who spoke to Hakelnberg?"

"Listen to the story," said the third wanderer. "A shepherd once heard the Wild Huntsman passing above his fold, and hounded his dogs after him, exclaiming: 'Good

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\* *Anglice*, 'The tooting Ursula.'



luck, Hakelnberg!" Hakelnberg quickly turned around, and shouted with a thundering voice: 'If thou hast helped me to hunt, thou shalt also have part of my game.' The shepherd instantly hid himself; but Hakelnberg threw a half-withered horse-leg into the crib in which he lay, which lamed the shepherd for life."



# THE DUMMBURG

## AN ANCIENT GERMAN TRADITION

WITH shuddering fear the wanderer approaches the ruins of the Dummburg;\* horror seizes him if he should chance to be overtaken by night in the adjacent district; for when he enters the grounds of the castle, after sunset, he hears, deep beneath his feet, mournful moanings, and the clanking of chains,—and at midnight he sees, by the pale moonlight, the ghosts of the knights of ancient times, who once ruled with iron sceptres over the surrounding country. Twelve tall white figures stalk forth in solemn procession from the ruins, carrying a large open coffin, which they place upon the height and then vanish; and the skulls which lie scattered about are often seen moving among the cliffs.

For a long time a band of robbers dwelt in the Dummburg, who murdered the passing travellers, and plundered the neighbouring churches of their rich treasures, which they stored up in the castle's subterranean caves. Several deep wells were quite filled with the bodies of the murdered; and every day some unfortunate wretch expired of hunger in the horrid dungeons of the Dummburg. The retreat of this banditti long remained unknown; for they had shod all their horses the wrong way, and the traces which led the robbers to their retreat, directed their pursuers to seek them in a contrary direction.

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\* The Dummburg is an old castle now in ruins, situated on the eastern extremity of the Hakel forest, adjoining the Harz mountains.



The treasures of gold and silver and precious stones, which these evil men collected, lie yet in the earthed-up caverns of the Dummburg; but seldom is it granted to living wight to discover the gates which lead to these repositories,—though here and there he may discern the traces of former entrances, into which ghostly figures are often seen descending.

It happened on one occasion, that a poor woodcutter, while endeavouring to fell a beech behind the rocks of the Dummburg, beheld a monk slowly approaching through the forest, and concealed himself behind a tree; the monk passed onwards, and disappeared among the cliffs; the woodcutter crept after him, and saw him stop before a small gate unknown to any of the inhabitants of the village. The monk knocked gently, and called out: "Gate, open!" Whereupon the gate sprung open. The woodcutter then heard him say: "Gate, shut!" and the gate, as before, obeyed. Trembling in all his limbs, the woodcutter marked the path to the gate with twigs, and stones; and from that day he could scarcely sleep or eat, so much was he tormented by his curiosity to know what the cavern, of which that marvellous gate was the entrance, might contain.

Next Saturday he made a fast-day, and with the rising of the Sabbath-sun, he went with his rosary in his hand to the spot which he had marked. He stood before the gate, his teeth chattering with terror, for every moment he expected to behold a ghost approaching in the form of a monk; but no ghost appeared. Trembling, he crept near to it, and listened a long while, but heard nothing. At last, invoking all saints and the Virgin, he knocked quickly and half-unconsciously at the gate. "Gate, open!" said he, with a faltering voice. The gate opened, and he beheld a small dark passage, down which he stepped, and entered a spacious and tolerably well-lighted vault. "Gate, shut!" said he, almost instinctively, and the gate instantly closed behind him.

He now walked forward, and found large open casks and



bags filled with old massive coins of silver and gold ; he beheld also many boxes full of jewels and pearls ; and precious cups, and highly ornamented images of saints, stood upon silver tables in the corners of the vault. The woodcutter made the sign of the cross, and wished himself a thousand miles away from the enchanted cave ; and yet he could not resist the wish he felt to take a part of those superfluous treasures, to clothe his wife and eight children, who had been long going about in rags. Trembling, and making again the sign of the cross, he stretched his hand out to one of the bags which stood nearest to him, and took some small silver pieces out of it ; he then quickly raised his hand to his head, and finding it still upon his shoulders, with a little less dismay, helped himself to some dollars and a handful of smaller coins, and then groped his way back towards the door, muttering over his prayers as he went. "Come back again !" called a hollow voice out of the depths of the cave. Scarcely was the poor woodcutter able to stammer out the words : "Gate, open !" for every thing seemed reeling around him. The door opened, and once more finding himself in the light of day, he more cheerfully called out : "Gate, shut !" and the door closed behind him.

He now hastened home as quickly as his feet could carry him, but said nothing of the treasures he had discovered. He went to the church of the convent, and offered two-tenths of all that he had got in the cave, for the support of the Church and the poor, and the day after he purchased some articles which his wife and children stood in need of. He said he had found an old dollar and a few other coins under the root of a beech which he had been cutting down.

The following Sunday he went with bolder steps to the gate in the cliff, and proceeded just as he had done the first time ; helping himself somewhat more liberally, but still exercising moderation. "Come back again !" called the hollow voice ; and he came back the third Sunday, and once more filled his pockets.



The woodcutter was now a rich man in his own estimation; but what to do with his riches he knew not. He gave again to the Church and the poor two-tenths of all he possessed, and proposed to bury the remainder in his cellar from which he thought to take from time to time what might be necessary to supply the wants of his family. He could not, however, resist the wish to measure the amount of wealth he now possessed,—for to count money he had never learned. He went to his neighbour, a man of immense riches, but one who starved himself in the midst of all his wealth,—a corn-usurer, who cheated his labourers of their wages, robbed widows and orphans of their possessions, gave loans upon pledges, and had no children of his own:—from him he borrowed a firloft measure, with which having measured his money, he buried it, and carried the measure back. The firloft had large chinks in it, through which the usurer, while selling corn to poor labourers, always contrived that some part of the grain should return to the heap. In one of these chinks, some little pieces of money had remained, which the woodcutter had not observed while cleaning the measure.

But they did not escape the falcon-eyes of the wealthy miser, who sought out the wood-cutter in the wood, and inquired at him what he had been measuring in the firloft. "Wood-seeds, beer, and some other things of that sort," replied the woodsman with some confusion. But the usurer shook his head at this reply, and, showing him the little coins, alternately threatened him with courts of justice and cajoled him with fair promises and pledges. In this way he won the secret from him, and learned the mysterious words.

The rich man occupied himself during the whole week, with planning how to transport at once the whole treasures out of the cave, and those also which might, perhaps, be concealed in other places about the castle, or buried in the ground. He calculated how, when he should have got all this money, he would purchase one acre after another from his neighbours, or wrest their possessions from them by law-suits.



After he should have bought the whole village, he counted on getting the title of nobility from the emperor; and then he was to go on buying estate after estate, till at last he should become a prince.

The woodcutter was not greatly pleased at knowing that his wicked neighbour was about to set out for the castle. He besought him to renounce his purpose,—warned him of his danger,—told him of a hundred instances of misfortune having overtaken treasure-seekers; but what power can keep back a miser from an open bag full of gold pieces! By threats and promises, the woodcutter was persuaded to go once more to the gate; he was only to stand at the outside, and receive the bags which the usurer himself would drag out, and to hide them in the bushes; for this service he was to share the half of whatever might be found, and the Church likewise was to have the tenth, and all the poor people in the village were to get new clothes. So the miser said; but in his heart he had resolved to throw the woodcutter into the deepest cavern of the castle, as soon as he no longer required his help,—to give nothing to the poor,—and to set apart only a few of the small coins to the Church.

Next Sunday the miser went with the woodcutter, before the rising of the sun, into the cliffs of the Dummburg. Upon his shoulders he carried a large bag which might have held three bushels, in which were twenty smaller bags, a spade, and a pick-axe. Once more the woodcutter earnestly cautioned him against avidity, but in vain; he then recommended him to invoke the saints, but even this advice was vain. Internally muttering curses, the miser walked silently beside him.

They reached the gate; and the woodcutter, who felt very uncomfortable, but was driven forward by fear of the torture of which the miser had spoken, stood at some distance to receive the bags.

"Gate, open!" called the usurer with a hasty and trembling voice. The gate opened and he went in. "Gate,



shut!" he exclaimed, and the gate shut behind him. But scarcely had he entered, and beheld with devouring eyes all the casks and bags and chests full of gold and jewels and pearls and glittering coins, ere he tore the bags from his shoulder, and began to fill them hastily.

Then there came up from the depths of the cave, with slow steps, a large black dog with fiery sparkling eyes, which lay down alternately on every well-filled bag and pile of money. The head of the trembling usurer grew giddy,—the bags dropped from his hand,—his heart beat violently: "Away with thee, thou miser!" barked the large black dog. Trembling, he fell on the ground, and crept on his hands and knees towards the entrance. But in his anxiety, he forgot to say, "Gate, open!" and called aloud several times, "Gate, shut!" and the gate remained fast closed. Long the woodcutter waited with a beating heart; at last he approached the door, and it seemed to him as if for awhile he heard a deep moaning and sighing mingled with the hoarse growling of a dog; but suddenly all became silent as death.

The bells now rung for mass in the convent; the woodcutter told his rosary, and then knocked gently at the door, saying, "Gate, open!" But, Oh horror! There lay the bloody body of his wicked neighbour stretched out over his bags; and the casks and chests full of gold and silver and diamonds and pearls, sunk before his sight, deep, and yet deeper into the ground.



## HONESTY THE BEST POLICY

### A STORY OF THE NORTH OF GERMANY.

BEFORE the castle of Gruningen, upon the Bode, one clear summer-evening, the bishop Henry of Halberstadt was seated with a foreign prelate who had been his guest for a month. The posset-drink stood before them in two mighty flagons. They had been discoursing from ten o'clock in the morning, when they sat down to dinner, about the huge wine-tun which a bishop on the Rhine had just got constructed, and were agreed in the opinion that it became every ecclesiastical prince, who would confer a becoming splendour on his court, to possess a similar tun. The affair was quite settled by both of them, except as to its execution; and their conversation began now to be interrupted by yawns, and to flag on in monosyllables.

It chanced, as good fortune would have it, that the shepherd Conrad passed by, driving his well-washed flock across the castle-yard where bishop Henry used to review them every evening. "I salute you, my lord bishop!"—"Good evening, Conrad; but where is Harm?"—Conrad whistled, and a beautiful large ram bounded up first to the shepherd and then to the bishop, who caressed the animal and fed him with some crumbs which he had kept for him. The bishop exchanged a few words with the shepherd, and inquired if his wedding-day was at hand. Conrad shrugged his shoulders and passed on with his flock.

Bishop Henry now extolled the beautiful ram which he declared he would not part with for any thing in the world,



and then he turned his eulogium on the good Conrad, who he said, was honesty itself. The foreign bishop laughed aloud, for travel into distant countries, and a frequent stay at foreign courts, had filled him with universal distrust of man. He averred that it was impossible to find a thoroughly honest servant,—and least of all at the court of a bishop. They were all, he said, combined to cheat their masters, and all more or less rogues. Bishop Henry eagerly disputed this assertion; and extolled the virtues of the good people over whom he swayed the crosier, and above all his shepherd Conrad, who, as he said, had never told a lie or deceived any person in his whole lifetime. “Never told a lie! Never deceived his master!” repeated the stranger bishop in a tone of irony.—“No!” answered bishop Henry; “he never has; and never will!”—“Never!” re-echoed the foreign ecclesiastic, “what will you bet?”—After several propositions, the two bishops agreed on these conditions: first, that the stake should be an immense tun, capable of containing one hundred and fifty barrels of wine,—and, secondly, that Conrad, without being made aware of the wager, should be put to the trial within three days. The two dignitaries then parted for the night, right glad to have found something to amuse them for two or three days to come.

The foreign bishop, before he went to bed, held, as his custom was, a consultation with his confident Peter, who was nominally his servant, and occasionally his fool, but in fact possessed a truer claim to the title of his privy councillor, than many others enjoying higher titles and places. Peter had always some shrewd advice to give in every emergency, whether temporal or spiritual. He was accustomed to hear, to see, and sometimes even to think for his master without any one knowing it. He had done so on this occasion; but he seemed little disposed to talk this evening, for the word *rogue*, which had escaped his master’s lips during the conversation just narrated, had put him in bad humour, and it was only by the promise of a new scarlet cap, in the event



of the wager being won, that his master got him to open his lips. After some satirical remarks on the enormous cost of a wine-tun which should contain one-hundred and fifty barrels—fit to exhaust more than half the revenues of a bishopric—he undertook to find out how a gin might be set for the new phoenix of honesty, Conrad.

Peter commenced his operations with the rising sun; and before dinner-hour was able to report to his master that Conrad was in love with the fair Elizabeth, and that she would not listen to his proposals till he should possess a little cottage of his own, both being very poor. The active Peter had already spoken to Elizabeth, and found her quite ready to assist in his enterprise; he therefore only required a handful of glittering silver pieces from his master to gain the bet. The bishop gave him as much as he wished, and sat down to dinner with good hopes of the wine-tun.

Meanwhile Peter has taken his way back to the fair Elizabeth; he shows her the shining coins which almost covered her little table, and a bargain is quickly struck between them; Peter agreeing to purchase for her a cottage, if she brought him what he wanted.

The following morning Elizabeth, soon after sunrise, went to cut grass at a place which she knew Conrad must pass with his flock. As soon as the latter perceived her at a distance, he flew, accompanied by Harm, to meet her, sat down beside her, and repeated all his former vows and protestations of love. But Elizabeth answered her lover very coolly, remarking that she had heard all that a thousand times over, and if he had nothing to tell her of a little cottage of his own, he already knew her answer. Conrad was about to take his leave much dejected, when a half-smiling glance from Elizabeth induced him to inquire why she was so cruel to him, and what she wished him to do for her. "For the joke's sake let us see whether you really are serious in your love for me," said Elizabeth. The favourite ram of the bishop had meanwhile pressed between her and Conrad, and now



stood eating bread from her hands. "If I desire you to give me your ram that I may sell him——"

Conrad's heart sunk within him. Sadly he replied: "Any thing in this world but that; if the bishop did not in the evening get Harm to feed, there would be a pretty disturbance. Take the best pet-sheep in the whole flock,—take all the fifty belonging to me, only that single ram you cannot have."—"Look now," said Elizabeth, "you men are all alike. Away with you and your fifty sheep; even so small a pleasure as this my lover refuses me! Truly he would be a precious husband to me when the honey-moon was over! Away to your bishop; let him feed his ram, and do you leave me alone!"

They disputed thus a long while; Conrad shed tears in his anger, and Elizabeth at last confessed that she had sold the ram for the house they had so often wished to possess, and added, that she must deliver him up that very day, cost what it might, as she had pledged her word and could not bear the idea of being called a liar. She then shed tears, lamenting that this unhopèd-for pleasure of being able to get a house in which she and Conrad might live comfortably with their children, should be thus blasted. She asked if sheep were not every day dying,—if none were ever lost,—if none were ever stolen,—if the wolf never devoured one,—and so on. At last love conquered; Conrad promised to deliver her the ram before noon, and Elizabeth promised to become his wedded wife in a month.

Elizabeth walked quickly on to the town, and Conrad gazed wistfully after her; the pleasure he felt in being her accepted lover was not a little damped by the idea of the interrogations which he must undergo from his kind master, in whose service he had been hitherto so comfortable, and who was so very fond of the ram.

He now stood alone in the field where Elizabeth had been cutting grass, with his eyes fixed on the ground. At last he struck his crook into the earth, placed his coat upon it, and



his cap above it, and began a dialogue—which Harm occasionally interrupted by his movements—with the figure thus constructed, which he meant should represent the bishop.

“Good evening, my lord bishop!”—“Thank you, Conrad, where is Harm?”—“Harm, my lord bishop!—why he is lost; indeed he has wandered somewhere.” At this moment, while Conrad was thus speaking, Harm pressed through between his legs to examine the figure to which he saw his master making so many profound reverences. “Conrad, Conrad!” continued the shepherd, in his fanciful interlocutorship; “Harm knows his home; Harm could not lose himself! That will not do.”

Another conversation, in which Conrad tried to represent the ram as stolen, Harm interrupted by a violent blow with which he meant to answer the bows he saw his master making. “He is not so easily caught!” exclaimed Conrad. “That will not do either.”

Thus he talked with himself for about half-an-hour; but his imaginary dialogues always terminated with a shake of the head and these words: “Conrad, that will not do!” “And yet,” added he, “I must before noon give up the ram; for I have promised it, and if Elizabeth does not deliver it as she has already sold it, she would be called a liar, and could not become my wife.”

At last he jumped up joyfully and exclaimed: “Honesty is the best policy! That will do; that will do!” He put on his cap and his coat and drove forward his flock, and before noon he had delivered, with a deep sigh, his darling Harm to Elizabeth, who, without reflecting any more about the matter, exchanged him for the price of the cottage.

That evening was fixed for Conrad’s trial. Both the bishops waited at their posset cup in the castle-yard for the appearance of the shepherd who was to decide their wager. The hearts of both beat strongly, and they spoke but little, for each had a strong desire that the honour of constructing the tun might fall to the lot of the other. But Peter, the



privy councillor, kept himself quite cheerful, and secretly rejoiced beforehand in the success of his well-laid plan, and the certainty of his victory; for he already had the bishop's favourite ram in his stable, and how could Conrad venture to tell the truth, when his doing so must draw upon him the wrath of his master, and deprive him of his bread for ever!

So reasoned the privy councillor; meanwhile Conrad appeared driving his flock across the castle-yard. Peter smiled triumphantly, for already he fancied he could trace fear and anxiety at work in Conrad's countenance.

That evening no ram came bounding up to bishop Henry, to receive his accustomed portion. "Where is Harm?" inquired the bishop with a scrutinizing look—"I have sold him," cried Conrad; "now it is out! Honesty is the best policy; that is my motto, my lord bishop, as you know; and it shall always, so it please heaven, remain my motto."—Peter's face lengthened; but bishop Henry exclaimed with an angry countenance and a threatening voice: "Why did you sell him without telling me? I would have given you his price ten times told. Do you not know——"

"Hear me, my lord bishop," said Conrad. "Elizabeth tempted me, as Eve tempted Adam; and Elizabeth was tempted by a rogue, as Eve was by the foul fiend. If he gives me back my ram, I will not reveal his name." Peter turned angrily away, for gone were all his glittering pieces, and the scarlet cap besides; and now the ram himself was gone also! "Elizabeth," continued Conrad, "had sold Harm before telling me, otherwise he would never have been sold by me; but, as matters stood, I was obliged to give him to her, however sorry I was for it,—else she would have been called a liar, and she is now my betrothed. That is the naked truth, my lord bishop; do now with me what you please; what is done is done, only do not punish Elizabeth—a poor weak woman easily seduced by any tempter."

Bishop Henry would have begun to scold, but the other bishop, casting an angry glance on Peter, who now withdrew



himself, exclaimed: "I have lost the wager; that was the trial!"

So Bishop Henry's wrath was assuaged by the pleasure of having won the wager; but the honesty of Conrad afforded his master more gratification than even the wine-tun, for it taught him also the power of love, and what love can do with men.

"Yes!" exclaimed both the bishops, "Honesty is the best policy!" And Bishop Henry added: "As a reward of your honesty I will be at the expense of your wedding, and half the flock shall be yours."—"And," added the foreign prelate, "your darling Harm shall be restored to you again, and the cottage you shall also retain as a christening-gift from me to your first child."

Thus the bishop who lost the wager was led to get the large wine-tun constructed which formerly attracted so many travellers to Gruningen, and which now lies upon the Spiegelsberg near Halberstadt.



THE

## MODERN REGULUS

BY FREDERICK LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

"On, on!" shouted the gallant knight Aubigné; "the enemy's bark sits fast on the shore; we must capture the crew."

Nothing that older and more experienced warriors advised was listened to. The sally from the port was carried into execution as soon as decided on, and brilliant success seemed at first to reward the gallant enterprise.

Aubigné had on other occasions shown himself as prudent as gallant; but here he was in the midst of the religious and civil contentions which raged in France in the fifteenth century, and what eye can preserve its full strength and vigilance amid such violent excitation.

Seven only of his protestant companions Aubigné had left behind in the fort. He led on the other seventy-three in two divisions, growing every moment bolder and more inspired by victory. While twenty threatened the retreat of the enemy, Aubigné stood with six upon a height to invite the principal body of the enemy's forces to a decided movement.

Suddenly, from a concealed path, a column of the enemy advanced between him and the fortress. He was surrounded, and the question now became, a gallant retreat or a gal-



lant death. Another alternative the brave Aubigné never imagined.

But the ways of God are not our ways, nor are His thoughts our thoughts. However stoutly and swiftly fell the edge of his sword, the valiant knight was overthrown, disarmed, and, in spite of his cries of 'No quarter,' conducted a prisoner before the enemy's chief, the Chevalier de St Luc.

A single warrior only had kept close to Aubigné, and had fallen bravely resisting to the last. The captive knight envied his soldier's fate, and almost shed tears in the bitterness of his feelings; his eagle eye became moist in spite of his struggle to conceal his emotion, as they bore past him the corpse of the warrior whom death had freed from ignominious slavery, and whose eye seemed to be looking up with a calm smile into eternal life.

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THE Chevalier de St Luc sat in his illuminated tent, near the shore, and with a friendly air presented to his noble prisoner a sparkling cup.

"Let the conquerors revel," said Aubigné, drawing back: "for the conquered there is but one food and one drink, and its name is wormwood!"

"You may perhaps have been somewhat spoiled by victory, since you have been so used to conquer, gallant Chevalier," said St Luc; "but grant me for to-day the pleasure of being once victorious, and pledge me like a good comrade. 'Long live all gallant French knights!' You see," continued he, smiling, while Aubigné grasped the cup, "this toast you cannot and dare not refuse. The times are indeed wild and distracted, but as long as the nobles of France retain the spirit of ancient chivalry, there is hope of matters coming



to an understanding and a standing too; and retain it they must—*ventre saint gris*, to the day of judgment!"

"Earthly things may perish!" sighed Aubigné, sitting down upon a bench with a heavy heart.

"You speak in monosyllables, and as sententiously as any captain of German soldiers," said St Luc, laughing. "Perhaps you have some thoughts of settling in Germany?"

"Ah!" replied Aubigné, "as matters now stand, that prospect is not altogether so extravagant for one of my opinions."

"Leave France! A knight of the old French nobility!" exclaimed St Luc, half in jest, and half with rising anger: "Gallant Aubigné, that is not so easy a thing to one like you!"

"Easy!" replied the other, "certainly not. It should be only the direst necessity which——But, hush; as you were speaking of German soldiers let us keep to a German soldier's proverb. It says: 'We dispute for the emperor's beard.' For truly to speak of long voyages across the sea is very idle talk for a prisoner who has it not in his power to walk from one tent to another except under the eye of a guard."

"You judge somewhat hastily and harshly of me, Chevalier Aubigné," said St Luc, a little peevishly; "or you mean, perhaps, by your guard, your knightly word of honour? In that case you have judged rightly; for indeed I dare not leave you to yourself without such a security. But with it—would you for instance ride to La Rochelle,—into the midst of the strongest fortress held by your brethren in arms and faith?—Nay, look not with so astonished and inquisitive an air, Aubigné; for upon my honour it rests with your own will!"

"I should perhaps not take you at your word," said the prisoner, after some reflection; "nevertheless, my noble adversary, I must do it."

"Go then, Chevalier; and God be with you!" said St Luc smiling, and giving him back his sword: "Only grant me



your word that you will be with me next Sunday by five o'clock in the evening at Bronage; and if neither the king nor the queen send me any particular orders respecting you I insure you your life,—though in strict law it is already forfeited."

"We shall speak of that on my return," smiled Aubigné. He then gave his word of honour, and in half-an-hour afterwards he was spurring St Luc's best steed toward the unconquered walls of La Rochelle.

THE thunder of the artillery,—the rolling fire of musquetry, and the occasional shouts of the advancing troops, shook the windows of La Rochelle; but in no quarter were these sounds more distinctly heard than where the fair Adelaide, wringing her hands with apprehension, paced up and down her chamber perfumed with flowers. It was she herself who had in thoughtless sport promised the gallant Aubigné the gold chain which glittered around her neck at the last assembly, if he should be the first to engage the enemy. Alas! and who else but Aubigné could it be whose battle-greetings thundered across from Oleron? And might they not also be the greetings of eternal separation?

"Oh not eternal!" said Adelaide aloud to herself; "for if thou hast fallen, Aubigné,—fallen at my thoughtless command, I will certainly be soon beside thee! I will tell them I take leave, in all the solemnity of my widowhood, of a world which I can no longer cherish."

Some wounded soldiers of Aubigné's scattered troops hastened into the town. They believed that the defeat of her knight had been his death; and Adelaide, to whom the sad



news were quickly conveyed, shut the doors of her house, and let the dark hangings fall down before the windows, as if she had a second time become a widow.

But, nevertheless, there shone, the same evening, a lantern which lighted a whole family up the street towards Adelaide's silent dwelling; and the door opened rattling with its many bolts, at the first sound of the friendly voices.

They were Aubigné's relatives at La Rochelle: his old uncle, honourably known in former campaigns, under the name of the good sire Raoul, and with him the orphan children of a deceased cousin,—two little girls and a blooming boy. They had been intrusted to Raoul's guardianship; but accustomed to Aubigné's generosity, hopes had been also excited of the revival of this youthful stem of the family under the fatherly care of the gallant soldier.

Adelaide embraced the children weeping, and the children wept with her from the bottom of their little hearts, and the good sire Raoul at last could no longer restrain his sadness, and tears flowed down his gray-bearded cheeks.

When they had wept for some time, they all sat together, and told each other many a story of their lost friend.

The little Anna de Sainte Mailly, the elder of the two sisters, began:

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"My friendly cousin, Aubigné," said she, "once bought me a pretty book full of pictures and stories of the Patriarchs,—Abraham, and Isaac, and other holy men. Then I never ceased entreating him to tell me something out of it, and when I once began to weep at the sacrifice of Isaac—ah, beautiful lady! he himself was moved and said: 'It may be,



poor dear child, that you weep beforehand for something which awaits you another day ; for look you, Anna, the times of persecution and sacrifice are coming on ; but remember, even if something very dear were to be taken from you, you must sacrifice it joyfully as Abraham did.' And then he told me more about Abraham—'Uncle,' said I, 'then Abraham still kept his Isaac?'—'But man must not trust to being spared the demanded sacrifice,' he replied, 'otherwise he would abuse the bounty of God.' He would have said more, but his large whiskered serjeant came in, and my uncle had other things to do."

"He went to the riding-school," said little Otto, and the beautiful brown eyes of the boy glistened as he spake ; "I know it very well, for my uncle took me with him. How the Norman steed of a young horseman reared so wildly, and threw its unskilful rider out of the saddle six paces from him upon the sand ! I could not help laughing. 'Will you do better, Otto ?' said my uncle ; 'mount the horse ;' then I grew a little pale, and then my uncle spoke to me very seriously, and said : 'To laugh at another is the act of a fool ; and more so when one cannot himself do better.' But truly *he* knew better ; for like a falcon he leaped upon the back of the Norman steed, and whirled him round till the eyes of the people were dazzled ; and when the animal collected its strength for the last resistance, I ran like a foolish boy just in before its fore-feet, where I would probably have been crushed, but my uncle checked the steed so violently, that both fell down, though he was much sooner up again than the horse. Then he stroked his mane, and said : 'Now he will no longer behave so, and any one may quietly mount him ;' and so it was, for the beautiful Bay was now quite gentle. Ah, if uncle Aubigné had only had his horsemen with him, he would have been still alive, and would have taken St Luc prisoner ! But among those narrow ditches, and ramparts, and bushes, with nothing but infantry behind him—"

"Do not talk so foolishly," murmured the good old Raoul,



almost angrily. "I have myself in better days had the honour to be the leader of a company of infantry. No, that was certainly not the cause; and no true soldier thinks more or less of himself, whether he sits upon a horse, or carries a musket on his shoulder. Oh, and how beloved our cousin Aubigné was by the brave riflemen! None ever left him but from necessity. I remember well, once when he was at a shooting-exercise, and examining the target, one of the soldiers' pieces accidentally went off—good heavens, what a bustle arose among the troops! They seemed to have lost their reason, and he, with whom the accident happened, was nigh putting an end to himself, if Aubigné—who, by the will of heaven, had received only a slight contusion from the bullet—had not appeared amongst them, and calmed them with soothing words; and the few drops of blood which trickled from his wound, they received upon their mantles and weapons, and swore never to forsake their beloved chief. No, Otto, you must speak no more nonsense about our brave infantry!"

The boy blushed and hung down his head, and all remained silent for awhile. At last the little Louise de Sainte Mailly, the elder of the two sisters, whispered softly: "Before our dear uncle went away for the last time—and alas! that means to his death,—he showed me a lovely picture of a lady which he wore upon his breast; or rather he did not show it to me willingly, but it fell with a black ribbon out of his waistcoat as he stooped down to embrace me. I asked him who it was; and he blushed almost as beautifully as the morning dawn which was beginning to shine into the window, and hid again the beautiful picture. It could not indeed bring him good luck, for she was veiled in long mourning crapes,—and yet she looked so extremely beautiful, and so very like our kind friend here!"

The good Raoul smiled through his sadness, and Adelaide's cheek glowed as deeply as ever Aubigné's had done that morning, for she had herself presented him with her pic-



ture in an hour of passion, and now her beautiful eyes were irresistibly flooded with tears.

WITHOUT St Luc's light steed paced the street, and soon stopped before Adelaide's house. Out of the saddle leaped Aubigné, sprang up the staircase, and all at once stood in the room surrounded by the exulting children, and firmly locked in the heroic grasp of the old sire Raoul, while, no longer concealing her feelings, the beautiful Adelaide hastened to throw herself into the arms of her restored friend. Who could describe how that evening passed, and the happy cheerfulness of the next days!

ALL remained happy and serene, and even the fearful Sunday on which Aubigné was again to present himself to St Luc, appeared only as a moment of brief separation, to pure minds so inexpressibly happy in their mutual love. Had they not St Luc's certain assurance that Aubigné's life was in no danger, unless in circumstances of which there seemed no chance?

Suddenly there came a trumpeter riding towards Rochelle, who gave to the outposts the following letter, for the Chevalier de Aubigné:—



"MESSIRE,

"FROM the king and the queen, I have this moment received the strictest orders to send you to the fleet at Bourdeaux, that you may there be led to death. I am myself threatened with the same fate, if I refuse to deliver you up; so you had better remain where you are.

ST LUC."

Aubigné instantly got the steed of his knightly adversary out of the stable, and prepared to meet his fate: ready to redeem the honour of his knightly word, by the sacrifice of all the joys of a young and happy life.

It may be thought, that the parting of the Chevalier de Aubigné and his friends would be full of heart-rending grief. Full of grief it certainly was,—how could it be otherwise?—but no heart showed its laceration,—their tears flowed quietly and mildly, their prayers rose ardently, but in pious resignation to heaven, and contained almost as much of thanksgiving for the happy days they had lately been permitted to spend together, as of humble entreaties for the removal of a danger which indeed seemed to be unavoidable,—Adelaide, who on the first announcement of the mournful message seemed almost overwhelmed with grief, now smiled serenely on her departing friend,—the children looked almost cheerfully up to their uncle as on a consecrated victim,—and sire Raoul prepared with anxious zeal every thing necessary for his departure.

Then there arose almost a contest in the streets. Some youths of the town assembled before Adelaide's house, seized



the bridle of St Luc's war-horse, and averred they would detain the gallant knight Aubigné by force. They said they would keep the beloved hero their prisoner, that he might not ride out to a certain death.

A too hasty blush of joyful hope crimsoned Adelaide's cheeks; but scarcely had the little Otto called out in anger to the presumptuous youths: "A knight like my uncle may not be detained by such as you," when Adelaide also glowed with noble indignation. She drew her friend back from the window, and said in a firm voice: "Redeem your honour with your life, noble knight; and, if it cannot be otherwise, fight your way through to St Luc's quarters."

But there was no need of this, for a few thundering words from the usually so mild Raoul had already shaken the youths in their overhasty resolution, and when Aubigné himself stepped out, and beckoned them with a commanding look to fall back, the inclosing circle gave way before him in melancholy and silent admiration.

Greeting for the last time his noble lady, Aubigné spurred his steed, and rushed at a thundering gallop out of the gates of Rochelle.

But now Adelaide sunk in tears back upon her seat,—the children sobbed aloud,—and Raoul hid his venerable countenance in his mantle.

AUBIGNE too, as he rode through the fields in which he had once walked with Adelaide leaning upon his arm, and when he cast back his parting looks on the towers of La Rochelle, felt long repressed sorrow quickened by the love of life rising in his breast. His eye well nigh filled; but he sweetly



composed himself in a brief but earnest prayer to that God whom he served, and prepared himself in the last and sorest trial, to preserve unsullied his allegiance and faith to Him. And as the strength we invoke from Heaven never fails us, Aubigné was now able with a cheerful countenance to order the trumpeter of his party who accompanied him—the last companion, probably, in arms and faith whom he was destined to behold upon earth—to announce him to the enemy's outposts, and then cheerfully dismissed the sobbing warrior, giving him his gold-chain as a reward for this last act of fidelity, and charging him with his greetings and blessings for the good sire Raoul, and for the friendly children, and—alas ! for Adelaide.

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ST LUC's outposts respectfully saluted the returning Aubigné; he thanked them with the friendly pride of a warrior, and rode with slow solemnity through the camp to the tent of their chief. With tears in his eyes, St Luc, who came to meet him, spoke : "I might well have anticipated you would not heed my warning ; but my duty as a knight, and I dare say as a friend, I could by no means leave unfulfilled." Aubigné answered this noble address in a few friendly words, and when on the point of alighting for the last time from the saddle of a horse, he looked around for somebody to take charge of the swift steed.

"Would it were granted to me," said St Luc sighing, "to request you to remain in the saddle and ride back that steed to La Rochelle, keeping it as a remembrance of me !"

"A knight should not make his heart and that of others heavy with useless wishes," smiled Aubigné, with an air of



slight reproach, as he already stood at the side of the noble animal and handed the reins to a soldier. At a distance the ships were seen at anchor ready to bear Aubigné on his death voyage.

That day and the following night, St Luc kept, under various pretexts, his noble adversary and friend in the camp. The latter spent this time as might be expected of a Christian knight; he committed himself, body and soul, into the hands of his God, and the most blessed cheerfulness enlightened his silent melancholy. Shortly after midnight a lively fire of musketry resounded from a distance: Aubigné started up, and seized his sword, but instantly smiling and beckoning towards the noise of war, as if he would beckon it away, said: "I have nothing more to do with thee, thou wild and gay spirit! And thou, my good sword, thou belongest from to-morrow to the noble knight St Luc!" He then sank upon his knees in silent prayer.

The morning beamed into the tent, and beaming with joy like it, St Luc drew aside the curtains.

"You are free," he shouted aloud, "and my steed is neighing without, ready to carry you back to La Rochelle. Now, upon my honour, you dare not refuse to keep him as a remembrance of me!"

Mute and petrified, scarcely knowing whether he was awake or dreaming, Aubigné stared upon him. "Your gallant infantry," continued the joyful St Luc, "had sworn to perish to a man or rescue you. They last night took prisoner, by a prudent and skilful sally, the Chevalier de Guiteaux, the king's lieutenant, and they stake his head against yours. The exchange was instantly decided. Ride now, my pious, gallant knight, ride off, and God be with thee!"

Aubigné raised his thankful heart to God for some silent minutes; then he gave his sword to the noble St Luc to keep, who received it joyfully, and girded his own upon his delivered friend, saying he could not endure the sight of such a knight unarmed. He then led the steed forward and



would not be restrained from holding the stirrup with his own hand. With warm thanks the rescued warrior galloped off amid the good wishes of St Luc's soldiers.

When Aubigné now stopped before Adelaide's house, there bloomed for him, and her, and sire Raoul, and the children, a paradise of pure and exalted joy.

May I be allowed to conclude my recital with the words of the gallant Aubigné himself, from whose historical work I have taken the principal facts of this narrative :

" Mes lecteurs, ne me soupçonnez pas de vous avoir fait ce compte pour ma delectation,—c'est pour vous que je l'ai fait ; ne vous arrêtez pas tant à la louange de la fidélité, qu'à l'exemple et à l'esperance du secours de Dieu, duquel vous devez être certains quand vous faites litière de votre vie pour garder la foi inviolablement."

While riding along through the desolate region, a thunder storm rose over the ocean towards the north,—the waves roared,—the clouds scudded along in gloomy masses before the wind,—the sky grew every instant more dark, "menace

\* This story as told by Steffen—a Dane by birth, but now, we believe, a professor at Breslau—forms the subject of two German novels and a Danish poem.



THE

**MYSTERIOUS WEDDING****A DANISH STORY**

BY HENRY STEFFENS.\*

ON the north-west of Zealand stretches a small fertile peninsula, studded with hamlets, and connected with the mainland by a narrow stripe of waste ground. Beyond the only town which this little peninsula possesses, the land runs out into the stormy Cattegat, and presents an awfully wild and sterile appearance. The living sands have here obliterated every trace of vegetation; and the hurricanes which blow from all points of the ocean are constantly operating a change on the fluctuating surface of the desert, whose hills of sand rise and fall with a motion as incessant as that of the waves which roar around them. In travelling through this country, I spent upwards of an hour in this district, and never shall I forget the impression which the scene made upon my mind.

While riding along through the desolate region, a thunder-storm rose over the ocean towards the north,—the waves roared,—the clouds scudded along in gloomy masses before the wind,—the sky grew every instant more dark, “menac-

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ing earth and sea,"—the sand began to move in increasing volumes under my horse's feet,—a whirlwind arose and filled the atmosphere with dust,—the traces of the path became invisible,—while air, earth, and ocean seemed mingled and blended together, every object being involved in a cloud of dust and vapour, I could not discern the slightest trace of life or vegetation around this dismal scene,—the storm roared above me,—the waves of the sea lashed mournfully against the shore,—the thunder rolled in the distance,—and scarcely could the lurid lightning-flash pierce the heavy cloud of sand which whirled around me. My danger became evident and extreme; but a sudden shower of rain laid the sand and enabled me to push my way to the little town. The storm I had just encountered was a horrid mingling of all elements. An earthquake has been described as the sigh which troubled Nature, heaves from the depth of her bosom: perhaps not more fancifully might this chaotic tempest have typified the confusion of a wildly distracted mind, to which pleasure and even hope itself have been long strangers,—the cheerless desert of the past, revealing only remorse and grief,—the voice of conscience threatening like the thunder, and her awful anticipations casting a lurid light over the gloomy spirit,—till at last the long sealed-up sources of tears open a way for their floods, and bury the anguish of the distracted soul beneath their waves.

In this desolate country there existed in former times a village called Roerwig, about a mile distant from the shore. The moving sands have now buried the village; and the descendants of its inhabitants—mostly shepherds and fishermen—have removed their cottages close to the shore. A single solitary building, situated upon a hill, yet rears its head above the cheerless shifting desert. This building—and the village-church—was the scene of the following mysterious transaction.



In an early year of the last century, the venerable curé of Roerwig was one night seated in his study, absorbed in pious meditations. His house lay at the extremity of the village, and the simple manners of the inhabitants were so little tinged with distrust, that bolts and locks were unknown amongst them, and every door remained open and unguarded.

The lamp burned gloomily,—and the sullen silence of the midnight hour was only interrupted by the rushing noise of the sea, on whose waves the pale moon shone reflected, when the curé heard the door below opened, and the next moment the sound of men's steps upon the stair. He was anticipating a call to administer the last offices of religion to some one of his parishioners on the point of death, when two foreigners wrapped up in white cloaks, entered the room. One of them approaching addressed him with politeness: "Sir, you will have the goodness to follow us instantly. You must perform a marriage-ceremony; the bride and bridegroom are already waiting your arrival at the church. And this sum,"—here the stranger held out a purse full of gold—"will sufficiently recompense you for the trouble and alarm our sudden demand has given you."

The curé stared in mute terror upon the strangers, who seemed to carry something fearful—almost ghastly in their looks, and the demand was repeated in an earnest and authoritative tone. When the old man had recovered from his first surprise, he began mildly to represent that his duty did not allow him to celebrate so solemn a rite without some knowledge of the parties, and the intervention of those formalities required by law. The other stranger hereupon stepped forward in a menacing attitude: "Sir," said he, "you have your choice; follow us and take the sum we now offer you,—or remain, and this bullet goes through your head." Whilst speaking, he levelled his pistol at the forehead of



the venerable man, and coolly waited his answer; whereupon the curé rose, dressed himself, and informed his visitants—who had hitherto spoken Danish but with a foreign accent—that he was ready to accompany them.

The mysterious strangers now proceeded silently through the village, followed by the clergyman. It was a dark autumn night, the moon having already set; but when they emerged from the village, the old man perceived with terror and astonishment that the distant church was all illuminated. Meanwhile his companions wrapped up in their white cloaks, strode hastily on before him through the barren sandy plain. On reaching the church they bound up his eyes; he then heard a side-door open with a well-known creaking noise, and felt himself violently pushed into a crowd of people whose murmuring he heard all around him, while close beside him some persons carried on a conversation in a language quite unknown to him, but which he thought was Russian. As he stood helpless and blindfolded, he felt himself seized upon by a man's hand, and drawn violently through the crowd. At last the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself standing with one of the two strangers before the altar. A row of large tapers, in magnificent silver candlesticks, adorned the altar, and the church itself was splendidly lighted up by a profusion of candles. The deepest silence now reigned throughout the whole building, though the side-passages and all the seats were crowded to excess; but the middle passage was quite clear, and he perceived in it a newly dug grave, with the stone which had covered it leaning against a bench. Around him were only male figures, but on one of the distant benches he thought he perceived a female form. The terrible silence lasted for some minutes, during which not a motion could be detected in the vast assembly. Thus when the mind is bent on deeds of darkness, a silent gloomy brooding of soul often precedes the commission of the horrid action.

At last a man, whose magnificent dress distinguished him



from all the rest and bespoke his elevated rank, rose and walked hastily up to the altar; as he passed along, his steps resounded through the building, and every eye was turned upon him,—he appeared to be of middle stature, with broad shoulders and strong limbs,—his gait was commanding, his complexion of a yellowish brown, and his hair raven black,—his features were severe, and his lips compressed as if in wrath,—a bold aquiline nose heightened the haughty appearance of his countenance, and dark shaggy brows lowered over his fiery eyes. He wore a green coat, with broad gold braids, and a brilliant star. The bride, who also approached, and kneeled beside him at the altar, was magnificently dressed. A sky blue robe, richly trimmed with silver, enveloped her slender limbs, and floated in large folds over her graceful form,—a diadem sparkling with diamonds adorned her fair hair,—the utmost loveliness and beauty might be traced in her features, although despair now expressed itself in them,—her cheeks were pale as those of a corpse,—her features unanimated,—her lips were blanched,—her eyes dimmed,—and her arms hung motionless at her side as she kneeled before the altar; terror seemed to have wrapped her consciousness as well as her vital powers in deep lethargy.

The curé now discovered near him an old ugly hag, in a party-coloured dress, with a blood-red turban upon her head, who stood gazing with an expression of malignant fury on the kneeling bride; and behind the bridegroom, he noticed a man of gigantic size and a gloomy appearance, whose eyes were fixed immoveably on the ground.

Horror-struck by the scene before him, the priest stood mute for some time, till a thrilling look from the bridegroom reminded him of the ceremony he had come thither to perform. But the uncertainty whether the couple he was now about to marry understood his language afforded him a fresh source of uneasiness. He ventured, however, to ask the bridegroom for his name and that of his bride:



"Neander and Feodora," was the answer returned in a rough voice.

The priest now began to read the ritual in faltering accents, frequently stopping to repeat the words, without however either the bride or bridegroom appearing to observe his confusion, which confirmed him in the conjecture that his language was almost unknown to either of them. On putting the question, "Neander, wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" he doubted whether he should receive any answer; but to his astonishment, the bridegroom answered in the affirmative with a loud and almost screaming voice, which rung throughout the whole church, while deep sighs were heard from every quarter of the building, and a silent quivering like the reflection of distant lightning, threw a transitory motion over the death-pale features of the bride. When the priest turned to her with the interrogatory: "Feodora, wilt thou have this man for thy wedded husband?" the lifeless form before him seemed to awake,—a deep convulsive throb of terror trembled on her cheeks,—her pale lips quivered,—a passing gleam of fire shone in her eye,—her breast heaved,—a violent gush of tears flooded the brilliance of her eyes, and the "yes" was pronounced like the scream of anguish uttered by a dying person, and seemed to find a deep echo in the sounds of grief which burst from the surrounding multitude. The bride then sank into the arms of the horrid old hag, and after some minutes had passed in awful silence, the pale corpse-like female kneeled again, as if in a deep trance, and the ceremony was finished. The bridegroom now rose and led away the trembling bride, followed by the tall man and the old woman; the two strangers then appeared again, and having bound the priest's eyes, drew him with violence through the crowd, and pushed him out at the door, which they bolted from within.

For some minutes the old man stood endeavouring to recollect himself, and uncertain whether the horrid scene, with all its ghastly attendant circumstances, might not have been



a dream; but when he had torn the bandage from his eyes, and saw the illuminated church before him, and heard the murmuring of the crowd, he was forced to believe its reality. To learn the issue, he hid himself in a corner of the building, and while listening there he heard the murmuring within grow louder and louder,—then it seemed as if a fierce altercation arose, in which, he thought he could recognise the rough voice of the bridegroom commanding silence,—a long pause followed,—a shot fell,—the shriek of a female voice was heard, which was succeeded by another pause,—then followed a sound of pick-axes which lasted about a quarter of an hour, after which the candles were extinguished, the door was flung open, and a multitude of persons rushed out of the church, and ran towards the sea.

The old priest now arose from his hiding-place, and hastened back to the village, where he awoke his neighbours and friends, and related to them his incredible and marvellous adventure; but every thing which had hitherto fallen out amongst these simple people, had been so calm and tranquil,—so much measured by the laws of daily routine, that they were seized with a very different alarm: they believed that some unfortunate accident had deranged the intellects of their beloved pastor, and it was not without difficulty that he prevailed on some of them to follow him to the church, provided with picks and spades.

Meanwhile the morning had dawned, the sun arose, and when the priest and his companions ascended the hill towards the church, they saw a man-of-war standing off from the shore under full sail towards the north. So surprising a sight in this remote district, made his companions already hesitate to reject his story as improbable, and still more were they inclined to listen to him when they saw that the side-door of the church had been violently burst open. They entered full of expectation, and the priest showed them the grave which he had seen opened in the night-time; it was evident that the stone had been lifted up and replaced again. They, there-



fore, put their implements in motion, and soon came to a new and richly adorned coffin, in which lay the murdered bride,—a bullet had pierced her breast right to the heart,—the magnificent diadem which she had worn at the altar no longer adorned her brows, but the distracted expression of deep grief had vanished from her countenance, and a heavenly calm seemed spread over her features. The old man threw himself down on his knees near the coffin, and wept and prayed aloud for the soul of the dead, while mute astonishment and horror seized his companions.

The clergyman found himself obliged to make this event instantly known, with all its circumstances, to his superior, the bishop of Zealand; meanwhile, until he got further instructions from Copenhagen, he bound all his friends to secrecy by an oath. Shortly afterwards a person of high rank suddenly arrived from the capital; he inquired into all the circumstances, visited the grave, commended the silence which had been hitherto observed, and stated that the whole event must remain for ever a secret, threatening at the same time with a severe punishment any person who should dare to speak of it.

After the death of the priest, a writing was found in the parochial register narrating this event. Some believed that it might have some secret connection with the violent political changes which occurred in Russia after the death of Catherine and Peter I; but to resolve the deep riddle of this mysterious affair will ever be a difficult, if not impossible task.



# MEASURE FOR MEASURE

## A TALE

BY C. WEISFLOG

"Can you tell us how to get out of this cursed scrape?" said Albert von Grunhof, pacing hastily up and down the room, to his elder brother Herrmann, who was seated in a brown study at the window. "Don't make such faces, gallant captain; don't bite your lips so, but give me an answer. You were ever the cleverest of the three in the art of escaping. Ah, my dear brother, my sweet Herrmann, open those rosy mustachioed lips of thine, and be once more our comforter and counsellor!"

"And are you not a councillor yourself?" murmured the other, awakened from his musings over the bankruptcy of his wit; "nay, are you not a councillor of state? Come, you are in the practice of governing,—out with a decree which may be of some service to us; my wits are at a stand—genius, spirit, reason, I have lost them all!"

"You will find them again," said the third personage of this worthy company, the baron Hans von Eschen, as he kept cheerily stirring a reeking bowl of punch; "here, here in this divine fluid, lie strength, genius, and a whole world of the most sublime and useful inventions. Drink, melancholy souls!"

Let's fling care and sorrow abroad on the wind,

And after them send the blue devils!

Jolly toppers are we, and our comfort we'll find

In the sound of the midnight revels.



"Are we not altogether a set of very charming, and excessively amiable fellows? Are we not young, and highly prudent, and intelligent, though the dear worldly Mammon stands upon a somewhat wavering footing with us?"

"Yet are we most miserably restricted *in puncto puncti*!" interrupted Albert. "Well, advise us then, brother Hans. It is your own cause as well as ours; can't you conjure up some nice little spirit out of the vapours of that rum of yours to sharpen our intellect?"

"Oh you fools!" rejoined Hans, comfortably quaffing a glass of the aromatic beverage. "Do you expect inspiration from one,—or two,—or three glasses? Most true it is we are in a miserable dilemma; we are about to get married to a trio of exceedingly sweet, gentle country geese, whom we never saw in our lives before. We have the comfortable certainty before us of spending the hopeful years of youth in the highly creditable profession of country squires. We must renounce the pleasures of travelling and roaming about,—all gaiety and mirth must be hung on the nail,—we become planters of potatoes and turnips, and learn to confine our wanderings to our own pastures, in the company of our Arcadian shepherdesses."

"It is indeed enough to drive one to distraction!" exclaimed Herrmann, quaffing a bumper, and giving Florian, their common valet, an old man of threescore, whom he had detected laughing in his sleeve, a hearty shake by the collar, while he thundered into his ear: "Fellow, can *you* contrive nothing? Old cunning fox, arch-rogue, dear, precious Florian, can't you hit upon something in our behalf?"

Florian silently shrugged his shoulders, but he obviously had little doubt that the inventive genius of his masters would be at no loss to extricate them from their critical position; and critical indeed it was.

The father of the captain and the councillor had lived on the best terms with his two sisters, of whom one was the mother of baron Eschen, and the other was the wife of Co-



lonel Selten. Herrmann and Albert were the only children of the brother, and Hans of his elder sister, while the colonel and his wife were blessed with three daughters. "Oho!" thought they; "here is the finger of Providence; three boys and three girls in a family,—fine estates,—the good understanding which exists amongst us all and must descend to our children,—what can be clearer than that they must marry each other in due time! The boys, eight, nine, and ten years older than their brides,—what in this world can be more convenient!" Straitway the papas and mammas assembled,—and having reflected much and prudently on the frailty of human life around a bowl of Bishop,\* the Notary was called to draw up a very solemn covenant, reciprocally binding on all the parties, to the following purport:

That the three sons should choose no one for their wives save their three cousins, and they, the three ladies, should in like manner hold themselves irrevocably engaged to the said three gentlemen: That the arrangement of pairs should be left to themselves, only in the case of collision the younger party should yield to the elder: That whoever of the six should refuse to implement the conditions of this contract should be bound to yield to him or her whose hand he or she rejected the full half of his or her fortune: That the day on which the youngest of the three gentlemen—baron Hans—should attain majority should be the day of betrothal to all the three couples, and that, should it so please Heaven, the three weddings should take place on one and the same day, at the earliest convenient period thereafter: Hans, being then twenty-four years of age,†—

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\* A glorious species of German punch, made with wine, bitter oranges, and sugar.

† In several German States the period of majority is fixed three years later than with us.



Adelaide sixteen,—Albert twenty-six,—Aurora seventeen,—Herrmann thirty, and Eugenia twenty : That in case of the death of any of the marriage-candidates, then and in that case it was understood that the order should be interrupted in favour of the elder parties, who should again have their choice, unless they should voluntarily yield their right to the younger ; and in the event of the younger being thus thrown destitute of his or her partner, then he or she should be relieved from all the burdens and stipulations of the contract. According to Justice.

The happy representative-contracting parties shed tears of joy in the anticipation of the glad results of this settlement ; the instrument was subscribed and sealed without reflecting that the hopeful Hans was yet at his A, B, C, and Miss Adelaide in the cradle, so that much might fall out before the eventful day arrived, and in particular, that for such a triple wedding as that just concerted, the consent of six free-wills was yet to be sought and obtained. The happiness of the children seemed now firmly grounded ; the relationship and harmonious understanding of the parents,—the *meum* and *tuum* considerations which had been brought to bear upon the scheme,—all this could not fail, it was thought, to twine the silver bands of love around six hearts, even though the duty of filial obedience should be left out of account. An intimate ante-nuptial acquaintance among the young people was indeed out of the question, as, though the estates of the bridegrooms lay adjacent to each other, yet those of colonel Selten, the patrimony of the brides, were two hundred miles distant, in the neighbourhood of the capital, where the families with difficulty contrived to have a friendly interview every leap year, as on the occasion when the before-recited contract was adjusted. But that was of no consequence ; those whom fate has destined for each other, will find one another though oceans flow between them,—how much more in the



present case, when so many finger-posts pointed out their path! And with how much more than common force might it not be expected, should those be mutually linked, for whose union the love of parents had twined a chain of reciprocal advantages, of which those links which seemed the least secure had been soldered with the solder of the law itself! It happened, however, in this, as in many similar cases, that what looked extremely beautiful and just in theory, was found very ill-adapted for practice. At first, the three light-hearted boys were highly pleased with the tale of their betrothal to their three little cousins whom they had never seen; they played at weddings in their games,—drew their respective sweethearts upon the walls of their nursery and the boards of their books,—and expressed great impatience for a sight of them. But they soon got tired of them and of their own fruitless expectation; for aunt Selton died shortly after the drawing-up of the extraordinary contract just recited, and papa Grunhof fell into such a bad state of health, that a meeting of the families was for the time impossible. The images of the three cousins therefore grew gradually more indistinct before the eyes of their *nolentes volentes* suitors, and the prospects of dim futurity were lost in the bright sunshine of the merry present. Gradually this futurity assumed even an unpleasant light to the young gentlemen,—the older they grew, the more hideous became those words YOU MUST, which they saw written before them in black characters on the portal of the future. Show to a young and free heart all the glories of this world, and attach to them that absolute and inexorable must, and it will turn away in disgust, and cling to the meaner object of its own unfettered choice.

The more, consequently, the parents enlarged on the happiness awaiting their sons, the more disgusted these sons became with the prospect of their felicity; and when, one after the other, all their parents had been laid in their graves, excepting the old colonel, the father of the three brides, the ob-



stinate strongheaded fellows resolved that they would not marry their cousins.

What influence this resolution would have upon their fortune never cost one of them a thought, for they had all more than they wanted in the meantime. Whether the ladies were animated by the same tender feelings towards their destined bridegrooms, or more resigned to the fate whose decree had doubtless been again and again rung in their ears, what man possessing any knowledge of the human heart, and of that of woman in particular, can doubt! To the mind of woman too—though much more habituated to passive compliance than that of man—that hideous word *MUST* is ineffably disgusting; and it is easy to believe that the three ladies early arrived at no less decided resolution—though they kept it more to themselves—to marry any other men on earth rather than their stupid cousins. They even exhausted their powers of invention in representing their cousins in the most ridiculous and unfavourable light. Among their dolls there was always sure to be one of preeminent ugliness,—some hunch-back, or ridiculous coxcomb, or sottish clown, who was never allowed to come into the company of the other elegant gentlemen and ladies, but was kept at a respectful distance from his superiors, and when any one asked the name of the unfortunate doll in disgrace, he was instantly informed that it was cousin Herrmann, or cousin Albert, or cousin Hans.

The gentlemen, meanwhile, had grown up—all unconscious of the insults heaped upon them by their fair cousins—into the joyous bloom of youth. Linked together in the closest bond of friendship, they had gone through an arduous course of study; they had attained some dignities in the State;—Albert had become a councillor,—Herrmann a captain of hussars,—and Hans had devoted himself to agricultural pursuits on his noble estates; they had afterwards all three, in the severe struggle with the French, got themselves covered with honourable wounds and orders of merit, of which—



thanks to our enlightened age for so humanizing our surgeons—the latter only remained visible. But in the free and easy life of gay students and soldiers, the money which they drew from the unwilling purses of their stewards and guardians, quickly vanished like a sublimated essence, and only a very unpleasant *caput mortuum* remained behind in the shape of a heavy burden of debts. That their worthy factors and guardians should have attended to themselves in the general dilapidation and spoliation, every one will pronounce quite just and reasonable; the enemy too had done all he could to reap where he had not sown; and a series of inundations and bad harvests had completed the derangement of their financial resources. It was thus quite natural that the young gentlemen on their return from their wanderings should find nothing but empty purses and coffers; while, on the contrary, the old uncle knew no end of his well-hoarded riches. But for reasons, sufficiently known to our readers, the young sparks had very carefully avoided their said uncle; they seldom bestowed a thought upon him,—and hardly ever put themselves to the trouble of acquainting him with their existence by letter. Their hearts indeed had often been attracted towards the old man, the last remaining stem of their family, but were as often repelled by the thought that his castle was haunted by those three dragons who so greedily coveted their persons and possessions.

“Pray, what sort of figures have they got?” they would sometimes say to Florian, who as a sort of heir-loom of the family had lived since the memory of man on the estates of Grunhof and Eschen, and who knew the fair ladies, as he had sometimes been sent on confidential messages between their papa and the colonel. “Oh, miserable!” he would reply, and accompany his intimation with such grimaces as did not tempt them to any closer inquiry. Further interrogation would besides have been of no avail, for they knew well that no entreaty, persuasion, or force, could drag out of the old fellow any thing he chose to conceal, as he had always his



own good reasons whether for speaking or remaining silent. Under his eyes and care the youths had grown up, for he lived alternately at Grunhof and Eschen as *valet de chambre* to their papas. He had made himself indispensable to the old gentleman by his honesty, punctuality, and fidelity; but Florian would rather have died of hunger than have performed the slightest piece of service for the ladies or their appendices, the *femmes de chambre*,—he lived only for his old and young masters. Florian had got some peculiar notions on the subject of free-agency, which he rigidly maintained in practice; and in consequence of which, whenever he found himself settling comfortably down at Grunhof, he packed up his wallet, shook the dust from his feet, and set off for Eschenthal, with the exclamation, "Man must preserve his liberty!" The same thing he repeated at Eschenthal for like reasons. "Who is master," he peevishly exclaimed; "You comforts and enjoyments of home? Or I myself? No! man must preserve his liberty." And then he would wander back to Grunhof, where he played the same game over again, alternately attracted and repelled between the two places like the electric spider. "Man must preserve his liberty,"—yet in spite of this very excellent maxim, no one was more the slave of his attachments and habits than Florian, the excursiveness of whose freedom was circumscribed within the narrow circle of alternate service on the estates of his two masters. When they died he exclaimed again: "Man must preserve his liberty! I cannot blame them for quitting with this life; but Florian too is free." After this he attached himself sometimes to Hans, sometimes to Albert or Herrmann, and at other times to the whole trio at once, in the capacity of servant of all work, help-at-need, and scape-goat in all their follies and misfortunes. In this way he had followed at a respectful distance the brave Herrmann into the battle of Leipsic,—had nursed Hans while lying sick in the hospital,—and at the battle of Ligny, whither he had attended Albert, had at a very early period of the fight, when mat-



ters were going on not so pleasantly as he could have wished, taken to his heels, with his favourite exclamation, "Man must preserve his liberty!" Thus too he had twice, in the preceding winter, been present with his masters at a great ball in the capital, where the young gentlemen lost their hearts to three masked beauties; and he was now about to accompany them on the fatal and unavoidable journey to Walheim, the residence of their uncle and the three enchanted princesses. For, alas! the birth-day of the baron Hans, on which he would accomplish his twenty-fourth year, and on which the three bespoken bridegrooms must inevitably appear at Walheim and preserve or renounce the half of their fortune, drew nigh, and not more time remained, previous to the fatal day, than was necessary for the journey.

This was the secret of the unusual gloom which now oppressed the spirits of the three gay brothers, and drew them pensively together for the purpose of holding a grand deliberative council respecting what was most proper to be done in the emergency; and this also was the reason of the old rogue's being admitted to a share in the conference and the bowl of punch.

"So you really do not know what to do," exclaimed Hans, drinking more furiously; "and we must sacrifice the only remaining half of our moveable and heritable property?"

For to become unfaithful to thee, Precioso,—to marry another than thee—No! that I will never do."

"And sooner than forsake my Tyrolese," interrupted Herrmann—"sooner will I cut my throat!"

"And thee, my lovely Grecian," sighed Albert, "thee shall I lose for ever!"

"Oh misery!" sighed all the three together.

"Oh death!" responded clerk Florian, slowly draining his cup to the bottom.

"Whichever way I turn," murmured Herrmann, "all is lost to us. If we marry our sweet cousins, we must of course



give up all idea of those we love; if we refuse the former, how can we, reduced to beggary, offer our hands to the latter?"

"Oh hard conclusion! most lamentable must!" responded the whole choir; and now nought, save the occasional sipping of the toppers, interrupted the solemn silence into which they sank.

Can we wonder at the despair of these poor lovers? Would to Heaven they had not seen the capital that winter! No masquerade would then have made wreck of their fortunes,—no Precioso,\* no Tyrolese, no fair Grecian would then have stolen into their hearts to disturb their tranquillity. In peace might they then have celebrated the birth-day of Hans at Walheim, and found that sour apple, which they were there condemned to taste, not so bitter as they had at first anticipated; and the friendly Mammon also—a matter not to be despised—might have strewn their path with golden roses. But all this was now beyond hope. He who has ever felt another choice forced upon him than that on which he had set his heart,—who, instead of free and heart-felt love, has been constrained to obey the dictates of another's will, will best understand the melancholy position of the three unhappy swains; and if he had been with them at the ball, and seen the goddesses who there won their hearts, most certainly would he have sympathised with them in their complaints.

But who were those three lovely heart-stealers? That is a question, gentle reader, you ask in vain; the three happy and yet unhappy slaves could not answer it themselves.

Precioso had glided swiftly into the ball-room in her fanciful Spanish costume, glittering with a thousand spangles,

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\* Precioso, a young gypsy character in Weber's well-known opera of that name, the subject of which is borrowed from Cervantes.



and instantly poor Hans was lost ; his eyes beheld and followed her only. In an ecstasy of delight he whirled with her through the waltz ; but still more blessed was he during those moments in which a friendly conversation revealed to him that this Preciosa was in no degree inferior to her prototype in innocence, intellect, and loveliness. The evening had passed with cruel rapidity ; how quickly had it passed to the happy Herrmann too, who, spell-bound to the prettiest Tyrolese who ever waltzed at a German ball in narrow corset and party-coloured petticoat, could not perceive what was going on with the two others,—of whom, however, none was more beside himself with love and delight than Albert, whom a slender maiden from Mitylene, with steps as light as Hebe's, had borne up into the very highest heavens.

"But are we not altogether a pack of dunces," inquired they of each other, when after midnight they once more found themselves in their chamber at the hotel, and sobering down into calm reflection, "to fall so inextricably in love with unknown masks ? A set of butterflies, who, as soon as twelve o'clock had struck, flew off without affording us an opportunity of getting a peep below their masks !"

"How *I* look," exclaimed Herrmann, "she knows ! I took my nose off at the buffet ; and even told her my name."

"So did I to my Greek," sighed Albert.

"And I too to my Tyrolese," exclaimed Herrmann ; "I could not think of permitting that ugly Jew's beard to disfigure my handsome features while with her in the side-room !"

"Nor could I," interrupted Albert, "when in the recess of a window I stammered out to my Grecian the confession of my love. What a fool I was ! What must she think of me ! And she did my foolship ample reverence in jumping away from me with that laugh and low curtsy !"

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\* It is a rule occasionally observed in Masquerades, that after midnight has struck, every person who is desired to unmask must comply with the wish, if expressed in polite terms.



"And have we not all exposed ourselves most horridly?" grumbled Herrmann.

"Man must preserve his liberty!" ejaculated Florian; "he must be free to expose himself, as well as to drown or to hang himself."

It may be easily imagined that the old cunning fox was sent round by his masters—in whose hearts the flame of first love waxed high in spite of all the cold water-floods with which grave reflection strove to drown it—to reconnoitre who were the three goddesses and the old lady who accompanied them. As easily may it be imagined that the young gentlemen contrived to linger out the week till the second masquerade in the capital; their fair ones had promised to be there in the same costume, and kept their word; and at this second interview the happy lovers were satisfied that they had not exposed themselves. A gracious smile told how willingly the Greek accepted a lock of Albert's hair,—the Tyrolese a rose from Herrmann,—and Preciosa a Forget-me-not of turquoise from Hans, as remembrances and tokens of unchangeable faith. But of what avail was all this to the lovers? That the objects of their love were their equals in birth and mind, they were assured of by their manners, the richness of their dress, and the splendour of their diamonds; but that was all they knew; and Florian preserved the most obstinate silence, either because he was resolved not to tell anything, or because he had nothing to tell. A single beam of hope was shed over all this gloom, by the last words of the three lovely girls—"we will meet again." These words alternately inspired their amorous knights with comfort and despair, as the decisive day at Walheim was drawing near, and not a trace of the ladies of the masks was as yet to be found.

"If we refuse our charming cousins," murmured Herrmann once more, "you know what will be the consequence. And, yet, refuse them we must!"

"Refuse? Refuse? We refuse them?" thoughtfully re-



peated Hans, dropping the hand which held the glass on the table, and staring from him like one suddenly seized with some great idea; he then jumped up as if he had been bit by a tarantula, seized Albert by the breast with sparkling eyes, and called out: "Councillor, I have got a beam of hope, I am inspired! No, not *we*! it shall not be *we* who shall refuse the dear little loves—*they* shall refuse us!"

"Are you mad?" interrupted Albert. "*They* refuse us, refuse the most amiable coxcombs that woman's eye ever smiled upon! What are you thinking about? How did such an idea ever enter into your head?"

"Oho! Oho!" shouted Hans, "that is just the thing. I have found it, brothers mine! We must make ourselves as ugly as possible, so that our fair cousins may be horrified at the sight of us, and thank heaven if they get rid of us at the loss of half their fortune."

"And how will you manage that?" inquired Herrmann, "Can you blow up your person like an empty sack; or put as many folds into your face as an old petticoat?"

"There is no need I should," replied Hans; "my face remains as it is; but between my shoulders, my friends, I shall place the Chimborazo. And I should like to see the girl worth one hundred thousand crowns who would give her hand to such a monster!"

"Brother," exclaimed Albert in unfeigned rapture, "that is truly a fortunate thought! Yes, you are right. I have got a bullet in my left foot and will make my declaration of love bent double on a crutch."

"I," interrupted Herrmann with great gaiety, "I have lost an eye. With a black patch as large as my hand upon my face, where is the cousin who could contrive to fall in love with me?"

"Glorious! excellent!" shouted all at once, as they whisked old Florian round the table in a high waltz.

"But," insinuated Herrmann in a more reasonable mood, "can we deceive our uncle with such a trick?"



"Why not?" replied Hans. "For twenty years we have not seen each other; and our respective tales of misfortune will easily be got up. Therefore, let us go to work cheerfully and courageously, and get ourselves in readiness for our masquerade."

The unlucky brothers thus found themselves all at once extricated from their dilemma. Florian indeed wore a somewhat portentous countenance, but the three gay youths gave themselves little concern about this,—the more so as they knew it would be a fruitless attempt to draw any farther explanation from the sly old rogue.

On the once so much dreaded day of departure, the three merry fellows stepped into their carriage,—the first half-blind with a horrid black plaster covering one side of his countenance; the second hobbling upon a crutch; and the third with a hunch-back that projected far over the back of the open vehicle in which they travelled. The duties of coachman, servant, and confidant, were united in the single person of Florian.

In this guise, after a fortunate journey, they drove into the castle-yard of Walheim. "Welcome! Welcome, my dear nephews!" exclaimed the Colonel from the top of the landing-place as he hastened to receive his guests. "You have found the way then at last to your old uncle! But"—he started when the whole hospital had alighted—"what means this? Captain, what a plaster you have got there!"

"Dearest uncle," sighed he, "an unfortunate blow from a lancer at Leipsic deprived me of my left eye."

"Oh," replied the Colonel in a tone of the utmost sympathy, "my brave fellow, that's a great pity. And you, councillor, what are you doing with that crutch?"

"Alas," replied the councillor in a most lamentable tone, "I got it at Laon, by having been suddenly drawn from under a broken cannon; unfortunately they took hold of me by the right leg and drew it out to the length you see, so that I must help the shorter one with a crutch."



"Well," said the Colonel smiling, "that is indeed marvellous. And you, cousin Hans, where got you that amazing hunch?"

"On Montmarte," answered Hans; "a rascally grenadier of the guards threw his bear-skin cap at my breast, and—"

"And that," said the Colonel, shaking his sides with laughter, "caused that mountain to grow on your back! But never mind, my good fellows, your infirmities are no cause of shame to you, and will, I trust, be no hindrance to the completion of our intended project,—you know what I mean; come in, come in, place yourselves under the friendly roof of your old uncle; once more you are heartily welcome; your cousins, who are quite overjoyed at the thoughts of seeing you, will soon make their appearance. They are only dressing themselves up a little, poor things; and they have great need of it, for they are all unfortunate cripples like yourselves."

"Cripples!" exclaimed the brothers, looking aghast at each other.

"Why—yes!" replied the Colonel; "lame, blind of an eye, and hunch-backed like yourselves. Were you not aware of that,—and are you not satisfied that it should be so? You know the matter will be so much the more easily settled,—like draws easily to like. But I see you are impatient to behold your brides,—I will go and fetch them."

"Oh misery!" exclaimed the bridegrooms in a tone of utter despair. "They will *not* refuse us! Of what avail has been all our masquerading ingenuity? And, you, Florian, you rascal, why did you not tell us this?"

"Did I not?" replied Florian. "Have I not always told you that your cousins were in a very sorry plight; yet I cannot believe that for all that they will take their pennyless cousins with such figures as you now have got. When did you hear of a girl with a hundred thousand crowns, though she had the figure of an ape, giving her hand to a man with one eye, or one leg, or a hunch-back? And will not the



dear children, in spite of papa, get their own will at last? This you know is always the case, for man must preserve his liberty, and young ladies are in a certain degree entitled to their liberty too—so cheer up, here they come!”

“Here is my eldest daughter Eugenia, my dear cousins,” said the Colonel, introducing his daughter, “the black band which conceals her left eye will not render her less interesting, particularly to you Herrmann, for you know one pair of good eyes between you is quite sufficient for a happy couple. If you will shut your eyes—that is to say, each of you your good one—to the faults of one another, it is certain you will not be able to find a single fault in each other, and so you will continue to regard each other as perfect angels to the end of the chapter. And this is my second daughter Aurora. It is quite marvellous that she should be lame of the right foot; but that will enable you both, my dear cousin Albert, to halt merrily on through the path of life with a crutch on each side of your steps. That my youngest daughter Adelaide there, should be hunch-backed, is to be regarded as rather a fortunate circumstance, cousin Hans, for like draws to like. The merry girls are laughing you see; but it is not at you. It is the gaiety which I contrive to extract from misfortune which tickles them, for *ridendo dicere verum* is an old motto with me. Now, my good friends, it is your turn to introduce yourselves, and you may do that in your own way.”

This introduction, and the whole position of the swains, would require to be painted by the pencil of a Hogarth. They felt quite non-plussed, for they had never calculated on such a state of things at Walheim. They ventured only a few timid looks at their bewitching cousins, but these sly glances found a most provokingly kind reception, and by and bye they discovered a great deal more than they had ever dreamed of. The vivacity of the three girls, who, in spite of their unfortunate predicament, were all life and good nature, quickly wrought upon the conversation; and when the clock



at last struck twelve, and the observation of the uncle, "There is a time for every thing, you are tired, to-morrow we meet again," had forced the guests to retire, they found that the hours had flown unperceived over their heads.

Silent and thoughtful they paced through their apartment for a while. At last Herrmann broke silence: "What think you friends? Don't you feel yourselves somewhat like fools under that masquerade of yours? That Eugenia, though she has only one eye, does she not bloom like one of the Graces?"

"That Aurora," interrupted Albert, "is she not—so long as she does not attempt to walk—a very Venus? Those fair locks falling over her swan-white temples, are they not——"

"And Adelaide," interrupted Hans, "when you see her only in front, would you not take her for Hebe, the goddess of youth?"

"And the mind! the mind! that fresh happy temper,—," exclaimed all together, "surely they deserved a better fate!"

After having thus declaimed in praise of their three cousins till they had exhausted themselves, they suddenly paused, and gazing on one another, indulged themselves in a hearty laugh at their own folly, in suffering themselves to be so easily and instantaneously conquered, and bound as it were by a spell. To this succeeded a consciousness of guilt united to the remembrance of the masks; and with the firm resolution to remain faithful to Preciosa, the Greek, and the Tyrolese, they sunk into the arms of Morpheus.

"Hans," exclaimed Herrmann in the morning, awakened by a piece of heavenly music, "hear you that?"

"Of course we do," sighed Hans or Albert, "it seems the melody of angels, but I wager it is the hunch-backed, eyeless, cripple trio, who are thus twisting and twining a magical chain—Armidas that they are—for us poor Rinaldos!"

"It is no other," rejoined Hans; "do you hear how they intermix the sublime notes with a chorus of laughter in ridicule no doubt of us?"



"And do you think," said Albert, "that these arch-witches, who just need such men as we to exercise their wit upon, will refuse us? Was the reception they gave us yesterday evening, and their behaviour then, like a prelude to a refusal?"

"I know not what to think," replied Hans; "it seems to me that we have taken the trouble thus shamefully to disguise ourselves for very little purpose; for we shall certainly go off as pennyless as we came."

"Be that as it may," concluded all, "there is no help for it; and we must carry through the farce come what may of it."

It was natural that they should now become more cautious,—that they should try to reconnoitre the ground on which they stood, and summon all their strength to remain blind and deaf to those charms which might tempt them to prove unfaithful to their beloved masks. But all was of no avail, for if the first day they had found their cousins tolerable,—they thought them charming the second, and divine the third—the fourth, all was over with them and the masks, and they owned to each other that they would be the most unfortunate of men if their fair cousins should refuse them. And that this might very easily happen, they were obliged to confess, on observing, that as they got every day more and more over the ears in love, the ladies became cooler and cooler: by and bye contenting themselves with the most ordinary politeness in their behaviour towards their cousins. This observation hung like a heavy thunder-cloud over the sighing swains, but seemed only to increase their passion. The face of affairs had entirely changed; they now trembled as much at the possibility of a "no," as they had formerly shrunk from the prospect of a "yes," and banished for ever from their hearts were the goddesses of the masquerade. "Should we be the fools," they now said to one another, "to hunt after problematical figures in blind passion,—figures of whom we know not even the countenance; and on the



other hand is not every thing open and clear before us here, —the draw-backs as well as the beauties and perfections? Oh, what are those insignificant defects of the body compared to the rich gifts of the intellect and the mind!"

"And compared to three hundred thousand crowns," added Florian.

"Hold your tongue, you base slave of Mammon!" angrily exclaimed the enthusiastic lovers. "If they were poor, entirely poor, and did not—as they do—unite every charm, our lives would nevertheless depend upon their decree. Oh, why did we ever fall upon the idea of this unfortunate disguise, which may perhaps for ever shut upon us the gates of paradise!" "Alas! how shall I get rid of my plaster?" sighed Herrmann. "And I of my crutch?" moaned Albert. "And I of this cursed hunch-back?" gnashed Hans; "and my birth-day, does it not fall to-morrow?"

"We must come to a decision," resolved the trio at last, and immediately ventured with beating hearts to make the open confession of their love, and timidly but earnestly solicited that "yes," without which they felt no enjoyment could remain for them on earth.

But they were struck as if by a thunderbolt, when each of the cruel ladies laughed outright in mockery of them, exclaiming, "How! what! My dear cousin, are you mad? Do you really speak in sober earnest? Has our indulgence inspired you with so foolish a presumption, as to suppose that we are to bestow our hands on a cripple, a hunch-back, and a man with one eye?"

The astonished swains stood for a moment in doubt whether to retort the indelicate reproach on the proud maidens, who seemed not at all conscious that they were labouring under the same misfortunes. But the power of love, which had reduced these defects to nothing in their eyes, allowed them to cherish no other feeling than that of transient offence, which fell indeed light upon them, for they were instantly filled with joy by the consciousness that they could



quickly clear themselves of all ground of objection on that score.

"Then," stammered Herrmann hastily out, "if we were neither lame, nor blind, nor hunch-backed you would grant us your love?"

"That may be a question," replied Adelaide; "but how can you give yourselves what you do not possess, or how can you get rid of what disfigures you?"

"We can! we can!" shouted the brothers.

"At your feet, my adorable Eugenia," exclaimed Herrmann, "I place my plaster?"

"At your feet, my heavenly Aurora, sighed Albert, "I lay down my arms—my crutch, where I have long ago laid my heart."

"And here, divine Adelaide," concluded Hans, drawing the leather-cushion from his back, "here is my hunch-back!"

"Help! help!" screamed the girls, throwing themselves into the arms of their father who entered at the moment, "our cousins are in league with the devil! They put off and on their limbs as they choose! The monsters! Father, revenge the insult done us by these villains who have so shamefully mocked our misfortunes!"

"What the deuce does this mean?" inquired the colonel; "what is the meaning of all this, nephews?"

"It means," the repentant youths exclaimed, "that we have in our folly deceived the best of uncles,—that we are sound from top to toe,—and that we beseech him to intercede for us with our dear cousins, whom we have likewise deceived, though not with any malicious intent, and without whom there is no happiness for us in the world."

"Well," smiled the colonel, "all this is very singular!" So far as I am concerned I heartily pardon you all: but you must settle with the girls themselves for the mischief you have done them. So you could love and respect in them those defects of which you yourselves so lately made a jest?"



"We shall be in Heaven with them!" exclaimed all the three. "What are those defects when balanced against so many perfections?"

"And you," said the colonel to his daughters, "what do you say to it?"

"That this behaviour is quite unpardonable," resounded from the lips of all. "That I, for my part," added Eugenia, "will have none of them."

"Nor I," said Aurora. "And I certainly not," finished Adelaide, "for what fidelity and love can be expected of such facetious gentlemen, who are already such accomplished liars and deceivers."

"Oh pardon! pardon us!" begged the brothers. "We did not know what we were doing."

"You did not know," inquired the colonel, "and yet you did! Come, quick, confess the truth! Why did you do it? Was it to mock the poor girls?"

"Heaven is our witness we never thought of that!" asseverated all. "We had no idea that—"

"Now then," interrupted the Colonel, "what was your reason?"

Nigh to perspiring with anxiety the brothers looked around them for something to help them out of their scrape, when Florian entered the room.—"Is it not true," they called to him, once more breathing freely; "Is it not true, Florian, that our masquerade was nothing but an innocent jest?"

"Nothing more in the world!" affirmed the old man. "Preciosa, the Greek, and the Tyrolese will not be such fools as to take in good earnest the declaration of love which strangers made to them; and the Rose, the Lock of hair, and the turquoise Forget me not!"

"Hold your tongue, you rascal!" were the words with which the frightened suitors interrupted this alarming speech. The colonel laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks, but his daughters, covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, screamed out in a stifled voice: "Save us, father,



from these deceivers and monsters, whose hearts and words are as false as their figures! Have we not just now heard that they have already pledged their faith to others?"

"Is that true?" asked the colonel, wiping his eyes.

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the nephews. "Such a design never entered our minds, and who knows what a long forgotten jest that ass speaks of!"

The three suitors renewed their warm protestations of love and asseverations of fidelity, but the inexorable ladies dropped each a low grave curtsy and hastened with loud laughter out of the room.

"Let them go," said the colonel, in a soothing tone, but unable to restrain his laughter; "you'll find their equals everywhere. I am only sorry for the contract, not in the least for you. You win by the business three hundred thousand crowns, and are free to choose other brides."

"That we will not!" exclaimed the trio; "and if we cannot win their hearts we do not want their gold."

"Will you give me that in writing?" inquired the colonel with most earnestness.

"In writing and a legal form," rejoined the three friends, looking with singular feelings on their now inexplicable uncle, who quickly left the room.

"What is all this to come to?" inquired they of one another. "Are we to get measure for measure; or is this a farce in which we are at first to play the part of harlequin and clown, though it is all to end well?"

They spent the day in deep and manifold reflections; but matters assumed no better aspect. The maidens jeered and mocked them; and a friendly glance which seemed to fall out by chance now and then, rendered the whole affair still more enigmatical. Thus, wavering between hope and fear, the agitated suitors opened their eyes on the dawn of the decisive day on which Hans was to complete his twenty-fourth year.

The uncle now announced to them that though he had



once hoped to have done honour to the day by a signal festival, he was, nevertheless, still resolved not to allow it to pass over without some kind of *gaudeamus*; and with this design he was to give a masquerade in the evening, which indeed was the only entertainment his poor children could enjoy, as they could then hide their deformities under an all-concealing disguise. He added that he had invited his cousin, who had three lovely daughters that danced like angels, and his nephews might appear in any characters they liked best, as a chariot-load had just arrived of masks of all nations and every description—gods, men, and devils, out of which they could suit their own fancies.

“And the true flesh and blood devils,” sighed the brothers, “will also not fail to appear and treat us according to our deserts! Oh it is now that the demon of mischief begins to work, and no misfortune ever comes single!”

They felt quite assured, that, to complete the sum of their misery, the three masks would make their appearance in the evening, and that they were the daughters of that cousin of whom their uncle had spoken.

“Now, my friends,” exclaimed Hans, “now we shall be roasted between two fires, and expose ourselves as we have done before!”

“No!” shouted Herrmann, “my resolution is firm.”

“And mine!” exclaimed Albert.

“And mine not less so,” said Hans laughing; “but from one side at least we have little to hope!”

To make the best of it, and to avoid at least till midnight the unpleasant recognition, they chose such costumes as they believed would best conceal their persons; and then in their own apartment sought the foaming punch-bowl to inspire them with fortitude for the trial, for all below were occupied in a bustle of preparation for the evening fete.

Evening came on,—one of the wings of the castle began to glitter with the light of candles,—carriages rolled up, and the most grotesque figures alighted out of them,—gay music



called to the dance,—and our three friends could no longer delay to make their appearance: their uncle had already sent twice for them. They entered with no very enviable feelings, it may easily be imagined, the already crowded saloon; their hasty glances explored it in every direction, but, thanks to heaven, the dreaded masks were nowhere to be seen. But neither were the beloved cousins; their uncle only, whose form was easily recognised under the mask of a stately knight, strutted about, proud as a turkey-cock, among his guests. The suitors cast a scrutinizing glance around them for a concealed lame foot, or hunch-back, but in vain; all they saw skipped about with the lightest and most graceful steps imaginable; and if there was a blind person in the room, that defect could not of course be discovered beneath the mask. It seemed quite clear that the three sisters had been detained from making their appearance in the ball-room. As the suitors had proposed to dance with none but them, they walked about among the joyful crowd with an air of indifference, or stood apart and plunged in deep reflection.

All at once the folding-doors were flung open, and an elegant and slightly disguised lady stepped in,—it was the expected cousin, and oh, good heavens! at her side glided in Preciosa, the Tyrolese, and the Greek! They promenaded around the room; but as mist retreats before the sun, so did the three suitors now fly before those fair ones whom once they so eagerly pursued. This manœuvre, however, was of brief avail. They were soon laid hold of, and—what to them appeared quite inexplicable,—fully recognised.

“Fair masker,” whispered Preciosa, “do you still sing:

‘My heart longs for Seville?’”

“I don’t know that song,” answered Hans, very abruptly.

“But me you know,” said Preciosa, laughing.

“I once dreamt something of the kind,” grumbled Hans; “but that is over since I awoke. Can such a dream, the



vision of a ball, be any thing else but an airy nothing? You must yourself be aware of that, and you only wish to mock me."

"Ibrahim Pacha," whispered the Greek, "why do you fly from me. I am the same I was, and I am not afraid of you."

"Fair Greek," replied Albert, "I am a believer in predestination; and predestination has said, 'It shall not be.'"

"Awake, dear Swiss, awake, 'tis time,"

Sang the Tyrolese into Herrmann's ear.

"Oh stay me not, my love, for the morning dawns."

rejoined Herrmann.

"Unfaithful monster!" screamed the Tyrolese; but Herrmann had made his escape.

But, alas! wherever they turned, the avengeful furies hung upon their steps.

"Shall I tell you your fortune?" said Precioso, snatching the hand of the resisting Hans:

"Before the clock has struck the hour of ill,

Thou shalt bear thy willing bride to fair Seville."

"That is not very probable," murmured Hans, trying to shake himself free of the gipsy; "Seville is far; my motto is: 'Stay at home and win your livelihood honestly.'"

Precioso continued with a spiteful laugh: "Oh, are you thinking of the hunch-backed lady?"

"Yes," replied Hans in a fury, "I am thinking of the hunch-backed lady and of her alone!"

"Leave me, charming foe," entreated Ibrahim Pacha; "you are right, the crutch is my banner and I will keep to it for ever."

"Love is blind," smiled the Tyrolese.

"Yes," replied Herrmann, "but to me in one eye only,



and heaven beams on me from the other. Give me back my rose."

"On the contrary, you only endear it the more to me," replied she.

"On my breast it joyous blooms."

"Never!" ejaculated Herrmann angrily, and looked about him for a deliverer.

They were now accosted by the noble Bayard, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, the dear uncle himself, who professed himself quite astonished to see his dear nephews so gloomy amid the general merriment, and not dancing.

"Cheer up, you knights of the rueful countenance!" said he:

'Oh who would pine with inward smart,

While spring and youth are blowing?

Who would keep sorrow in his heart,

When the days of prime are glowing?

"Cheer up! After supper you will dance gaily enough. All's well that ends well; and then shall our Hans' birth-day be concluded."

"Then preparations must soon be made for it," said the despairing friends. "Midnight draws near, and yet no happy star has risen upon our love."

"Because you are blind," replied the colonel, laughing.

The youths were again chased about by those tormenting sprites, who, they felt with additional horror, were notwithstanding very lovely and charming. One hour after another struck. "All is now over," they sighed; "only a few minutes remain to us till Hans shall have accomplished his twenty-fourth year, and hope itself expire. For would they not be here? Would they not give us a sign of their presence if it were otherwise? Already the clock points upon the fatal hour!"



"It is true," exclaimed Preciosa, the Greek, and the Tyrolese all in one breath, "there are but five minutes remaining! Oh noble knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, be you before this hour has fled, judge betwixt us and these faithless men!"

"I!" exclaimed the colonel. "What! a *cour d'Amour*—judgment and justice! What are your complaints, fair and noble maskers, against each other? Soon we must withdraw to supper; here the cause cannot be justly heard, follow me to the tribunal, the picture-gallery."

A splendidly lighted hall was thrown open, and the six masks stepped into it after Bayard with trembling hearts.

Bayard now broke silence: "Let us hear the question," said he.

"The question is," replied Precioso in a low voice, "whether old love or new ought to be preferred?"

"We know of one love only," interrupted Herrmann.

"And I," said Hans, "will not be of age for two minutes yet."

"And our goddesses," resumed all the three, "are called Eugenia, Aurora, and Adelaide."

"Even so are we also called," answered the fair masks.

"You! you!" exclaimed the brothers.

"Behold us!" cried the ladies, taking off their masks.

"Oh Adelaide! Eugenia! Aurora!" exclaimed the brothers, who seemed like men suddenly awaking from the dark night to the sunny day. "You were what we sought, and we knew it not! And the band? And the crutch? And the hunch-back?"

"Were as deceitful as your own," answered the colonel, shaking his sides with laughter. "Do you take them as they stand?"

"Dare we then cherish hope?" stammered the brothers.

"We should indeed allow you none," whispered the maidens; "and you know why. But your fidelity reconciles us to you."



"From the first time they met with you," continued the uncle, "you had won the hearts of the girls, who were overjoyed to find in you, cousins very different from those their fancy had conceived. Florian knew every thing, but I had imposed silence upon him. He betrayed your disguise to the girls, that they might give you measure for measure."

"Oh happiness!" shouted the bridegrooms, and the trumpets from the ball-room united their blare to the joyful exclamations of the enraptured youths.

Florian stood in deep reflection and with a moistened eye at a humble distance. At last he approached the happy group and said resolutely: "I could now pack up my wallet and take my departure if I chose it; but no, that I will not do; man must preserve his liberty! I remain till the wedding."



THE

## WILD HUNTSMAN

A DANISH TRADITION

BY HENRY STEFFENS.

THE Wild Huntsman of the Danes is the celebrated king Waldemar IV. who may be called the second founder of the Danish kingdom. The legend of the Wild Huntsman is as follows:

KING Waldemar loved Tovelille, a maiden from Ryygen, and was quite inconsolable at her death; so much so, that he resolved never to part with her body, but made it be carried along with him wherever he journeyed.

All his courtiers were highly dissatisfied at this fancy, and one of them became curious to know what was the secret of the king's attachment to the corpse. On examining it with great attention, he found an enchanted ring on one of its fingers, which he took off and kept. After this the passion of the king suddenly changed, and he allowed the corpse to be buried; but the royal regard was now turned upon the cour-



tier himself, so that he rose daily higher in favour,—the king demanded his constant presence, and would do nothing without his advice. Though people thought him happy under this extraordinary favour, he was by no means so in reality ; for the excessive attachment of the king actually deprived him of his personal freedom. However, as he well knew from what cause this arose, he resolved to regain his liberty by renouncing the possession of the enchanted ring.

One day, therefore, while riding with the king through the forest of Gurre, he threw the ring into a marsh, and from that moment the king's attachment seemed to be transferred to this marsh, and he could not live comfortably any where else. Here he built the castle of Gurre, and hunted in the forest night and day. So much attached was he to the place, that his love of it drew from him certain sinful words which finally became his condemnation before the tribunal of Heaven. They were to the effect that God might keep his heaven to Himself, provided he, Waldemar, might for ever live hunting in the forest of Gurre.\*

He now rides every night from Burre to Gurre, and is known throughout the whole country as the Wild Huntsman. When he approaches, there is a great rushing noise and cracking of whips in the air, and all who hear it step aside and hide themselves behind the trees. Then follows the whole hunt. First come some coal-black dogs running about, as if smelling at covers, with their blood-red tongues hanging out of their mouths ; then Waldemar appears galloping on his snow-white horse, and not unfrequently he seems to hold his head

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\* The district of Gurre is some miles distant from Helsingoer, and is an extremely lone woody country. Near Helsingoer, well-known as Hamlet's birth-place, people show the grave of Shakespeare's hero, and tell us that he, like Waldemar, rides through the air as a Flying Huntsman ; but that he uses a black horse, because he was a murderer, and therefore suffers severer torments than Waldemar, who rides a white one.



under his left arm. If he meets any person, particularly old people, he commands them to keep his dogs, and leaves them standing with them, till at a signal made by a shot, the dogs burst their leashes and rush off snorting wildly. When the Wild Huntsman goes off in this style, he is heard clashing the gates violently behind him; and in those places where there is any thorough fare, he gallops in at one gate and out at the other, in spite of the strongest bolts and bars.—At Christmas time he generally rides through Ibshof in Høiby; and behind Roeskilde there is a court where at night-time they always leave the gate open, as he has repeatedly broken the locks.—Sometimes he rides over the roofs of the houses. Thus in the neighbourhood of Herlufsholm there is a house the roof of which is considerably sunk, as it is said, by his riding over it.—In the northern part of Zeeland are some ruins which are called Waldemar's castle. Here the old women go out regularly at night during midsummer, to open the gates for him.—Half-a-mile from Gurre lies Waldemar's hill, which is surrounded by water. On this island, tradition says, six priests in black vestments, are often seen at midnight walking about and muttering strange rhymes.—There are several places at which he rests himself in his wanderings. People say he has a bed-room with two beds at Walløe castle, and that here he sometimes spends the night in the form of a black dog. In this room stand two large chests, which, when opened once, were found filled with those little round pieces of leather which formed the only species of money known in Waldemar's time. A subterranean passage connects Walløe castle with Tølløeschof castle, where also Waldemar has a sleeping room, and where in ancient times it was even usual to keep a servant for his special use. Sometimes he rests himself at Wordingburg, in Waldemar's tower, or in the ruins of the castle, where the ghosts of people who appear to have belonged to his own times, are yet seen going about and making the beds. A peasant who would not believe that the king ever visited this tower at night, once ventured to spend the



night there. At midnight the king appeared to him, and greeting him in a friendly tone, said: "Thank you for keeping watch in my tower!" He also gave him a piece of gold; but when the peasant took it, it burned a round hole in his hand and fell like a coal upon the ground. From this people conjecture the nature of the punishment which Waldemar suffers.—Sometimes however it happens that when old men or women have faithfully kept his dogs for hours, he throws something to them, which at first looks like a coal, but when more narrowly examined, turns out to be a piece of fine red gold.

—The gate open, as he has repeatedly broken the lock. Sometimes he rides over the roof of the house. This is the neighbourhood of Helsingborg there is a house the roof of which is considerably sunk, as it is said by his riding over it. In the northern part of Zealand are some ruins which are called Waldemar's castle. There the old women go out regularly at night during midsummer to open the gates for him. Half a mile from Gertie lies Waldemar's hill, which is surrounded by water. On this island, tradition says, six priests in black vestments, are often seen at midnight walking about and uttering strange rhymes.—There are several legends in which he rests himself in his wanderings. People say he has a bed room with two beds at Waldemar's castle, and that here he sometimes spends the night in the form of a black dog. In this room stand two large chests, which when opened once were found filled with those little round pieces of leather which formed the only species of money known in Waldemar's time. A subterranean passage connects Waldemar's castle with Tollerbohus castle, where also Waldemar has a sleeping room, and where in ancient times it was even usual to keep a servant for his special use. Sometimes he rests himself at Waldemar's tower, or in the ruins of the castle, where the ghosts of people who appear to have belonged to his own times, are yet seen going about and making the beds. A peasant who would not believe that the king ever visited this tower at night, once ventured to spend the



THE  
COUNT OF BARCELONA

A TALE OF SPANISH CHIVALRY.\*

BY CAROLINE PICHLER.

Don Ramiro, the second king of Arragon, had departed this life, leaving a daughter yet in her minority, the heiress and the destined sovereign of his beautiful kingdom. The queen dowager, with her brother Don Garcia, whom she tenderly loved, were appointed guardians of the princess and regents of the country till Ines should have become of age, and have chosen a husband, who, along with her hand, should receive the reins of government. Don Garcia had already fixed upon a husband for his niece in the person of his own son Sancio, who, of equal age with Ines, had been brought up with her, and who was tenderly beloved by his aunt, partly for the sake of his father, and partly on account of his mild manners and graceful appearance. Don Garcia had early satisfied his sister that she could not place the fate of her daughter in better hands than those of his son; but the king would not hear of a union which promised no advantage to his house, for he had always cherished the idea of uniting his only

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\* This very romantic and chivalrous tale is founded on well-known historical facts, and is the subject of the Italian drama, *La Donna Caritea*.



daughter to some potent prince or nobleman who might prove a protector to her country. As long, therefore, as Don Ramiro lived, the queen did not venture to manifest her intentions ; but when his death left her and her brother without a check, she pursued her own plan, and neglected nothing which might serve to inspire the heart of her daughter with feelings of such a kind as might best insure the success of her intentions.

Sancio and Ines had spent the years of childhood together, they had been educated together, and Ines was attached with the love of a sister to her amiable companion, while Sancio rejoiced in the hope that his lovely playmate, whose charms became every year more and more conspicuous, should one day become his wife ; but of her throne, and all the riches she would bring him, the gentle youth had not a single thought. Nor indeed had Ines any idea that her magnificent possessions could be an object of desire to any one.

Ines had reached her fifteenth year, and Don Garcia made it his business to spread the report throughout all Spain, that Ines was the affianced bride of his son, and Don Sancio the future king of Arragon. However, the fame of Ines's extraordinary beauty, and the prospect of obtaining with her hand the possession of a throne, excited the hopes of so many knights and princes, that Saragossa soon became a rendezvous for the most accomplished foreigners, who came hither to attract the eyes of the beautiful princess and win her favour. Don Garcia and the queen were much displeased at this, but it was not in their power entirely to prevent it, or to hinder the praise-worthy exertions of the noble youths, in knightly exercises. Thus it happened that Donna Ines was frequently present at tournaments given in her honour, that her hand distributed the prizes, and that the praise of her beauty was carried in song to the shores of the ocean and beyond the Pyrenees. This of course inspired her with an idea of her own consequence which had never crossed her mind before ; but it did not lessen her attachment to the



friend of her youth, nor did she ever entertain the thought, while looking upon the crowd of gallant knights who assembled around her as the centre of their wishes, of fixing upon any individual of preeminent excellence as the peculiar object of her regard.

There was, however, one knight worthy of being distinguished above many—perhaps above all, and that was the gallant Don Raimond, son of the powerful count of Barcelona. The eyes of the beautiful Ines would certainly have quickly sought him out, had not Don Garcia—who rightly judged him the most dangerous rival of his son—employed every artifice to keep the young count at a distance from his niece.

Don Raimond soon perceived this artifice, and his proud spirit was exasperated at what he could not but deem an insult. He easily saw through the intentions of the regent, and his indignation would have determined him to leave a court in which not only justice was denied to his personal accomplishments, but even those distinctions due to his birth and rank were withheld from him, if he had not borne in his bosom the arrow which deprived him of the power of flight, and detained him, even against his will, in the presence of his beloved. But what most deeply offended him was, that every attempt to approach the beautiful Ines was rendered more difficult to him from the day on which the princess had expressed her opinion at a tournament, that among all the knights then present, the count of Barcelona showed the greatest address and made the finest appearance.

Night and day Don Raimond considered how he best might by some signal action draw the looks of the princess upon him in a manner which, in spite of the watchfulness of the queen and Don Garcia, might gain him her esteem, and, perhaps, even a more lively sentiment. He could not persuade himself that her attachment to the gentle Don Sancio—who more resembled a maiden than a knight, and was distinguished in none of those exercises befitting a prince of his age—



could be any thing but the effect of habit; he even felt convinced that she would never be happy with a husband who wanted the power and the courage to defend with dignity the throne which might fall to his lot.

The image of the young and gallant Don Raimond, as he moved gracefully in the dance, or bore his adversary out of his saddle, in the tournament,—but, above all, as once in a bull fight, when the furious animal had one of the combatants already in its power, the knight leaped from one of the barriers and drove his dagger into the neck of the bull, at the moment when he was about to transfix his adversary, was not so easily effaced from the mind of the princess. To the great displeasure of her mother and her uncle, she frequently directed the conversation to this subject; and when they at last tried to convince her that beneath all these external adornments a very dark and deceitful heart might lie concealed, and even assured her that this was the case with the count, she expressed her wish that the gentle and amiable Sancio also might for once exhibit his address in those knightly exercises before her and the whole of Saragossa, adding that she would be much rejoiced to see the proud count of Barcelona, who prided himself so much in his personal accomplishments, surpassed by her cousin.

Don Garcia was very much dissatisfied with this wish. He tried to dissuade his niece from the idea, and at last to induce her to forget it by carefully avoiding to talk on the subject. But Ines remained firm to her purpose. There was no tournament, no tilting, no entertainment in which the praises of the count of Barcelona did not reach her ears, and at which she did not, though with blushes and doing herself a kind of violence, express the wish to see her friend and bridegroom measure himself against the proud stranger and conquer him in arms.

Don Garcia alleged the too tender youth of his son—who scarcely had passed his sixteenth year—as an excuse. But Ines inquired farther, and learned, that though the count of



Barcelona was then nineteen, he had accompanied his father to the field of battle five years before, and, when just of Sancio's age, had conquered a Moorish chief in single combat. Sancio himself could at last no longer bear to hear the praise of Don Raimond from every mouth, and—what was most painful of all to him—from that of his bride; and ardently demanded permission to enter the lists, upon which he had hitherto only looked down from a balcony with the ladies of the court. He now began to exercise himself, and impetuously demanded his first arms from his father, which he at last received, being declared a knight in a solemn assembly, to the great joy of Ines, who now dreamed of nothing but her cousin's victory over the proud count, and delighted in nothing more than the anticipation of beholding the friend and companion of her youth, and her destined husband, bear away the prize in a tournament.

An opportunity quickly offered itself. The birth-day of the beautiful Ines drew nigh, and the count of Barcelona proposed to celebrate it by a tournament, which should surpass any thing of the kind that had ever been seen at Saragossa. He hoped thus to find for once at least, an opportunity of approaching the lady of his heart and of drawing her attention upon him, having requested her to distribute the prizes with her own hand, and being firmly resolved to allow no one to bear the palm from himself. With this intention he invited all the noble knights of the country,—even the Moorish princes were not overlooked, and all anticipated much from the coming spectacle.

Don Sancio was to make his first trial of arms in this tournament, and Ines had embroidered his scarf with her own hands; he wore her colours, and appeared to her great delight beautiful as the God of Love himself, in his splendid golden armour. The combat began; Don Garcia with much skill had arranged matters so that Sancio at first tried himself against other combatants than the count of Barcelona. His first attempts succeeded pretty well; and though he



had not been able to lift any of his adversaries from the saddle, he had at least kept his own. The count of Barcelona, in an armour of blue steel inlaid with gold, and a plume mixed of dark blue and black, surmounted by a golden griffin, had raised himself on his black horse like a thunder-cloud above all the other combatants, and hitherto held himself aloof beyond the barriers. He now entered the lists, raised his visor, rode over towards the ladies and greeted them with an inclination of his lance. When his eye fell upon the princess, a glow of red flushed over his youthful sun-burned countenance, and so sweet and at the same time so melancholy a smile lightened up his noble features, that Ines blushed unwillingly and thought in her mind: "Ah, is it possible for a knight to look so beautiful, and yet to possess a wicked heart!"

The count lowered his visor, made his horse bound aside, and drawing up in the middle of the ring, commanded the heralds to sound his challenge. It was done; and one knight after the other entered the lists and was successively thrown out of his saddle by the stout hand of the count. It seemed as if their spears were but feeble reeds before Raimond's lance; he bore them all down before him with such apparent ease. The wrath of the knights rose high at being thus conquered by a single man, and he a youth; Don Garcia marked the success of his rival with a beating heart, and Ines beheld his deeds partly with admiration and partly with discontent, that he was not her knight, and that Sancio seemed again inferior to him. But when at last there remained only two knights who had not yet been conquered—an aged Moor and the youthful Sancio, a murmuring arose among the spectators, and all announced to the count a speedy and complete victory. Sancio, no longer able to bear the exultation of his proud adversary, threw himself into the lists, and Raimond's heart beat higher with love and the glory of victory when he beheld his rival's advance. They wheeled round their horses, rushed full tilt against each other,



and Don Sancio at the first encounter was tossed like a ball with so much violence against the balcony in which the ladies sat, that it shook under the blow. Ines uttered a piercing scream, and leaned over the ballustrade towards the prostrate youth, while Don Raimond leaped in terror from his horse, and hastened to render assistance to the young knight, who was carried lifeless out of the barriers, the physicians declaring that the heavy fall upon his helmeted head had produced a contusion on the brain, and that he could not survive above a few hours. A general grief now spread throughout Saragossa; Don Garcia was in despair when he thus saw all his ambitious hopes overthrown at once; Ines was inconsolable for her beloved friend; the court and town shared in the grief; and all looked upon the count as the fatal cause of this misfortune.

Don Garcia knew but too well how to turn this general feeling to his own advantage. His unfortunate son died the same day in his arms, and the violent feeling of paternal grief soon gave place to an equally violent thirst for revenge. In vain did reason and every feeling of equity tell him that the count was entirely guiltless of this unfortunate accident, which could only be ascribed to the delicate constitution of his son; in vain these sentiments arose in the minds of other people, when the first emotions of terror and passion had yielded to sober reflection, and every body excused the count of Barcelona, who had acted strictly according to knightly usage, and by his sincere affliction clearly demonstrated his innocence; Don Garcia would not listen to any reasoning, and no sooner were the first days of the funeral and mourning over, than arrayed in black robes, he appeared in public, and solemnly accused the count of Barcelona, before the assembled grandees and people, of disgraceful treachery and unknighly actions,—as having made use of enchanted arms, by means of which so many powerful adversaries had been overthrown, and at last the unfortunate youth, for whose death the tournament was purposely devised, had been slain by the first



blow, and in such a manner as admitted of no other explanation.

The feelings of all revolted at this accusation, and a general murmur arose on its first announcement; Don Raimond, being present, stood up to make his defence; but the uproar became greater and more general, and, as is commonly the case with an excited multitude—among whom too Don Garcia had mingled numbers of his partisans—various doubts arose, while Raimond with uplifted hands declared his innocence, and invoked Heaven to witness his words. Don Garcia on the other hand painted in vivid colouring the untimely death of the amiable youth, reminded the people of all their young prince's virtues, and called on them to revenge themselves upon his murderer.

The minds of the multitude were now inflamed, and many an arm was ready to obey the ungenerous call, when Don Diego de Manilla, a venerable old man and one of the first grandees of Arragon, rose, and with a commanding gesture imposed silence on the assembly. "Without entering upon the question," he began, "whether the accusation now proffered by Don Garcia is well founded or not, I never can allow the people of Arragon to be guilty of an ignoble and an unjust act. If Don Raimond has committed the crime he is accused of, let him confess it, and bear the punishment which the judges may affix to it; if not, let him prove his innocence; and if this is impossible—as in my mind it appears to be in the present case—let an ordeal and honourable combat decide the case which we short-sighted mortals cannot determine. Let a combatant stand forward from among this multitude, which seems so much animated by the feelings of revenge, and either let the count of Barcelona prove his innocence by his sword, or may God give sentence against the guilty and be merciful to his soul!" Don Diego was silent; all approved of the advice he had given, and Don Raimond joyfully stepped forward and accepted the proposal of combat with chivalrous confidence. Don Garcia was enraged at



the turn which affairs had taken, and in the first emotions of his passion, threw down his own glove in maintenance of his assertion. But Raimond grew pale and drew back from the pledge, exclaiming with uplifted hands: "Nobles and people of Arragon, and you, Don Manilla, whose just proposal secures my honour, do not allow Don Garcia to present himself as the avenger of his son's death; against him I cannot fight,—against him whom unwillingly I have deprived of what was most dear to him; never could I raise my sword against a head sacred to me by its age, its misfortunes, and my fault! Match against me whomsoever you choose,—send your best proved combatants,—two at once: God who knows my innocence will protect me; but let me not fight against Don Garcia."

Whilst the youth spoke thus with melancholy earnestness, and the tears rolled down from his large eyes, the whole assembly were moved to pity. Even Don Garcia's eyes fell silently and gloomily upon the ground.

Manilla now rose a second time, and said: "Be it far from us, young man, to force upon you an adversary to whom you object from motives so generous and just. The noble Don Garcia will himself perceive, after a little reflection, that his grief and his knightly feelings have stimulated him to offer a pledge neither befitting his age nor his strength. Therefore, with the approbation of the whole assembly, I fix the day of ordeal on the eighth day hence, and ordain that the combat, the reasons and conditions of it, shall be proclaimed by heralds, that any one who may hear of it, and is convinced of the alleged guilt of the count of Barcelona, may have an opportunity of presenting himself against him." Here Manilla was silent. Garcia looked displeased; but the people burst out into loud exclamations of approbation, and Don Raimond left the assembly, accompanied by a numerous crowd of friends, whose hearts had been charmed by his magnanimous behaviour.

Ines, meanwhile, remained in the deepest sadness; but



however painfully she felt the loss of the beloved companion of her youth, she could not join in the accusations of her relations, or consider Don Raimond's deed as a wilful action, or as performed by the aid of enchantment. On the contrary, she attributed the whole to accident, and felt a little comforted when she heard that Don Raimond had shed tears on account of the death of his rival; and when she was informed by Don Manilla of what had happened at the assembly, and the manner in which the count had behaved towards the unfortunate father, she exclaimed with tears: "Oh Heavens, must there still be more bloodshed! It will not restore my poor Sancio to life!" These feelings, however, she dared not betray to her relations; so she bore her grief in silence, and uttered incessant prayers for the repose of Don Sancio's soul, and for the vindication of his innocent murderer.

Meanwhile the day of the combat arrived; and Don Garcia's influence had been sufficient to secure more than a single champion. The strongest and most skilful of them was chosen, and the combat began in the presence of a multitude of spectators, but the count of Barcelona was victorious to the joy of all.

Thus Don Garcia beheld his thirst for revenge baffled a second time; but it was not quenched, it only burned the more ardently; and as he had no longer any hope of openly destroying his enemy, he thought how he might best remove him by stratagem. The mildness with which Ines had excused the slaughter of her bridegroom, and the satisfaction she evinced at knowing that the count had come off victorious in the combat, had not remained altogether unknown to him, though Ines strove to conceal her feelings. He was, therefore, incessantly endeavouring to fill her heart with malevolent feelings towards the count; and when he could not succeed in this, he represented to her, and urged her mother also to represent to her, that it was quite indecorous, and even sinful in her to remain so indifferent to the murder of her betrothed husband, and to do nothing to manifest public-



ly her abhorrence of the deed, and of him who purposely committed it.

Ines for a long time remained proof against all his persuasions, and begged to be excused from any participation in revenging Sancio's death, being already rendered unhappy enough by his loss. But her mother at last made it the condition of her maternal blessing, that she should fulfil the intentions of her uncle, and order proclamation to be made by a herald that the hand of the heiress of Arragon would be given to him who should bring her the head of the reckless murderer of her bridegroom. To the count himself notice was given to leave Arragon without delay, as only three days of security would be granted to the murderer of Don Sancio, after the lapse of which his life would be forfeited if he was found within the dominions of Arragon. When this proclamation had been spread throughout Saragossa, and had reached the ears of the count, he recognised in it with grief and indignation the hand of his enemy; but it wounded him far more deeply, that Ines should have given her consent to his proscription. His friends hastened to entreat him to leave Saragossa without delay, and his cool judgment assented to the necessity of immediate departure, yet he was still disposed to linger. It seemed impossible to him to tear himself from the place where she lived whom, even after so hard a sentence, he could not refuse to love; but yielding at last to the persuasions of his friends, he sought only to see her once more, to hear her voice once more, and then to tear himself from her for ever.

One evening as Ines was returning alone from the chapel in which she had been offering up her prayers upon Don Sancio's grave, a blind pilgrim, led by a boy, having his hat slouched over his eyes, and bending beneath the load of his age, presented himself before her. With a trembling voice the old man asked for alms; and the princess full of compassion for the aged mendicant, entered into conversation with the pilgrim. He said he was upon a pilgrimage



to the Madonna of Montserrat, and the princess expressed her astonishment that a man of his age and in his situation should have undertaken such an expedition. The old man said, that he hoped, with the assistance of God, to reach the end of his wishes. "Ah, you are happy to be able to do so!" exclaimed Ines. "I wish I also could go to Montserrat, and pour out all my sorrows and cares at the foot of the Holy Virgin!"

"And why should you not, lady? What could be forbidden to the heiress of Arragon?" A deep sigh rose from the breast of Ines. "Good God, are you such a stranger here," said she, "as not to know what a misfortune has happened, and in whose dominions Montserrat is situated! Never can I,—never will I enter the dominions of the count of Barcelona!"

"How! do you believe," exclaimed the pilgrim with animation, "that the count of Barcelona could revenge the insult offered to him upon a defenceless woman?"

Ines drew one step back; the pilgrim's figure seemed strange to her, but he resumed his composure and said: "Pardon me, lady, I am a subject of the count, and am grieved—" "No more of it;" replied the princess, drawing a ring from her finger, "may Heaven protect you on your way to Montserrat. Take this little gift; I have no money with me, but you can dispose of this ring, and when you bow before the image of the Holy Virgin, remember me in your prayers; pray for me,—for the soul of my betrothed,—and— —yet for one more." With these words she placed the ring in the hand of the pilgrim, and moved to depart; but the old man retained her hand, and raising himself to a lofty stature, his hat fell backwards, and from under his grey eye-brows his large dark eyes gazed piercingly upon her. The princess screamed aloud; but the pilgrim fell on his knees, pressed her hand upon his heart, and exclaimed: "This ring goes with me to the grave!" then sprung up and disappeared.

The princess stood astonished at what had passed. She



had had some secret suspicion respecting the figure before her; but when her servants hearing her scream had assembled round her, she had presence of mind not to betray him whose boldness might have cost him his life.

Don Raimond left Saragossa the same night, and hastened to Barcelona, where he was received with great joy by his father, who had suffered much uneasiness on account of his son's connection with the late events in Saragossa. He proposed to assemble his vassals, and take revenge for the insult which had been offered his son by a feeble and vindictive woman and her contemptible advisers. But Don Raimond shook his head: "No, my father," said he; "never will I draw my sword against her whom I love, and whom I feel I shall love for ever."

"You love her!" exclaimed the old count. "Mad youth, how is it possible—your worst enemy, who thirsts for your blood! Who would not blush to think that a tender maiden of sixteen could pronounce that cruel order which authorises every assassin to raise his dagger against you, and could promise her hand and throne to the villain who should basely stab you from behind?"

Don Raimond preserved a gloomy silence. What reply could he make to his father? Before him stood Ines in the mild light of that silent grief which he had spread over her whole being, and of that compassion which she had manifested towards a poor strange pilgrim, whom she begged to pray for her, for Sancio, and—yet for one more. He thought of the ring she had given him and it seemed impossible to him that her heart could nourish so glowing hatred, towards one who had never willingly offended her, who loved her above all else. And who was he for whom he had been thus desired to pray? Who had more need of prayers now than himself? Oh yes, it must have been he,—the unfortunate, the persecuted, but innocent one, whom she had meant when she used these words!

These thoughts incessantly haunted Don Raimond's soul,



and made him oppose all plans of revenge devised by his father. He even assured him, on the contrary, that he was still willing to shed his blood for Ines, who certainly had been nothing more than an innocent instrument in the hands of her relations.

But whilst father and son were thus contending, the proclamation of Don Garcia had reached the most distant parts of Spain, and the hope to win the beautiful heiress of Arragon by a deed of arms, or even by a deed of murder, prompted a multitude of princes and knights,—Moors and Christians,—brave men and cunning ones,—to try their fortune in obtaining the brilliant prize which might be earned by the death of one man. There passed few weeks in which Don Raimond did not receive a challenge, and had not to defend himself against some resolute adversary. Hitherto he had come off victorious from every combat, and most of his enemies had paid for their boldness with their blood; but it did not appear that their failure deterred others from trying the same encounter, and the old count urged his son to leave a country in which his life was a perpetual stake to every adventurer. But Don Raimond thought it unbecoming a knight thus to fly from danger, and perhaps there still lingered in his secret soul an aversion to any measure which might remove him farther from the object of his love.

But not only was his life openly threatened: various plots for his assassination were discovered, and Raimond repeatedly owed his preservation to his unfailing presence of mind. At last he yielded to the entreaties of his aged father, and with deep regret forsook the beautiful country which he had once hoped was destined to be the theatre of his glory. In compliance with his father's wishes, he travelled under a feigned name, to France, and even to more distant regions, in quest of honour and adventure, and perhaps of balm for his bosom's smart; but he did not leave Barcelona before he had obtained from his father a solemn assurance that he would not seek to avenge his son's insult upon its authors.



The news that Don Raimond had exiled himself quickly spread throughout Spain, and reached Saragossa. Don Garcia heard with regret that the object of his revenge was now beyond his reach; but Ines felt a secret joy at the intelligence, embittered only by the idea that the gallant knight had been forced on her account to forsake his native country and the society of his friends. She now requested Don Garcia to revoke the cruel proclamation, which had cost the lives of so many noble knights, and the exile of the count himself; but her uncle reproved her on account of the sympathy she manifested towards the murderer of her betrothed husband, and excited in the mind of the queen such feelings of dissatisfaction towards Ines, that, reduced to despair by the conduct and representations of her relatives, she began at last to believe herself guilty, and to stifle as sinful every emotion of compassion for the unfortunate Don Raimond. Thus in a continual struggle with her natural feelings, joyless in the midst of hard-hearted relatives, and still mourning the loss of the companion of her youth, she often sighed for the retirement of a convent, where she might spend her life in prayer for the repose of Sancio's soul, and the preservation of the gallant knight whom she had been forced to persecute.

Nobody knew whither Don Raimond had gone, and the suitors of the beautiful Ines had now the more difficult task to perform of seeking out their adversary in unknown regions, that they might lay claim to the hand and throne of the princess by the production of his gory head. Thus passed months after months, and year after year, and no tidings were received of the count of Barcelona. Meanwhile Ines grew up into womanhood, and her charms unfolded themselves in the full bloom of maidenly beauty; she now too began to feel more keenly the restraint in which her uncle kept her, and would have spurned his control, had she not been checked by her affection for her mother, whose health seemed declining. The princes and knights, to whom the



hand of the princess of Arragon appeared an object worthy of every endeavour, felt indignant at the restraint imposed upon her by her uncle; and as the terms at first proposed could no longer be fulfilled, they now demanded permission to pursue their respective suits for the hand of the princess, without the intervention of the existing conditions. There were among them many gallant and noble knights; but Don Garcia was unwilling to resign his power, and the sentence against the count of Barcelona served the purpose of a negative to the claims of every suitor.

Some of the knights now set out in quest of their enemy through various countries, resolving either to return with his head, or certain tidings of his death; whilst others of less patience openly demanded that the foolish condition imposed upon the princess's suitors should be retracted, and threatened to revenge a refusal by recourse to arms. Don Garcia, confiding in the courage of his people, remained firm to his purpose amid these threats, and came off victorious in several of the wars which ensued for the possession of his niece,—a circumstance which confirmed him in the resolution never to resign the reins of government.

Thus seven years passed; and the princess, who, while yet a child, had been the aim of all the young chivalry of Spain,—for whose possession so many glorious deeds had been performed, so much toil endured, and so much noble blood spilled, saw thrice seven summers pass over her unwedded head. The most fortunate circumstance in the fate to which she felt she must submit, was that her heart had never inclined to any one of the numerous suitors who had sought her hand; two remembrances only, and those of an early time, remained deeply engraven on her mind,—Sancio's image, which she cherished in silent melancholy, and the memory of the unfortunate Don Raimond, and the strong and faithful love he bore her. To these remembrances her mind often reverted with melancholy pleasure; she still saw the count as he appeared on the day of that unfortunate



tournament, in his dark armour,—she beheld him conquer all his adversaries,—but a distinct idea of his features was no longer before her; as often as she strove to call them back to her memory, the image of the ancient pilgrim presented itself to her mind; and all this was enveloped in such a twilight of obscurity, that the distinctest feeling in her mind was, that she had never seen a knight who could stand comparison with Don Raimond in beauty, nobleness, and gallantry.

Don Garcia's victories having heightened his pride and obstinacy, he made his niece and the surrounding princes feel the weight of his power in a manner which excited their hatred, and at last involved the country in war,—an opportunity which the Moorish princes gladly seized to invade the kingdom.

The king of Castile had sent a brilliant embassy to demand for his son and heir the hand of the princess of Arragon. Ines received this message, like all the former, with great indifference, and all that she heard about the prince, whose hand was now offered to her, bespoke so disagreeable a mind under such an unprepossessing exterior, that for the first time, the princess requested her uncle to insist on those conditions to which she had formerly been so averse. Don Garcia, however, needed no excitement to this; he had resolved long ago not to yield to the proposals of a suitor whose power constituted him a formidable personal enemy.

The ambassador of Castile having obtained a solemn audience, Ines with terror recognised in his features such a likeness to the portrait of the prince himself, as assured her, that under this disguise he had already obtained admission to her presence. She grew pale at the discovery; but the soul of the prince was fired at the sight of a woman who united so much loveliness with the brilliant gift of a throne. The effect of this impression was visible upon him; he strove in vain to preserve his composure, but the well-studied address totally escaped his memory, his looks remained fixed



upon the princess, and it was with difficulty that he found utterance for a few unconnected words. Don Garcia, offended by the whole circumstance of the embassy, and especially by the appearance made by the ambassador, declared in polite but resolute terms, that it was impossible for the princess and her guardian to depart from the well-known conditions, and that his ward would give her hand to him only who should bring her the head of the count of Barcelona.

The prince could scarcely restrain his indignation at this answer, and, without deigning to reply to the uncle, demanded of Ines herself whether this resolution was also her will. This question offended the princess greatly. She rose and said: "Yes, my lord ambassador, it is my firm and irrevocable resolution. When your master the count of Castile has conquered the count of Barcelona, I will give him my hand; but not till then."—"So you bear an irreconcilable hatred to this count of Barcelona?" said the pretended ambassador. "Whether I hate him or not, is a question which it is not befitting you to ask or me to answer," replied the princess with dignity; "it is enough that your master is informed of the condition; and, if he inclines to accept of it, he may go forth in quest of the count, and redeem his pledge like a true knight."

"And where is this count of Barcelona to be found?" inquired the ambassador.—"That I know not," rejoined the princess; "but 'tis the duty of the knight who submits to the condition to charge himself with the means of fulfilling it."

"This is making a shameful sport of honest intentions and royal words!" exclaimed the Castilian. "You know not even where your enemy is; and he who demands your hand must satisfy your revenge upon a man who is probably no longer among the living! Hear then the intention of my master and king: The princess of Arragon must either give her hand unconditionally to the son of my master, or we make our appeal to arms, and the proud heiress of Arragon may be-



come the subject and slave of him with whom she once refused to share a throne!"

At these words—which were uttered with an expression which rendered the countenance of the prince tenfold more disgusting—Don Garcia sprung up in wrath, exclaiming: "Well then; be it war! Never will I suffer this insolence! And if the prince of Castile were at this moment to lay the head of Barcelona's count at the feet of the princess, I would nevertheless deny him her hand."

The prince left Saragossa instantly, and prepared for the contest, with a heart divided between the passions of love and revenge. Don Garcia, on the other side, neglected nothing which could insure his enemy a warm reception; all his vassals were summoned, his towers strengthened, and every place put into a posture of defence.

The forces of Castile advanced, and Don Garcia marched against them, and succeeded in repulsing them beyond the boundaries of Arragon. But the prince of Castile quickly raised a new army, placed himself at its head, invited the assistance of some of the neighbouring Moors, and excited the discontented grandees of Arragon to revolt, and thus the flame of war suddenly burst out afresh not only on the frontiers but even in the very heart of the kingdom. Don Garcia, however, was not dismayed at these threatening appearances; he resisted the invaders vigorously, but his army was at last compelled to retire before superior forces, and he himself having been thrown from his horse was taken prisoner.

The queen, harassed and worn out with anxiety and grief, sunk beneath the tidings of the captivity and probable death of her brother, and within three days Ines was called to mourn the death of a mother and the loss of her guardian. In the meantime she received a message from the Infant of Castile, offering still to share his throne with her, and to set her uncle free, on condition of her submitting to his will, but if not, he threatened to devastate Arragon, destroy Sara-



gossa, and treat her and her uncle like slaves. The imminence of the danger inspired Ines with a fortitude hitherto unknown to her; she summoned the few vassals who yet remained faithful to her, to consult with them how she might best defend her threatened crown. All were astonished at the courage of the young princess; her sorrow,—her beauty,—her danger,—her heroism inspired every one; they swore fidelity to her till death, and conjured her not to submit to a foreign foe. Ines now became the soul of all resistance, she appeared at the head of the council and in armour amongst her warriors, and the Infant soon discovered that in taking Don Garcia prisoner, he had by no means deprived his opponents of a leader. He pressed more furiously forward, and encamped before the city of Saragossa—now almost all that remained to Ines of her paternal kingdom.

Saragossa was soon nearly surrounded. The Castilian army, strengthened by the rebellious grandees of the country, lay before it, and on the neighbouring heights the long files of the Moorish tents might be perceived. The hearts of the citizens sunk within them, and Ines heard with terror their proposals for capitulation. At the critical moment of deliberation, a messenger rushed breathless into the council-hall, with the tidings that a new cloud of dust rising in the east betokened the arrival of fresh enemies. Ines saw no other alternative before her than to submit to the conqueror, but in this moment of despair, two horsemen had ridden forward to within a little distance of the walls of the beleaguered city, and shot an arrow into the town with a billet attached to it, which was directly conveyed to the princess. It contained the following words:—

“The king of France, informed of your necessity, sends you help. Two thousand archers lie hidden in the mountains waiting your commands. Let the garrison make a sally to-morrow, and be assured of our support.

THE CHEVALIER DE MONTAUBAN.”



Surprised, rejoiced, and embarrassed, the princess held the letter in her hand. The singular manner in which help so unexpected, so unasked for, was proffered, seemed more fit to inspire distrust than confidence; and her council were divided in sentiment respecting it. Some were inclined to repose confidence in the unknown auxiliary; but the greater part seemed afraid of some new stratagem of the enemy. At last one of the knights offered to go in disguise through the enemy's camp, under the shade of night, and to bring certain intelligence from the mountains. This bold offer was accepted, and with the fall of night a warrior, disguised as a peasant, left the town.

Before day-break he appeared again before the walls, and having given the concerted signal, was admitted and conducted to the princess. He had been in the mountains, had seen the chevalier de Montauban and his troops, and now expressed himself in terms of rapture regarding the chevalier's devoted attachment to the princess, and still more of his military skill and the prudence with which he had planned and prepared every thing. New courage animated the hearts of the little garrison at these tidings, and every preparation was made for a courageous sally on the following day.

As soon as the gates opened, and the gallant Arragonese had shown themselves in the field, the Castilians rushed upon them with wild fury, and threatened to surround the little troop; but in the midst of the conflict, and at the moment when the besiegers believed themselves masters of the field, they were suddenly attacked in the rear by the chevalier de Montauban and his gallant followers. Their onset was irresistible; the sword of the knight strewed the field with dead; and wherever he showed himself the tide of victory followed in his steps. The little garrison too, inspired by this aid, fought with renewed vigour; and the Castilians began to waver, and yielding to panic reached their camp with difficulty and great loss, while the victorious garrison and the auxiliaries entered the city in triumph.



The princess desired the chevalier de Montauban to be brought into her presence. He appeared before her still covered with the dust of the field of battle, but without his helmet,—a noble figure with commanding features, which seemed to have been beautiful in youth, though a dark, deep expression of melancholy now languished in his eyes, and a broad scar over his forehead, descending almost to the brows, gave to his features a warlike severity and manly dignity. He paused for a moment on entering the room, and seemed to struggle to assume composure; he then approached with dignity and knelt before Ines. The princess thought she perceived a slight tremor in his frame, which she ascribed to the fatigue of the battle, and desired him to rise and take a place at her side.

Montauban rose and stood before the princess, but spoke not,—for it seemed that some powerful emotion suppressed the rising syllables. Ines viewed him with deep interest, and said: “I am afraid you are ill, chevalier?”

“No,” replied the stranger in a soft voice, which sounded pleasantly to Ines’s ear,—“no, princess, I am not ill; I am on the contrary much better than, some time ago, I had ever hoped to be.” In a short time the chevalier seemed to regain his self-possession, and the preparations for a vigorous resistance formed the subject of his conversation with the princess. On parting their eyes met, and the chevalier’s looks excited singular but undefinable feelings in Ines’s mind. Montauban was now admitted to all her councils; his lively spirit,—his experience in war,—and still more his boundless devotion to the cause of the oppressed princess, gave a totally new aspect to affairs. There was no longer any idea of surrender entertained; the courage and hopes of all were reanimated, and in a short time they succeeded in driving the enemy from before the capital.

Ines deeply felt the obligation she owed to the stranger knight, who, merely from his knowledge of the justice of her cause, and the difficulties of her situation, had been prompt-



ed to engage the assistance of the king of France, and to undertake the command of the auxiliaries sent to her aid. But it was not gratitude alone which attracted her towards the chevalier de Montauban; there lay a particular charm for her in the melancholy yet gentle bearing of the stranger,—in the devoted though timid air with which he ever approached her,—and even in the sound of his voice, which seemed to her like an echo of the happy days of the past, and never failed to inspire her with an inexplicable yet pleasant emotion. The theatre of war being now more distant, she began to feel in the frequent absence of Montauban, not only the want of a faithful protector, but also of the company of an amiable friend.

The Infant of Castile beheld with rage the success of the enemy, and the complete failure of all his hopes of revenge. His wrath now turned upon him who had interposed to snatch from him the victory he had almost secured; to get Montauban alive or dead into his power was now the grand aim of all his endeavours, and he scorned no means by which he might accomplish this. The chevalier's courage and presence of mind, and the inviolable attachment of his soldiers defended him for awhile against all attempts of his adversary but on one expedition to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, his party were suddenly surprised, and the knight escaped death or captivity only by his extreme valour, and was carried back to Saragossa, severely wounded, on the shields of his soldiers.

Ines, terrified at the dangerous situation of her protector, ordered the wounded knight to be carried to her palace, declaring that she herself would nurse him—the princess being, like all the ladies of that age, well-instructed in the healing art. She found his wounds to be deep but not dangerous, his exhaustion proceeding solely from the extreme loss of blood. When Montauban began to recover under Ines's care, she endeavoured to beguile the tedious hours of sickness with cheerful conversation and music. The discourse often turned



upon former times, and at last upon that unhappy tournament, the cause of all Ines's subsequent misfortunes, and on the fate of the count of Barcelona. Montauban seemed to listen not without emotion to this conversation, and Ines was on the point of changing it to some other topic, by observing, that he could feel little interest in a subject so little known to him :

"Pardon me, lady," interrupted the chevalier ; "the subject is indeed of deep interest to me, for I well knew the count of Barcelona."

"You knew him !" exclaimed Ines ; "Oh, tell me what was the fate of the unfortunate knight !"

"That word from your lips, lady, inspires me with courage to tell you more of his history than I would have dared to have ventured without it. Yes, my friend was unfortunate, —very unfortunate !"

"He was !" exclaimed the princess with emotion. "Is he then no longer alive ?—There was a report——"

"His sufferings are ended," replied the knight.

"Now God be merciful to his soul !" exclaimed Ines with folded hands and eyes turned towards Heaven. "And how and where did the unfortunate knight meet his end ?" resumed she after a pause. "Oh, tell me, chevalier, for however great was the bitterness that man poured over my life, I cannot refuse him my compassion. 'Twas against his will ; and severely has he suffered for it."

"Yes, severely and long, lady. You know whose image was imprinted on his soul, and how deeply. That image he bore with him out of Spain, through the whole East where he led the life of a knight-errant under an assumed name. He bore it with him to Palestine, and there he had intended to enter the order of the Templars and devote his arms to the defence of the Holy Cross. I alone was the confidant of his grief ; I knew his fate, and the name of her who persecuted him so cruelly, and whom nevertheless he never ceased to love."



"Chevalier," interrupted Ines, "do not confound a feeble instrument with the revengeful hand which wielded it."

"'Tis the first time," replied Montauban, his large dark eyes turning upon the ground, "that I hear in Saragossa a mild judgment on my unfortunate friend; how much would this have cheered him amid his misfortunes!"

Ines cast her eyes down. There was something in the eyes and tone of her friend which moved her inmost soul. Conversations such as this frequently occurred, and were reverted to with increasing interest on either side. Ines believed the count of Barcelona to be dead, but felt a melancholy pleasure in listening to the warrior's story of his various wanderings and sufferings. At last the chevalier's health was restored, and he burned with impatience to return to the field and terminate the achievement he had so happily begun.

Ines looked forward with secret anxiety to the day fixed for the chevalier's departure; but it was no longer the safety of her throne which engaged her attention, it was the life of Montauban for which she trembled. The evening before his departure, Montauban expressed a wish that the princess would accompany him to Sancio's grave, there to offer up prayers for the repose of his soul. The request astonished the princess, but she complied with it. Her ladies remained at the entrance of the chapel, while Ines and the knight approached the grave. She observed that Montauban appeared much agitated, but she kneeled in silence upon the steps of the monument and beckoned him to do the same. He threw his dark eyes upon her, sank some steps behind her on his knees, bent his head on both his hands, and remained in this posture for some minutes. The princess prayed most fervently for the repose of Sancio's soul, and that Heaven would preserve the life of her magnanimous protector. She felt relieved when she arose; but Montauban had not yet changed his attitude: Ines stood a moment near him without his observing her. At last he rose, gazed upon the princess, and



seized her hand: "You have offered up your prayers," exclaimed he, "for your murdered bridegroom; could you also pray for his murderer?"

Ines shuddered. "For the innocent cause of his death,—"  
replied she mildly, "Oh why not? It would not be the first time that I have prayed for the unfortunate Don Raimond."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Montauban; "Oh then, if I have been fortunate enough to merit any reward from you, pray in my presence for the count of Barcelona!"

Ines knelt down again and prayed for the unfortunate knight, who had suffered so much for a crime he had unwillingly committed. When she arose, perceiving the eyes of the knight filled with tears, she said with emotion: "You are a warm friend; Raimond must have been very dear to you."

"Oh it is not that!" exclaimed Montauban. "It is the consolation which your mild spirit pours into my heart. Oh had you known how unhappy Raimond was,—how hopelessly he loved you,—how his whole life was devoted to you whom he believed thirsting for his blood,—how he preserved that ring, you once gave to a blind pilgrim, as a sacred talisman, and ascribed to it alone his victories and the preservation of his life!"

"His life!" interrupted the princess with astonishment, "I thought he was dead!"

Montauban blushed and was silent. Ines gazed upon the knight; the truth flashed upon her mind, she wished to speak, but the words died upon her lips, while her eyes rested upon the features of the knight, in which mingled anxiety, love, and deep emotion were expressed. At last, recovering herself, she said: "Be assured, chevalier, that whatever be the connection between you and Don Raimond, I never hated the count of Barcelona, and now he has become dear to me for the sake of his friend."

Montauban seized her hand and pressed it to his heart.



He was unable to speak, and Ines too was deeply moved. She silently left the chapel, leaning upon his arm, and shut herself up all that night in her chamber, spending the time in preparation for the chevalier's departure next morning, amid tears, hopes, anxiety, and delight.

She had provided a suit of costly armour, which she intended to present to the knight on the day of his departure; but she now changed the decorations of the helm and plume, and in the morning, when Montauban approached to take leave of her, she remarked that it was her privilege to arm her champion with her own hands, and presented him the helmet ornamented with a golden griffin, and a black and blue plume. Montauban grew pale at the sight of these colours, but Ines said: "Do not consider these as ominous; let them only serve to assure you, that fidelity and afflicted innocence will at last find their reward. May God preserve your life to this country and to me! Take care of it for the sake of others, and when you return you shall lead me to the Madonna of Montserrat."

Montauban fell upon his knees before the princess, exclaiming: "Now are all my seven years of exile amply compensated! Lady, I return victorious, or you shall never behold me again!"

The warrior redeemed his pledge, and a few weeks saw Arragon totally freed from her invaders. When the last foreign foot had been driven from the soil of Arragon, peace was offered to the Infant on certain conditions, the first of which was the liberation of Don Garcia. But the prince of Castile, still more exasperated by his defeat, refused the terms proposed, and prepared for a desperate defence. A great battle, which decided the fate of the whole war, was won by Montauban, and the Infant himself was compelled to receive his life and his crown as a gift from the hand of the conqueror. Montauban with his own hands knocked the chains from the limbs of Don Garcia, and insisted on his assuming the command of the army. On the approach of the



victorious army to Saragossa, Ines waited its arrival magnificently adorned and seated under a stately canopy. The shouts of the people and the blare of trumpets announced the approach of the warriors, while Ines heard the name which moved her inmost soul shouted by a thousand lips. She now recognised the crest of her uncle, and behind them floated the plume of blue and black. She approached to meet the warriors, who alighted from their horses. Don Garcia led Montauban towards his niece; the warrior knelt before her in silence, while the looks which he exchanged with the princess quickly informed the uncle with what feelings they regarded each other. The names of Ines and Montauban, shouted by the joyful multitude, rent the air, while Don Garcia approached and thus addressed him: "Chevalier, the debt which Arragon owes you is too great, and your deeds too noble to admit of being recompensed. The country, with all that it contains, may thankfully consider itself yours; and with these views, and the approbation of my niece, I now choose you for its king and protector. Receive the hand of my niece."

At these words Montauban rose and called out with emotion: "Stop, Don Garcia! Do not proceed any farther with your generous offer. I cannot and dare not accept this hand before you and all the people here assembled are informed who it is you would bestow it on."

The knight paused,—Don Garcia drew some steps backward in consternation,—the multitude murmured,—Ines grew pale; her eyes fell upon Montauban, but his wandered gloomily over Don Garcia and the people. At last he exclaimed aloud and with quivering lips: "I am the count of Barcelona!"

The silence of death followed this declaration. Raimond composed himself and continued: "I know the sentence pronounced against me, and that my head is forfeited to revenge as soon as I am known. I do not ask to be spared. Without my will I deprived this old man of his son,—your



princess of her betrothed husband,—and this land of its future sovereign. And though I protest here in the face of Heaven that I am innocent of his blood, I yet acknowledge myself deserving of punishment. All my measures are taken; my father has solemnly promised never to revenge my blood on this country; I am ready to die, and here wait defenceless among those to whom my death may become the purchase of the highest happiness on earth.”

Don Raimond at these words took the helmet from his head, and drew his sword to present it to Don Garcia, who had listened to the whole speech in gloomy silence. But Ines here stepped forward, and holding back Raimond's arm in a commanding attitude, said with ill-concealed anxiety but much dignity: “Don Raimond, Don Garcia, and you citizens of Arragon, listen to the voice of your queen,—to the last branch of a line of nobles under whom this land has enjoyed many years of happiness and repose.”

All were silent, while Ines continued with more calmness: “You know the sentence which seven years ago declared that my hand and throne should be given to him who should deliver to me the count of Barcelona. The condition is fulfilled. The chevalier de Montauban, who has delivered this country from the yoke of the stranger, who has protected us and shed his blood for us, redeems also the last condition,—he delivers the count of Barcelona to our revenge. It is therefore just that we also keep our word and fulfil the condition of our sentence—and thus I give my hand to the knight of Montauban, and here declare him my husband and lord, and the king of Arragon.”

The princess had not finished these words before the glad acclamations, “Long live the queen! Long live king Raimond our deliverer!” expressed the joy and concurrence of the people in the happy issue of this intricate affair.



# THEODORA KANTAKUZENOS

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE 14TH CENTURY.

ANNA OF SAVOY, the widow of Andronicus Palæologus II. was pacing in violent emotion the costly carpets which covered the floor of her magnificent apartments in the imperial palace of Constantinople; at one moment she flung open the casement as if to soothe her chafed spirit by inhaling the pure air, and the next closed it with violence in the agitation of her uncontrollable passion.

Leaning against a marble table, on which lay various rolls of parchment, stood the patriarch Johannes; his countenance wore an air of indifference, but he was keenly eyeing with contracted brows every motion of the imperial widow.

The illustrious lady more than once passed close to him without appearing to remark his presence, and the cold expression of his features remained the same; at last Anna suddenly stopped short, and, with one hand resting on the table, fixed her sparkling eyes upon the ecclesiastic, and gave way to her wrath in these words: "And is it this Alexis Apokauchos you would have me trust? He who betrayed me; who—" here she struck violently upon one of the parchment rolls as if she would have effaced its characters—"who uses my name and my signature with the view of sacrificing me, on the first opportunity, to the fanatical hatred of the populace?"

"How can you, illustrious lady," replied the patriarch in



measured words, "experienced as you are in all the artifices of policy, be offended because Alexis, your confident,—he, the only support of your youthful son upon his tottering throne, should have employed means perfectly justified by their end? Brought up in the bosom of the Roman Catholic church, are you not aware of the power which the Pontiff of Rome exercises over the minds of the Occident? What harm is there in flattering him with hopes of finding that booty for which his predecessors often angled with the rod of St Peter, if our so doing furnishes us with means of resisting a man who ought to be equally detestable to you and to me and to every partisan of the old imperial family? In truth, noble lady, though Kantakuzenos may have succeeded in wresting the regency from your legitimate hands, you must not therefore suppose, that we too, the fathers of the Grecian church, will submit as willingly to the rule of the Roman bishop as your highness and the empire to that of prince Johannes."

Anna cast her eyes upon the ground, disconcerted a little by the boldness of the patriarch's speech; but the latter, perceiving his advantage, drew some steps nearer, and raising his voice continued: "How, was it the truth Apokauchos spoke when he described you to the Pope as a good Roman Catholic at heart! The splendour of an imperial crown has changed you into a Greek Christian; but were you not born in Savoy, and educated in Popish heresy?"

Here he lowered his voice, and gazed upon the princess, as if his small grey eyes would have read her inmost heart; but the high spirited Anna had again regained her dignified composure.

"Affairs of conscience, patriarch," replied she in a firm tone, "belong to the confessional and not to the consultation to which I condescended to call you. I answer your question by another: And if you agreed with Apokauchos and his plans, do you imagine—" here her threatening eye lightened on the pale countenance of the patriarch—"I am not aware



with what certainty you had reckoned upon securing for yourself the regency which the hated Kantakuzenos snatched from you as well as from me?"

"The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob forbid that my imperial mistress should suspect a faithful servant of the church of harbouring such worldly thoughts!" calmly replied the patriarch. "Our endeavours have no other object than to reinstate you in those rights of which violence and false pretensions have conspired so unjustly to deprive you."

"So,—" replied Anna slowly, her looks scanning the patriarch's features, but his features remained as passionless and unmoved as before, "you wish," continued Anna with violence, "that I should not shrink even from deeds of blood to destroy this Kantakuzenos and his party?"

"Inexplicable are the ways of Providence," solemnly replied the patriarch, "and just are all its decrees; the feeble hands of men strive in vain to guide the powerful wheel of Fate, which the angels turn round at the sign of the King of kings——"

"But," interrupted the empress, endeavouring to repress the struggle betwixt right and wrong which filled her bosom, "this Apokauchos, this adventurer, sprung from the very dregs of the people, who hired assassins against the life of his own benefactor,—and then, Kantakuzenos, that noble and wise, high-minded and active chief,—the deliverer of his country in so many bloody fields,—he whose abilities alone are able to support my son on the tottering throne of his ancestors——"

"The disinterested man!" interrupted the patriarch,—  
"The disinterested man!" he repeated with increasing vehemence. "He who has already prepared the bridal ornaments which he hopes to see adorn his vain daughter on the imperial throne of Constantinople! The generous man, who ere now perhaps has selected some convent for the troublesome empress-mother, where she may sing her penitential psalms in



uninterrupted solitude, whilst in the stately halls of the imperial palace——”

“Stop, thou tempter in priestly garments!” interrupted Anna, trembling with wrath, and seizing convulsively the hand of the patriarch—“Tempter, I am thine! Kantakuzenos shall fall!”

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With deeply offended pride, and wrath but ill-concealed, had Anna of Savoy, a woman as proud and ambitious as cunning, beheld prince Johannes Kantakuzenos, as guardian of the youthful prince her son, grasp with a firm hand the rudder of the wavering ship of the State, without allowing her to enjoy that influence which she had been ambitious of possessing. The patriarch Johannes, whose preponderance also Kantakuzenos had wisely limited to the exercise of his spiritual power, succeeded but too easily in exciting a formidable party against the regent, notwithstanding his acknowledged power, and his felt abilities to govern. At the head of this party stood Alexis Apokauchos, a Greek, who had raised himself by base intrigues from the lowest station to the highest posts in the administration of the empire.

Johannes Kantakuzenos, from the first moment of his having entered on the discharge of that trust which had been reposed in him by the late emperor, had been obliged to maintain an incessant struggle at once against the intrigues of the court, the tumults of the people, and the enemies of the empire. More than once he had owed his escape from the swords of the Bulgarians, and the daggers of assassins, to what seemed mere accident. Nay, he had even seen his palace burned by a mob excited by his enemies; and his aged



mother had died of grief on account of the dangers with which she beheld her beloved son perpetually surrounded.

Civil wars, the consequence of a succession of conspiracies directed against the regent's authority, now convulsed the empire, in which the seeds of political dissolution were already sown; but it was not till deeply moved by the miseries of his unfortunate country, that Kantakuzenos—according to the unanimous testimony of authentic historians—perceiving no other means of saving it from ruin, reluctantly resolved to clothe his shoulders with the imperial pallium, and caused himself to be proclaimed joint-sovereign of the State.

This decided step, however, only placed the object of his wishes at a still greater distance. Surrounded by rebels, his sword reposed less than ever in its sheath, and he was frequently obliged to call the Saracens to his assistance; but fortunately for the empire, Amoor, the barbarian leader, had hitherto, after satisfying the avidity of his hordes, quietly returned to Asia without attempting to establish himself in Europe.

While the patriarch employed himself in nourishing the wrath which burned in Anna's ambitious breast, and his associate Apokauchos only waited the consent of the empress to carry into execution his assassin-designs, Kantakuzenos abode in his camp in Thrace, carrying along with him through the tumult of war his wife and his two daughters, to whom the walls of the discontented towns of the empire offered no secure asylum.

The camp of his faithful soldiers and of his Saracen allies occupied a vast plain. High upon the rocks in the background glittered the spears of the outposts,—immediately beneath lay the Saracen cavalry,—in the midst of the valley arose a forest of lances, within whose circle bands of devoted adherents surrounded the lofty tent of their chief,—about one hundred paces distant from this spot stood two smaller tents, magnificently adorned, and overshadowed by the neigh-



bouring copse through which a clear brook meandered, the one occupied by the princess Irene, and Helena, her eldest daughter, the other by Theodora, her second daughter—a maiden tired of life and bearing the sting of hopeless love in her wounded heart—and her faithful nurse, Wassilia.

The last notes of Helena's guitar, with which she sought to cheer her mother's solitude, were dying away, when the tread of heavy steps approached,—the sentinel's challenge was heard, and prince Kantakuzenos entered his wife's tent. His countenance bore traces of deep anxiety, but Irene hastened to greet her royal husband with her wonted affection. Helena too approached her father, and the united charms of mother and daughter soon succeeded in smoothing the contracted brows of the prince.

"Go now," said he, extricating himself from the fond embraces of both, "go, little babbler, and try to cheer your melancholy sister. I must speak with your mother, and wish to be alone."

"Babbler!" replied Helena. "Babbler, father! Did you ever hear that Helena betrayed the secrets of the State?"

"No, never," replied Johannes smiling, "because nobody ever intrusted her with them; but I have high thoughts in my mind for you; and if the star of the old house of Kantakuzenos is not set for ever, a brilliant destiny yet awaits my Helena."

"A brilliant destiny!" repeated Helena. "A brilliant destiny awaiting me! That can only be when the myrtle and diadem entwined in one shall form a bridal wreath for me. So you have sought a son-in-law upon the throne? Well, father, it is all agreeable to me; your dutiful daughter is ready to bestow her hand on any husband of her father's choice, except it be the patriarch or a Saracen." With these words and a playful smile, she slipped out of the tent and disappeared.

"Does it not seem," said Johannes, looking after her with astonishment, "as if the child, in the simplicity of her heart,



had guessed my most secret plans! Irene," he resumed in softer accents, "I come again to consult you regarding a wish of which I have often spoken. To-morrow's sun will look upon a bloody field of battle, perhaps witness your husband stretched upon his faithful shield, and too late—"

"Oh, cease to torment me!" exclaimed Irene, flinging her arms around her husband, as if she would have shielded him from every harm.

"Can the strongest oak of the forest resist," replied Johannes, deep gloom overshadowing his brows, "when the raging hurricane sweeps through its branches, and its roots are torn up from the earth? Pursued to death by the ambitious Anna,—hated by the misguided people as an usurper,—surrounded with assassins by the reckless, ungrateful Apokauchos,—forced to depend on the aid of Amoor's wild hordes, whose devastations I must behold in silence,—what hopes are still left for your husband, whose hairs are already bleached by cares and battles?"

"Noble, unfortunate man!" exclaimed Irene, her tears rolling over the steel cuirass of her husband. "You are worthy to bear a crown! If I, a feeble woman——"

"You can do much," interrupted Johannes. "Use your influence with Theodora, and persuade her to give her hand to Sultan Orchan, the powerful sovereign of Asia Minor, and I and the empire of Byzantium are saved from approaching destruction."

"By Saint Demetrius, do not confide in these Turks!" exclaimed Irene. "They are rapacious wolves, ready to seize upon this feeble realm."

"I place no trust in the faithless Amoor," replied Johannes with increasing fire; "but with my whole soul, I confide in the heroic Orchan, though he be a votary of the Koran. With his aid I shall quickly crush the hydra of rebellion, and preserve the crown for my ward. The ties of relationship will at once incline the Mussulman to lend me his aid and repress his spirit of conquest; but should he ever



seek to overstep the natural boundary of the empire, and cast an eye upon our Constantinople, then—" here he struck his sword so furiously that, ringing from the blow, the blade glittered above the sheath.

"Unhappy father!" exclaimed Irene. "What would then become of your daughter, the innocent victim of your gigantic plans?"

"God," replied Johannes with a stifled voice, "will help when human prudence can avail no more. It is not my life but the salvation of a whole empire which is at stake; my resolution is irrevocable, and you too must submit to inexorable necessity and lend your assistance to my plans."

"Short-sighted man! And do you really believe yourself able to tear Theodora's loving heart from the noble knight to whom she swore eternal fidelity, whose image she idolizes in her breast, and who will be her last thought when the angel of death presents himself to her with the palm of peace?"

"Aymard, count of Valiere," said the warrior, stifling the softer emotions which struggled for vent in his bosom, and restraining the tear which shone in his eye, "Aymard, once my pride and joy, has long since passed from among the living. Never would he have burdened my grey hairs with grief,—never have broken Theodora's heart; the sea has swallowed his body, or his bones are whitening unburied under the rays of an Asiatic sun!"

"God and his saints forbid!" exclaimed Irene; "and yet the certainty of his death is the only condition under which I may persuade Theodora to sacrifice herself for an empire's safety."

Johannes fell into deep reflection,—the violently contracted muscles of his countenance betrayed the inward struggle with which he was contending,—his heart heaved beneath its covering of steel, and his eyes glanced from under his dark vizor: "This certainty she shall have!" exclaimed he abruptly, as if awaking from a deep dream. "I have found means



for it, and will make use of them at a fit time. If my plan succeed, the eternal Judge may bestow on Theodora the well-earned crown of a martyr in a noble cause. Now, good night; I go to ascertain the watchfulness of my sentinels." With hasty steps the prince left the tent and passed through the lines of archers into the darkness of the night.

During the interview of her parents, Helena, with her usual gaiety, had entered Theodora's tent, and found her beloved sister leaning upon her faithful nurse, the picture of hopeless sorrow. The rustle of the curtain at Helena's entrance awoke her as from a deep slumber, and with a faint smile she stretched her hand towards her.

"You come late to me, Helena; but how cheering is your smile! Alas! the roses of love yet bloom for you,—for me, there is nought save the green cypress. You smile,—do you bring me news of Aymard? Does he live? Has he returned from Rhodes? Does he come to fulfil his vow? Or are you too allied with those who would sacrifice me to the Saracen?"

Helena cast down her eyes, embarrassed by these hasty interrogatories.

The prudent nurse took up the conversation: "Peace be with the dead," said she; "who knows what happiness awaits you by the side of Sultan Orchan. Think, princess, what glory would be thine if you could succeed with the assistance of God in converting the infidel! Then would you shine a saint in history—"

"Yes, I will!" exclaimed Theodora, as if suddenly inspired. "I will strengthen myself by prayers for the great work. Alas!" continued she in a stifled voice, "if I could by any penance and torment efface the remembrance I carry in my heart; but he lives, and will for ever live in it. Leave me now, I would be alone while I decide between inclination and duty."

Helena left the tent, and Wassilia threw the silken coverlet over Theodora's couch, and sat down at the side of her slumbering mistress.



While Johannes was making the round of the camp the darkness of night closed above him, and nought interrupted the deep stillness, save the monotonous calls of the sentinels, and now and then the shrill neigh of some Saracen steed from the foot of the mountains. The prince found all in good order through the camp; but at the gorge of the valley, where the Saracen cavalry guarded the outposts, a laxer discipline appeared to prevail. Some horses which had broken loose from their stakes ran across his path; and the Mussulmen, intoxicated with opium, lay scattered about upon the grass, while his listening ear caught some unintelligible Turkish curses, which seemed to alternate with a rough deep voice, which the prince fancied was familiar to him.

"Peace in the name of the chief!" exclaimed Kantakuzenos with a commanding voice.

"Hail, my prince!" exclaimed one of the speakers. "You come at a happy moment, and just in time to save the swift Nero from the clutches of those Turkish blood-hounds." Johannes on approaching perceived a tall man, with a vigorous arm throw to the ground a Turk who tried to detain him, and hasten, pursued by an old Grecian captain, towards the spot where he himself stood.

"It is the gipsey lad," exclaimed the captain all breathless; "the same, my lord, whom I have frequently seen with you at the court of Servia."

"Nero, *you* here!" exclaimed the prince to the gipsey, who now stood close before him.

"'Tis my very self," replied he, drawing a deep breath and shading the locks from his sun-burned countenance. "These Turkish brutes laid hold of me as roughly as if they would have drawn me up all at once into the seventh heaven of their great prophet! Hegg Iben, our captain, sends me to you with an important message."

"Have you letters from him?" eagerly inquired the prince.

"Letters!" replied the dark-visaged emissary, laughing



aloud, "Letters! What are you thinking of in such dangerous times. If the rebels had taken me and found a piece of writing on me, truly it would have soon become a confessional ticket for me to eternal life! My message," he continued, "is merely verbal; but were my words the less true when Hegg Iben warned you at the Servian court of the assassins, who either were too cowardly to spill your princely blood, or too ill-paid by that miserly Apokauchos? We gipsies dig under ground like moles; but at the same time, we are like the eagles flying in the air, whose eyes, though dazzled by the sunbeams, let nothing escape them in the bustling world beneath. Listen then to what the moles have heard, and the eagles seen, and what my captain has commissioned me to tell you. Anna of Savoy has taken the sacred vessels of the church—which even a gipseey would not have dared to profane—to raise a new army of enemies against you; Stephen, the ever faithless Servian, has secretly furnished troops; Alexander, the prince of the Bulgarians, has done the same openly; Mumitilos, that bold and fortunate adventurer, whom the empress-mother named captain only a few months ago, as chief of the new-raised army, is approaching by hasty marches to destroy you and your family at a single blow. With the rising sun you will see the gleam of their spears on the ridge of the mountains, by which path they approach to surprise you. Hegg Iben, therefore, advises you to occupy the defiles, that they may be obliged to meet you on equal terms in the plain, where your archers and heavy-armed infantry and Saracen horsemen will make an easy game of the rabble, though they came against you as numerous as the sand of the sea. My message is done; let me hastily shake the dust from my feet, and be guided safely beyond the outposts, lest one of these Seldshucks should again fall upon me. I must up to the mountains where our horde is encamped, and make my report to our captain. Tomorrow we hasten like the ravens to the field of battle to pillage the dead."



Johannes gave a handful of gold pieces to the eloquent emissary; who took them with a nod of thanks, and stole silently away from the spot.

"One moment more, Nero," said the prince calling him back. "If God grant me victory to-morrow, I shall be encamped under the walls of Constantinople ere the full moon rises above the sea. Let one of your people keep watch every evening at Pompey's columns; this—" here he placed in his hands a piece of paper with the impression of a seal upon it—"warrants you safe conduct; perhaps I may have need of your or Iben's services."

"Ah! Ah!" grinned the gipsey; "have need of! Perhaps in this way?" here he drew out a little dagger concealed under his girdle. "Anna, my lord, may have need of a sure hand," continued he with a look of proud assurance.

"Knave!" exclaimed Kantakuzenos with a rough voice; "Have I ever hired you or your fellows for the commission of a crime?"

"No,—upon my poor soul, no, my lord!" replied Nero. "The gold which you have spent upon us with kingly generosity has always been won easily and without blood. Command us; we are at your service!" With these words the gipsey vanished into the shades of night.

Johannes, before retiring to rest, doubled the outposts, and sent forward strong bodies of archers to occupy the defiles.

The vapours of morning still lay upon the heath, the grass and plants exhaled their fragrance in the cool dew, and only a few light streaks in the clouds of the eastern sky announced the break of day, but all was already activity and bustle in the camp. Earlier than usual the Turkish Ashans said their Sabha-Namazi,\* and performed the Abdest† commanded by the prophet, in the limpid brook which wound through

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\* Morning-prayers.

† Ablutions.



the camp ; after which they caught and saddled their steeds, and sharpened their glittering scymitars for the coming fight. In another quarter the archers tried the strings of their bows,—the captains inspected the saddles and arms,—the soldiers buckled firmer their casques and armour,—the tents were already struck,—and the infantry stood a forest of glittering spears ready for the bloody work which was at hand.

The purple glow of the nascent day scarcely tinged the tops of the mountains, when Irene with her daughters, under an escort of archers, rode up the steep path which conducted to a secure plateau appointed for her station during the approaching contest. During the ascent, Helena wheeled round her richly decorated palfrey, lifted her veil, and shouted ‘Victoria!’ down into the valley, in such a tone that the soldiers struck their sounding shields with their spears, and hailed her prophetic words with loud acclamations.

The warriors had stood under arms for about an hour’s space, when three sounds of the trumpet from the top of the mountain having announced that the enemy were in sight, the horsemen sprang into their saddles, and Kantakuzenos rode through the lines on his war-horse animating his men for the combat. At the call of his bugle the archers took their station on a rising ground, the infantry stood in the centre, the right wing was covered by cuirassiers, and the left by the Saracen cavalry. The latter in their usual disorderly manner, begun the fight with the vanguard of the enemy, and the bolts of the Grecian archers flew over the valley, making fearful havoc in the close files, while the enemy concentrated his whole strength on the left wing. This movement was instantly perceived by Johannes, who turned his battle-horse, and at the head of his lancers, bore down upon the lines of the enemy, while the Grecian infantry, diverging into two columns behind their cavalry, fell with their spears upon both extremities of the enemy’s line. The impetuosity of the unexpected attack made the solid masses reel and stagger, and a deadly struggle began, in which man



was opposed to man, and death stalked around in a thousand forms.

Meanwhile the Saracen auxiliaries, who had been at first thrown into confusion, fired at the gallantry of the Greeks, wheeled round in the rear of the enemy, and then, with their Damascene blades up-lifted, and furious screams of 'Allah!' breaking from behind on the ranks already weakened by combat, cut down and overwhelmed whole troops before the unexpected attack could be repelled.

This motion caused the columns of the enemy to waver; whilst Kantakuzenos bore down with his horsemen all who tried to rally and keep their ground, and hard upon the track of the fugitives, like the angels of death, pressed the blood-thirsty Saracens.

"*Sauve qui peut !*" exclaimed Mumtilos in despair, and turned his horse from the lost field; but the well-mounted Ashans recognised the chief by his floating plume, and under their sabres he paid the price of his bold but unsuccessful enterprise.

The sun shone in full splendour on the bloody field, where the Turkish horsemen were busy plundering the dead, and quarrelling with some gypsies who had arrived for the same purpose, when prince Kantakuzenos slowly rode over the field of battle, giving orders that the slain should be decently buried, and the wounded looked after. Deep melancholy mingled with a victor's pride sat upon the chief's brow, while, holding his helmet in his folded arms, he exclaimed with fervour: "Father in heaven, the blood of Christians and fellow-citizens cries for revenge to Thee; but not on my grey head fall the burden of this slaughter; give peace, O Thou omnipotent, to a distracted empire!"

Having rewarded his Turkish allies, he despatched them as quickly as convenient; unwilling that they should learn the road to the imperial city which they in after times discovered for themselves under the bold Mahomed II. Meanwhile he himself pressed forward with his faithful troops towards Constantinople.



"THESE are the fruits of your virtuous compunctions!" wildly exclaimed Apokauchos, forgetting the respect due to imperial majesty, as he hastened, without being announced, into the chamber of the astonished empress, and flung with impetuosity a roll of parchment at her feet. "In vain," continued he with rising passion, "has the money of the treasury been lavished,—in vain the sanctuaries pillaged! Mumitilos has fallen and his Klephtis with him! The proud Kantakuzenos is intoxicated with victory,—he lives, the hated miscreant, and on your head be the blame! What need was there of thousands of lances where one blow would have been enough?"

"Lift the parchment from the ground," said the empress with dignity, "and remember that it is I, your queen, to whom you speak."

Apokauchos respectfully obeyed, and presented the empress with the despatch from the lost field.

"What can we now do?" began he in a low voice, interrupting the long pause.

"What else but negotiate, submit, and in appearance give the hand of reconciliation to the victor!" replied the cunning princess.

"Not so, illustrious empress!" replied Apokauchos. "Sign this paper, and the victorious banners of Kantakuzenos shall soon be reversed."

"I will sign nothing," replied she coolly. "You alone are now the wise ruler of the empire; what do you want with the signature of a feeble woman?"

"The tranquillity of the capital," answered the courtier calmly. "The safety of the young emperor, and your own preservation, require the imprisonment of several suspicious nobles of the enemy's party. Only the kinsmen of Kantakuzenos can serve as hostages for the safety of the capital."



"Do it then," replied Anna sullenly; "and be gone."

Apokauchos hastened back to his palace, and a party of his creatures, with an armed guard, instantly went forth and threw into prison, under the cover of night, about two hundred of the friends and relations of Kantakuzenos.

In the morning, a numerous body of masons and carpenters were summoned to convert one of the towers in the old Constantine palace into a state-prison,—a dungeon then unrivalled in Europe for gloomy strength, which the cruel Apokauchos called 'the castle of Oblivion.'\*

Here a range of narrow cells was intended to receive the objects of his revenge; after which, the doors being built up, and for ever closed upon them, they were to be left to await the termination of their sufferings from the slow death of hunger.

The pen dares not to record all the cruelties of this monster in human shape; but the eye of the Eternal Judge had marked him, and already was he doomed to suffer a fearful retaliation.

One day, as Apokauchos stood superintending the progress of the building, a young man of the noble family of the Rau-liens approached him, and seizing a piece of wood, struck the tyrant such a dreadful blow with it, that he sank lifeless to the ground, while the other prisoners threw themselves on the corpse, and having cut off its head amid a thousand imprecations, exhibited it over the high walls to the populace, in the belief that they too would exult in the fall of the tyrant and protect his murderers.

They would have acted more wisely had they scattered themselves through the town, and availed themselves of the disposition of the populace to protect them; but, instead of this, they only fled to a neighbouring convent, where they demanded a guarantee of safety from the empress.

\* *Τὸ ἀνδρὸς ἀποθήκη, vid. Gregoras, p. 371, and Ducas, p. 7.*



With her wonted cunning, Anna referred them to the patriarch, saying that she had no power to give such a guarantee; but in the meanwhile she bestowed an audience on the wife and relatives of the murdered Apokauchos, and cruelly gave them permission to gratify their blood-thirsty revenge on the unfortunate nobles.

By the dawn of day, the friends of Apokauchos, accompanied by a rabble of intoxicated sailors, presented themselves before the convent, and having broken open the gates, butchered the wretched and unarmed nobles on the steps of the altar and before the images of the saints. A few only escaped by speedy flight, and among others, the aged grandfather of Kantakuzenos.

Thus, in one day, the flower of the Byzantine nobility, men fitted above all others to save their country, were laid weltering in their blood in the Temple of the Lord. All good patriots mourned their fall, and Anna herself affected to regret their loss.

Whilst this bloody scene was acting, Stephen, king of Servia, excited by Anna's emissaries, surprised several towns in Macedonia and Thracia, but by the vigilance of the governors, Asanes, Andronicus, and Cinnaneos, men faithfully devoted to the prince, these provinces were preserved. Numerous troops of Turks, led on by their emirs, were also on their way, at Anna's call, to assist her against Kantakuzenos; but discord among the leaders, and Anna's inability to satisfy their thirst of gold, in conjunction with the assassination of her most crafty negotiator, Nicolaus Vatazes, who had been gained over from the party of Kantakuzenos to her interests, once more saved Constantinople, and induced the Turkish hordes again to retire into Asia.

Anna, nevertheless, was not deterred from the pursuit of her ambitious plans; she tried to entrap the powerful Orchan, sultan of Bithynia, in her snares, and to make him her instrument in overthrowing the hated regent. But Kantakuzenos happily out-manceuvred these secret intrigues; and it



had become necessary that his great plan should now or never be executed. Theodora, as we already know, was chosen to twist the band which was to unite her father and the powerful Padshah\* in closer union; and for the purpose partly of preserving a commanding position, and partly of weakening the power of his adversaries and raising the hopes of his partizans, Kantakuzenos resolved to have himself proclaimed Autocrat of the empire. The venerable patriarch of Jerusalem solemnly crowned him amid the acclamations of his soldiers; and the new emperor, according to ancient custom, placed with his own hands the imperial crown on the head of his spouse.

The son of Apokauchos had in the meanwhile fallen in a rebellion which broke out in Thessaly; and Johannes Kantakuzenos triumphantly advanced upon Constantinople, and fixed his head-quarters at a magnificent villa in the neighbourhood of the imperial city.

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THE towers and palaces of the Byzantine metropolis glittered in the silver light of the moon,—the misty fragrance of a thousand flowers hovered over the charming gardens which adorned the banks of the Bosphorus,—calmly the sea of Marmora rolled its rippling waves against those shores whose Christian inhabitants it separated from the confessors of the Koran, now casting many an ambitious look across its waters into the blooming countries of the West. A single galley lay at anchor at a short distance from the shore

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\* Prince.



—for the Genoese also had already begun to threaten Byzantium—but the careless crew, soothed by the cool and fragrant breeze of night, lay scattered over the deck in deep sleep.

A small frail boat glided over the dancing waves, through a bay overshadowed with pine trees; an aged man held the rudder with a thin but vigorous arm.

Wrapped in a black talar,\* while the breeze played through his thin locks and long-flowing beard, the boatman might easily have been taken for some pilgrim or pious eremite returning from the Holy Land, if the gaudy colours of his cap and under vestments had not contradicted this supposition. Stern features,—a pale countenance, furrowed with deep wrinkles,—thin blue shrivelled lips, which scarcely hid his toothless mouth, and around which a malicious smile perpetually played,—and small, deep sunk, twinkling eyes, completed the unpleasant impression excited by a figure on which the finger of Time seemed to have impressed the very symbols of guilt.

Having reached the shore, he carefully wound a rope attached to the boat around the stem of a tree, and then walked onwards, muttering in a low voice, and casting his looks into the dim landscape, through which he stole softly and rapidly like a floating vapour.

He paused near a small but thick bush, clapped his bony hands three times together, and placed a whistle made of reeds to his lips, till the shrill call resounded afar in the neighbouring wood, whereupon a figure, the shadow of which stretched in gigantic dimensions under the light of the moon, arose from a neighbouring field of maize and repeated the signal.

“Come you at last, Hegg Iben?” whispered the second figure. “You make us wait for weeks, though it be to gain a purse of heavy zechins in a moment.”

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\* A large loose robe.



"Speed without haste!" replied the old man. "I have more customers than you dream of; Turkish or Genoese gold is equally good to me; but of all Kantakuzenos pays me most liberally, and he shall be no longer disappointed. Besides, it was only yesterday that the disk of the moon was rounded."

"Old mother Hurka is impatiently expecting your arrival," continued the other, stroking his whiskers. "She was at the prince's villa all day, and says she has plenty to do there."

"What can be stirring," said the old man, placing his fingers with an air of reflection upon his brow, "that already, without waiting my arrival, he busies himself with the old witch?"

"If you wish to know," replied the young gipsey,—for his party-coloured dress, and mixed dialect of Hungarian, Wallachian, and Latin words proclaimed him a member of that cunning fraternity—"make haste to find old mother; yonder, where the coal-fire glimmers behind the brushwood, she and our whole merry troop are encamped. You may hear their voices."

They approached hastily towards the spot, where around a heap of dying embers, the whole band, men, women, and children, lay in various groups, inhaling the smoke of the Indian weed from small pipes of about a finger's length. An animated conversation, accompanied with the most expressive gestures, was interrupted, from time to time, by wild bursts of laughter, and songs more resembling a series of inarticulate unconnected sounds than the rhythmic expression of dithyrambic feeling. The younger members of the party romped together, whilst one speaker, with deep curses and fierce gestures, swore by his beard he would hang on the next tree the first of the company who should dare to doubt a portion of his marvellous relation. Eben had scarcely appeared ere the uproar subsided, and a joyful huzza greeted their long-absent leader. Holding a blazing torch



of pine in her hand, old mother Hurka with composed manner and measured steps approached the chief. Upon her few thin grey hairs she wore a high-pointed bonnet painted with various strange hieroglyphics, from under which her small fiery eyes gleamed like two meteors; a misanthropic expression lay upon her wrinkled brows, and her projecting jaw-bones gave to her olive-coloured face a triangular outline.

"At last!" shrieked the old hag in a hollow nasal voice, dashing the torch upon the grass. "'Tis high time you come, that Kantakuzenos lose not patience! But I have prepared every thing; you can learn your part in a few words from me, and even begin your drama this very hour."

"My drama! You speak in riddles, old mother!" replied the astonished gipsey.

"Yes, you shall invite the dead to the wedding, Hegg Iben; and Nero there shall personate Aymard count de Valiere. Come hither, and let me explain to you our riddle." Hurka drew the gipsey-chief aside, while Nero, placing his hand on his side, murmured in astonishment: "I a count! The old sinners, I believe, could lift the world out of its place if they knew where its poles lay!"

"Hasten," said Hurka to Hegg Iben as they emerged from the bushes,—*"hasten towards the column of Pompey,\* and there give the signal. But I am almost afraid,"* she added, shaking her head, *"that the weak nerves of the girl will not be able to bear your devilish sorceries."*

"Do you pity the languishing dove?" grinned Iben. "Are we not handsomely paid by the father himself? I will so

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\* Regarding this column a French traveller says: "Pres du canal de la mer noire on trouve la colonne de Pompee, un morceau de colonne ordinaire d'une pierre blanche et d'une apparence peu digne de ce fameux Romain—un monument peut-etre de ses victoires sur Mithridate, etc. etc."—*Voyage du Sr. de la Motraye, etc. a la Haye, 1727. T. I. p. 208.*



efface the memory of the pale-faced count, that not a line of it shall remain in her love-sick brain,—that you may rely upon! Whether she marry Christian or Turk,—whether Michael or Mahomet open the gates of Paradise to her, is all one to Hegg Iben! Make haste and get me my implements that I may set about it instantly.”

Hurka now presented him with a crystal vial, which he held up against the light of the moon and then hid under the folds of his mantle; she then brought a little chest, which was also carefully examined by the conjurer.

“There is yet one thing wanting,” murmured Hegg Iben; “You idle rogues,” he exclaimed, stretching his arm over the scattered group, “hark ye, you night-ravens, have you collected and bleached for me the bones of the black lizards?”

As the young of the vulture raise themselves with flapping wings above their nest, at the call of their parent, so the half-slumbering gipseys started up, and produced from the linen bags which served them as pillows, the skeletons of several animals which they laid at the feet of their chief.

“Put these things into the chest of the cedar of Lebanon,—as the fat Abbot used to call it, till we relieved him from the charge of his confessional money,” said Hegg Iben to Nero. “You go with me,” he continued, “lest I should require your cunning or the help of your vigorous arm. Kantakuzenos is a noble planet compared with the other wisps which hover about in the Byzantine ditch; but it is better to be timeously advised than to be eternally ridiculed. and he who steals a crown will not set great value on the life of a gipsy should it become burdensome to him.”

With quick steps both glided forward through the luxuriant crops of maize and rich vineyards; and on approaching the rock on which the column of Pompey stood, they perceived a human figure leaning against the pillar apparently waiting their approach.

Nero stopped; Hegg Iben went forward some steps, and



then placing his hands to his mouth, called shrilly out, 'Kanta, and 'Kuzenos,' resounded distinctly from the rock. Immediately the figure was seen descending the rude flight of steps which led to the summit; it approached the old man, and stood before him, turning the point of a glittering sword to the gipsy's breast.

Hegg Iben looked boldly into the countenance of the muffled figure, and gave him the slip of paper bearing the impression of Kantakuzenos's seal, which Nero had received on the evening preceding the late battle. The stranger having examined it, sheathed his sword, and taking the old man by the arm, led him through a small door into the fragrant gardens of the imperial villa, while Nero followed at a distance.

They passed through lofty colonnades and spacious halls, to a room lighted by a silver lamp pendant from the ceiling, into which the confidential servant of the prince conducted Hegg Iben. Johannes Kantakuzenos appeared seated here on a richly adorned chair, at a table covered with writings. He rose hastily on perceiving their entrance, and fixed his eagle-looks upon the hesitating and over-awed gipsy.

Hegg Iben placed his hand across his breast and bent three times to the earth before the prince: "I come, mighty lord," said he, "to learn your commands. The prophetic spirit of old mother has already instructed me in the beginning and the end; but the slave still waits his master's orders."

The gipsy's words seemed to fall upon deaf ears; for the prince paced silently and with hasty strides through the apartment, apparently struggling to repress conflicting emotions.

"You know my daughter Theodora," he at last began, throwing a keen look into the old man's withered countenance. "You knew Aymard, count——"

"Yes, and may he suffer eternal torments for breaking the heart of your daughter!" interrupted the gipsy. "May he be consumed by jealousy when he learns that his forsaken



bride has been raised to the brilliant throne of the powerful Orchan !”

“Silence, old sinner !” thundered Kantakuzenos. “Profane not the memory of the unfortunate hero, who—it is but too certain—has long ago passed from among the living, otherwise I never would have consented to your deceitful artifices.”

“My art is not so very deceitful,” grinned Hegg Iben. “I think, mighty lord, you should have known *that* already by experience.”

The cunning gipsy watched every motion of the prince, and continued with proud self-complacency : “Hegg Iben knows how to prepare in the night-time a juice which creeps slowly through the veins and brings certain death ; or, according to wish and reward, Hegg Iben can furnish an instant passport to the pleasures of another world. It would be a pity,” he continued—and here even the old miscreant’s looks sought the ground—“young, weak, innocent blood,—but if Anna of Savoy were made to breathe out her soul in slow convulsions, would not that be a feast for the spirits of hell !” Here he burst into a fiendish laugh, and, rising on tiptoe up to the stately figure of Kantakuzenos, whispered into his ear : “In confidence, would you wish to try the virtues of a little of my merchandise ?”

“Wretch !” exclaimed Kantakuzenos, seizing the old man by the throat. “Use your tongue more discreetly, or in a few minutes you hang on the nearest tree !”

“How can you frighten an old man in such a way ?” exclaimed Hegg Iben, painfully writhing himself out of the indignant hero’s grasp. “I know every thing, my lord ; I will raise one from his grave, who, perhaps, is yet walking on the earth,—but no matter, he shall appear. Give me, therefore, his portrait, which I want for my purposes, and the golden tincture.” Here the gipsy, by a pantomimic action, appeared to be telling over the amount of his expected reward.



Kantakuzenos gave him a picture framed in gold, and also put two heavy purses into his extended hands.

"Thank you," whispered Hegg Iben, weighing the purses in his hand. "But you know three is a sacred number with my people; and I hope, as soon as your daughter shall have given you her promise, you will make these two purses three."

"Lord of Heaven!" exclaimed Kantakuzenos, as the old man stole out of the apartment, "let not thy wrath be excited against thy servant, who thus with daring hand seizes on the wheels of fate to save an unfortunate empire!"

THEODORA sat in her lonely apartment anxiously expecting the arrival of the foreign magician whom Kantakuzenos had promised to send to her. She was prepared for the worst, and had resolved to comply with the wishes of her father, as soon as the veil of the shadowy world had been lifted up before her eyes.

She cast a melancholy glance at the picture of her grandmother Eudoxia, which hung above her; the figure, holding a crucifix in its hand, seemed to be bending down with pity towards her.

"Ah, sainted spirit," she exclaimed, "if thou wert now near to advise and support me! Poor Theodora must become an exile from her country,—the Christian virgin must mount the throne of an infidel! And yet, if I could succeed in saving my father and the empire, and in turning, perhaps, the heart of my infidel lord to the true faith—spirits of Heaven, resolve my doubts, and either give me peace upon earth, or grant me repose in the grave!"



"The foreign magician," exclaimed Theodora's maid, entering the room with terror painted in her countenance, "is waiting in the hall and demands to speak with you."

"He comes in time," replied Theodora. "Let him enter."

Hegg Iben's silk talar already rustled in the passage leading to the princess's apartment; and when the ghastly countenance of the old man presented itself, the attendant maiden fled, as from the presence of a wild beast, through a side door.

The magician entered, bowed himself to the earth before Theodora, and cast his eyes searchingly around the apartment, while the trembling virgin looked not less inquiringly, but with internal shrinking, on the haggard features of the old man.

"Welcome, stranger!" spoke the princess at last, "Can your art inform me whether Aymard, count de Valière, yet lives, or——"

"I can," hastily replied the old man. "If he is alive my arts will be fruitless: for the spirits which obey my commands have power over the souls of the dead only. But if his soul has left the body, and the count is numbered with the dead, thou shalt behold his form, and hear his voice ten steps beyond the border of this pentagramma, as certainly as Zenith and Nadir, the kings of the air and of the earth, are obliged to obey me in the hour of my power."

"I am prepared for every thing," faintly ejaculated Theodora.

"Only twice two eyes may witness my incantations," said the magician, bolting the door, and placing the little chest, which he carried under his talar, upon the floor.

"Nassib, Tacdir, Eitusahra,\* hasten hither, as ye revolve in your endless courses!" Here his voice sunk into a low

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\* Fate, Providence, and the Planet which rules a man's destiny.



monotonous moan ; while he drew from his bosom a little box filled with a yellow powder, and taking a small poniard from his girdle, slightly scarified the skin under his loose sleeves and let some drops fall upon the powder ; with the paste thus made, the magician described an irregular circle on the floor, leaving a small space open. He then placed the medallion which Kantakuzenos had given him upon the box, and took from the small chest of cedar-wood some bones, tufts of hair, and strange roots, which he arranged with a few rough coins around the circle of incantation ; finally, howling like a jackall, he put a bit of wood, covered with a sulphurous fluid, into a bottle, and then held it flaming above the picture.

Until this moment Theodora had maintained her composure ; but when she beheld the incantator leaping with frantic gestures and the most horrid expression of countenance around the magical circle, it required her utmost efforts to preserve her fortitude.

"Hasten hither, departed shade of Aymard de Valière ! Open the mighty gates of purgatory, and present thyself at once to comfort and renounce the heart of thy forsaken maid !"

Theodora stood rooted to the spot like a statue, while without arose a wild hurricane,—hail rattled against the windows,—a rumbling noise was heard like the rush of a hunt over the dry heath,—then firm footsteps approached nearer and nearer,—the door, with all its bolts and locks, was burst violently open,—a cold stream of air whistled through the room,—and in the dim back-ground, veiled as in a mist, arose a tall figure whose pale countenance looked stedfastly upon the maiden.

"Aymard !" exclaimed Theodora, about to spring over the circle towards the door.

"Stop, rash woman !" exclaimed Hegg Iben, throwing her back with violence. "Would you have your brain struck with madness in this terrible hour ?"



The apparition slowly approached and spoke in a low voice: "Theodora, forget me and be happy. Separated here below, we shall meet again beyond the grave." It then vanished in mist, and melodious sounds floated through the room.

Theodora's eyes were dazzled, her knees trembled beneath her, and she sank down beside a pillar; Hegg Iben seized the opportunity thus afforded him of tearing away a portrait which hung suspended from her neck; he placed another upon her breast, and then, snatching up his magical apparatus, slipped silently out of the room.

In a few minutes the old Zenoras and Basilai entered the chamber and restored the maiden to animation.

It was morning when Theodora awoke; her pale countenance was flushed with fever, her eyes gleamed with fire, and her breast heaved violently beneath her silken robes.

"Theodora, forget me and be happy. Separated here below, we shall meet again beyond the grave," murmured she in a low voice, drying the tears from her eyes. "Dead, but faithful! Yes; it was thyself, Aymard! I have seen thee, and my heart shall beat more calmly." With these words she placed her hand upon her breast, and was astonished to discover the well-known features of her beloved miniature supplanted by the portrait of Sultan Orchan, on which she stared as if dazzled by the glittering jewels in which it was set.

"Fearful bridegroom!" said she. "Callest thou me so early to the sacrifice? Beyond this earth we shall meet



again, spirit of my Aymard ! Here below we are separated for ever."

She hid her face and sobbed deeply ; then hastily arose as if inspired with some sudden resolution.

"Bring hither my jewels!" she exclaimed ; "it is meet the victim should go adorned to the altar. Send Zenoras to tell my father that his daughter waits to receive his blessing on her alliance with the Padshah of the Ottomans."

Johannes received the intelligence with glad surprise. He hastily entered his daughter's apartment ; but deep melancholy covered his countenance when he beheld her sitting there, pale and feeble, yet with the heavenly resignation of a glorified saint.

"May Heaven reward you!" exclaimed he with deep emotion. "Not your father only, but millions will bless you, and an unfortunate country owe to you its delivery from ruin."

Distracted by a thousand contending feelings he took leave of his daughter, who soon felt strong enough to order the preparations for her departure. Messengers hastened to Asia Minor, and, with all possible despatch, Kantakuzenos got ready a truly imperial dowry. In a short time, numerous vessels of transport, and a magnificent galley prepared for the bride, lay ready on the shore.

At last the day fixed for her departure arrived. An enormous crowd of people covered the beach, and numerous groups were heard expressing their feelings in the spirit of their respective parties : "Raven-hearted father !" murmured one ; "thus to sacrifice his christian daughter to an infidel !" "Measure your words," interrupted another. "If you had ever peeped behind the curtain of politics, you would have framed your speech otherwise." "The ambitious fool will not rest till he bring his Turkish son-in-law to Constantinople !" muttered a third.

"The noble-hearted man ! He has even sacrificed his own daughter to his country's weal !" cried a fourth.



Disputes such as these grew more loud and general, till Theodora suddenly appeared, gracefully greeting the crowd as she moved along with imperial magnificence. Amid a flourish of drums and trumpets, the princess ascended the magnificent galley; once more, when on board, she stretched out one hand towards the shore, and placed the other on her heart,—a silent symbol to those whom she was leaving behind; thousands of voices shouted farewell, the rowers stooped to their oars, and the galley sprung forward through the waves with the swiftness of an arrow.

With eastern magnificence was Theodora received on the opposite shore. Six hundred Silhatari,\* mounted upon richly harnessed steeds, surrounded the litter, adorned with gold and jewels, in which the princess moved forward by short stages to meet her approaching bridegroom. But Theodora beheld with indifference the pomp which attended her progress,—her heart had grown so dead to every thing around her that even the charm of novelty had lost its effect upon her mind.

When the Aga announced to her that the Padshah, attended by his nobles, was in sight, Theodora felt as if struck to the heart by a dagger, and with trembling hands drew aside the curtains of the litter.

Upon a fiery Arabian steed, Orchan rode out of a whirling cloud of dust, and galloping up to the cavalcade leaped

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\* Spahis of the first rank.



vigorously from his saddle, and gracefully bent before his imperial bride.

A deep glow suffused her cheeks whilst her princely bridegroom stood before her in the consciousness of youthful strength and grace. But when she threw back her veil to answer his greeting, and perceived how the sight of her pale countenance made the gallant Oriental visibly shrink back from her into cold etiquette,—when her eyes ran over the circle of infidels now surrounding her, and she had marked the Mufti's haughty, contemptuous glance, and the smile of mockery which curled on the lips of the courtiers,—a feverish shudder shook her frame, and the sad truth flashed upon her mind, that she must for ever renounce the fond hope of being able to move the hearts of Mahommed's votaries.

The cortége put itself slowly and with eastern solemnity in motion; but it was seldom that the Arabian steed of Orchan was visible during the journey near Theodora's litter. Thus they at last reached Brussa in Bithynia, then the residence of the sovereign of the Ottomans. Here a brilliant reception awaited the imperial bride; but when the gates of the palace finally closed behind her, she felt as if a world was placed between her and every thing she held dear upon earth,—father, mother, sister, and country.

Orchan, whose many brilliant qualities were stained by mean avarice and insatiable avidity, was more pleased with the magnificent dowry she brought him, than with the sight of the pale young sultanness herself; he seldom saw her, and at last forgot her entirely, though she continued to be guarded with jealous watchfulness. The Capo-Oglanis\* crowded the anti-chambers of her magnificent apartments; while foreign dwarfs and Bizebanis,† and the Kadal-Kahia,‡

\* Black door-keepers of the chambers of the women in the harems.

† Dumb pages.

‡ Duenna.



annoyed her by their exaggerated and maliciously designed formalities.

Thus separated from the pleasures of the world, the quiet retirement which her broken heart had longed for so anxiously was unexpectedly granted to her ; the fanatical hope of being able to convert her infidel lord to christianity, and to share his throne for the happiness of mankind, fell like scales from her eyes ; a silent grief oppressed her deluded heart, and only the tears and prayers she offered every day to the memory of her lost friend awoke the remembrances of better days.

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THE emperor was yet encamped in the neighbourhood of Constantinople ; the ambitious Anna still resisted his overtures, and he did not dare to strike a decisive blow against the capital itself, for the empress mother, by the influence of gold and the intriguing spirits in her employ, completely swayed the feelings of the mob.

Hegg Iben was in perpetual motion between the two parties, and his thirst for gold was amply gratified on this political field. He was in the pay of both sides ; but as he really had a personal dislike to Anna, his services had some measure of fidelity towards Kantakuzenos.

One evening he suddenly appeared before the prince, while the latter was walking, in fretful mood, through the alleys of his garden.

"Hail, prince !" he exclaimed ; "soon shalt thou enter Constantinople. Nay 'tis true, as I am an honest gypsey ! The priests have quarrelled,—synods are to be convened for settling disputed doctrines,—Anna is actively engaged stir-



ring the pottage, but she will burn the mess, and the clergy will keep in check the party of the court and remain masters. In the zeal of schism they have become blinded to every thing else. Besides, the Genoese of Galata have, on account of the seizure of one of their vessels, excited their countrymen against this government of priests and women, and the archon Phaceolatus has sailed with some galleys to watch their intentions; he now lies at anchor close before Galata."

"Phaceolatus!" replied the prince. "Is he archon? He was ever faithfully attached to me." He walked a few steps, then turning round, exclaimed: "Well, I will try it; perhaps it may gain me my purpose! Is Nero at hand?"

"How can you ask that? Is he not my shadow?" grinned Hegg Iben. "A sound from my whistle and he stands before you."

"Wait here for me behind the bushes," said the prince, walking hastily away; "in one hour you shall have letters for the archon."

The prince retired,—wrote his despatches,—returned again,—flung a handful of zechins into Hegg Iben's hat, and Nero flew off with the swiftness of an arrow towards the shore.

The contents of the prince's communication, which contained a strong representation of the melancholy position of the empire, and of his wishes to procure its repose, were powerfully persuasive; and the archon promised, if possible, to procure the surrender of the city, without the necessity of striking a blow.

It was the 30th of February 1347, and the gloom of a dark night covered Byzantium, when Kantakuzenos passed through the open files of the archon's infantry drawn up in the neighbourhood of the golden gate, making himself known to them by pronouncing in a low voice, 'Constantinople and Kantakuzenos,' while the warriors gently struck their shields with their spears, in token of their fidelity.



The iron bolts of the golden gate were instantly drawn, and its mighty leaves revolved on their hinges; whereupon, with firm steps, and shouting their battle-cry, a troop of selected warriors, favoured by the darkness of the night, penetrated to the heart of the capital.

The terrified inhabitants started from their slumbers, but dread of the unknown enemy kept them within their houses. A few feeble bands of soldiers fled, screaming, 'Treachery!' towards the palace; but not a drop of blood was shed in taking possession of the imperial city.

Meanwhile Anna hastily drew together the fugitive soldiers, placed her body-guard under arms, barricadoed the gates, and thus resolved to resist the surprise.

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THE morning sun shone upon Constantinople—which yet appeared like a silent and deserted city, for none dared to leave palace or hut—when Kantakuzenos sent proposals of amnesty to the palace. But Anna persevered in her resistance, and led her young son to a balcony, whence she called aloud to the messengers: "Look, behold your emperor!" Thus the day passed away in fruitless negotiations.

The following morning, however, her obstinacy gave way before the preparations which she beheld making to storm the palace, and she signed a treaty for putting an end to the internal dissensions of the empire.

Prince Kantakuzenos was to retain the imperial dignity; the princess Helena was to give her hand to the youthful emperor, who after the lapse of ten years, was to be joint ruler of the empire with Kantakuzenos; and a complete amnesty was guaranteed to all parties.



Amidst the shouts of his warriors, and of the now worshipping multitude, the iron gates of the palace were thrown open, and Kantakuzenos, surrounded by a brilliant retinue, entered the castle-yard, where Anna and his new ward stood ready to receive him. With feigned kindness Anna answered the respectful greetings of the emperor; and Kantakuzenos placed the hand of the young Johannes in that of his sweetly smiling daughter.

WHILST the myrtle wreath was twining for the brows of her younger sister, Theodora's melancholy hours passed slowly away, as those of a captive, at Brussa.

Even the strength of those treaties to which her broken heart had served as the seal seemed gradually to yield to the intrigues of state policy; and Kantakuzenos having sent ambassadors to Pope Clement VI. to effectuate a reconciliation between the two churches, and negotiate a general league of the European princes against the advancing Crescent, the wrath of the offended Mussulman, excited by the father's act, fell upon the innocent and helpless daughter.

One morning the Haz-Ode-Bachi \* entered Theodora's apartment, and having made a low obeisance before her, said: "Lady, the orders of the Commander of the Faithful charge me to announce to you, that your father, forgetting his sacred treaties, has entered into negotiations with the Mufti of the Christians at Rome, and the princes of Italy, for the destruction of the Crescent. You must therefore serve as a

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\* Chief of the slaves in the seraglio.



hostage for the Christians, and it is my master's will that you be sent farther into the country to wait the issue of events. Thus speaks the Commander of the Earth, the shadow of God, the brother of the Sun and the Moon, the distributor of crowns, and the master of the towns of Mecca, Medina, and Kuds, towards whom the whole world turn their faces, through me his unworthy servant and slave."

"It is well," replied Theodora with dignified composure, "that the will of my lord and master allows me to retire into that solitude for which I long. Go, and prepare every thing for my departure."

After a journey of some days the princess reached a charming valley, near the foot of mount Olympus, in which lay the magnificent villa destined for her new abode. The gilded domes of the kiosks rose upon marble columns far above the high walls surrounding the extensive gardens,—a colonnade led from her apartments to terraces fragrant with flowers,—here murmuring streams meandered through picturesque groups of ancient trees, there tall cedars reared their heads above the lofty inclosures,—in a shady alley, which led to a fountain supported on four statues of lions, little tablets of metal, inscribed with sentences from the Koran, in golden characters, were hung up between garlands of flowers,—and nearly in the centre of the garden there was a dark bower of myrtles overshadowed with cypresses, through which no sunbeams could pierce. Here amid the murmur of fountains and water-falls, Theodora most loved to stray; here she dreamed of her beloved knight; and here she had carved his cyphers on the bark of almost every cypress.

Months passed away in this solitude, and Theodora beheld no human being with whom she could converse, but her nurse, a few black slaves, and the peevish Kadan-Kahia. For when at any time, though covered with her veil, she chanced to enter the garden unexpectedly, the white slaves working in it were hastily driven away under the curses and blows of their severe overseers, so that she seldom caught a sight



of them except at a distance ; she had, however, remarked one lofty form amongst them, who often seemed to look imploringly towards her while urged by his unfeeling task-masters to leave the garden on the princess's appearance.

"The unfortunate man pines for his freedom," said Theodora to Basilia one day while walking through the garden. "He stretches his hands thus imploringly towards me, as if I were able to take the yoke from his neck. The poor creature probably considers me, who am myself a captive, the mistress here !" Speaking these words she slowly entered her favourite bower ; but with a loud scream fell into her nurse's arms.

"In the name of all the saints," exclaimed Basilia, gently raising her head ; "what is the matter with you ?"

"Look," replied Theodora, pointing to the cypresses. "An angel has done that, or the dead are walking abroad on the earth !"

Basilia cast her eye on the stem of a cypress, and perceived an elegantly carved T cut in the bark, beside the A which Theodora had engraved on it ; an ingenious arabesque border surrounded both initials, and all the cypresses had been thus marked by some invisible hand.

"Marvellous ! Inconceivable !" exclaimed Basilia, bending over the exhausted princess, who tore herself from her arms, exclaiming : "He lives ! Hegg Iben has shamefully deceived me !"

"By your soul's salvation be calm !" implored Basilia, in a broken voice. "Every rustle of these branches may betray us."

"Let me in this sacred shade fortify my soul for coming trial," said Theodora, as her eye fell upon one of the tablets, bearing the usual inscription : "God is great. God is the only conqueror." But joy and terror stifled her farther speech, for she perceived another inscription on the tablet in Roman characters. It was these three words, 'Hope and Trust.'



At the court of Constantinople the dissensions of various parties appeared for a moment appeased by the recent arrangements. The friends of the nobles who were murdered in the bloody riot excited after Apokauchos' death, had laid aside their mournings, and two emperors, Johannes Kantakuzenos and his ward, and three empresses, Anna, Irene, and Helena, had been crowned with solemn pomp in the church of St Sophia; but the plague now raged among the people; and successive hordes of Turks invaded the country and carried off the inhabitants as slaves, while a thousand oppressive cares bowed down the noble Kantakuzenos, and filled his soul with grief and disgust. The restless intrigues of the court also, as if to fill up the measure of the country's misfortunes, were early directed to create a misunderstanding betwixt the imperial father and his son-in-law. Mattæus, the elder son of Kantakuzenos, who had been nominated governor of Thracia, raised the standard of rebellion, and heaped fresh grief on the heart of his father; only the prudence of Irene, who knew how to soothe the haughty soul of her son, averted for awhile the storm which anew threatened the exhausted country. A divided policy likewise distracted the cabinet of Constantinople: Johannes Palæologus leaned to the side of the Genoese, whilst Johannes Kantakuzenos favoured the Venetians. Amid contentions such as these Kantakuzenos longed in vain for repose; in vain sought to sheathe that sword for ever with which he had so often hewn his way to victory.

Stephen king of Servia's rapacious hordes invaded the boundaries of Macedonia, and surprised Thessalonica; and scarcely returned from putting down this rebellion, Kantakuzenos was called upon to act as umpire between fanatical priests and monks, and with extreme difficulty succeeded in



repressing the wild explosion of party feelings stimulated by the intrigues of secret agents.

In the meantime the Genoese obtained a firm footing in several islands of the Archipelago, and with inexpressible grief Kantakuzenos beheld their fire-darts consuming the suburbs of Constantinople, without his being able to revenge himself upon the foe. The conduct of his sons too afforded the noble prince little consolation. Mattæus, the elder, had, as we have said, raised the standard of rebellion; and Manuel, the younger, now governor of the Peloponnesus, seemed not to inherit a single spark of his father's generous spirit; while Theodora's fate hourly tortured her parent's heart, who mourned in all the consciousness of his having himself sacrificed her to a phantom. One solace he found in his noble-minded spouse; at her side would he sometimes forget the burden of the imperial crown, and muse over his favourite plan of closing an anxious life in the tranquillity of a cloister.

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"He lives!" exclaimed Theodora, rising from the ottoman on which Basilia had laid her. "My oppressed heart would know it with certainty. Haste, fly, Basilia! Call hither the overseer of the slaves that I may learn the names of the unfortunate men placed under his remorseless superintendence."

"For heaven's sake," replied Basilia; "renounce the unhappy idea, and do not awake the viper of suspicion in the bosom of that malicious mussulman, or to-morrow's sun will shine on the bloody head of some unfortunate wretch!"

"Could it be possible!" exclaimed Theodora sobbing.



"Was it no illusion of my fancy? Aymard alive, and in the fetters of these barbarians! O, would that it were granted to me to breathe my last in his arms! But 'Hope and Trust' were the words engraved on the tablet,—therefore, let us hope and trust."

More frequently, but with greater precaution, Theodora now visited the garden. Sometimes she caught a sight of the well-known form at a distance, and, on these occasions he turned his pale countenance towards her, and placed his hand on his heart; but no other sign passed betwixt them. Several weeks thus elapsed, and at last she no longer observed the object of her solicitude among the line of slaves as they returned in the evening twilight from their labour in the maize-fields; but one morning, having entered at an early hour the dark bower of myrtles, she found upon the black marble table, Aymard's picture, the same which Hegg Iben had stolen from her on the horrid night of the incantation. She seized it in ecstasy, and stepping out of the bower perceived the footsteps of a man upon the moistened sand, which she traced to the high wall surrounding the garden, where they disappeared.

In the evening, Theodora, attended by her nurse, mounted the highest kiosk, which commanded an extensive view of the neighbouring country. The slaves were at work in the fields, singing to beguile the tedious hours, and all around was life and activity, when suddenly the clang of tambourines and cymbals announced the approach of a gang of gipseys,—the reapers listened resting upon their scythes to the merriment of the wanderers, and even the harsh overseers approached and gazed with curiosity on the motley troop, whose leader, an old woman, greeted them with singular gestures, while two pretty girls, whose raven tresses were adorned with red ribbons, bore forward two large baskets, and the old woman busily unpacked their contents, consisting of silk purses, boxes of opium, costly ointments and perfumes in small phials, tobacco-tips of amber, and bowls of the



dark Hungarian terra sigillata, and various other articles, on the merits of which she held forth for some time with screaming eloquence to the surrounding crowd. At last, with a mysterious grin, she pushed aside the dry leaves of her basket, and exhibited to the sparkling eyes of the Mussulmen two leathern flasks of wine which lay at the bottom of the panniers.

"Look," said Basilia, eyeing with wonder the bustle of the group; "look, do you observe how actively that young gipsey runs about among the slaves, looking into their faces as if he wished to tell their fortunes."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Theodora; "now he stands still before Aymard's likeness. See they both disappear behind the corn!" In her anxiety she had dropped the silk chain of her favourite pigeon which was seated upon her shoulder; the little creature, attracted by the rich sheafs, instantly flew down over the wall, and passing over the heads of the overseers—now busy striking a bargain with the gipseys—was caught by an active gipsey girl, who disappeared with it behind a hedge.

The mirth and dancing of the gipseys lasted for some time, and the merry young women so cheered, by their merchandise and jests, the grave Turks, that for once they conducted with less severity the slaves to their nightly apartments.

Theodora was about to leave the kiosk, when her little winged favourite again alighted upon her shoulder, moving painfully its wing, as if something hurt its tender frame.

Basilia on examining the bird found a small billet attached by a thread under its wing, which Theodora hastily snatched from her and read. It contained the following scarcely legible words:

"Nero the gipsey, Hegg Iben's son and heir, now captain in the body-guard of the emperor Kantakuzenos, respectfully greets the princess Theodora. The em-



press Helena, your illustrious sister, has filled Nero's purse with gold, and he approaches to your deliverance. But know, it is not the arm of a gipsey, but a knightly sword, that shall free you from your shameful captivity. A sharp file shall sever the chains of a slave; my zechins have gained the heart of the Venetian renegado, Hassan,—you can trust to him. To-morrow the Aga of the Janissaries goes out with his soldiers to gather the war-contribution from the country people. The Kadan-Kahia also accompanies him on a pilgrimage to a celebrated mosque. After midnight, at the large fountain-basin, you will find your deliverers. Prepare yourself for the most unexpected things. The dead will arise from their graves, and thus shall Nero atone for the guilt of his father. He has already risked his life to restore an image dear to you; he will risk it again for your deliverance. Hope and Trust."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Theodora; "Oh, Basilia, our sufferings are at an end; after to-morrow I shall behold him again!"

The faithful Basilia collected the jewels of the princess, and arranged every thing for their flight. With deep anxiety they counted the passing hours,—the night descended,—the hour of flight approached,—the two females stepped softly from their apartments and glided towards the fountain, whose murmurs rose through the silence of the stilly night.

On the stem of a cedar leaned a tall figure in complete armour, holding a glittering sword.

Turning suddenly the corner of a high jasmine hedge, they stood close before him; he raised his vizor,—the sword dropped from his hand,—and exclaiming: "Theodora, oh once my beloved, and now again mine for ever!" he sank into her arms.



Footsteps and the noise of arms resounding behind the hedge, the knight started up, and lifted his sword from the ground, but it was Nero, Verrina, the Venetian renegade, and two squires of Aymard, whose shackles the adroit gipsy had also loosened, who now stepped out completely armed from the thicket, carrying a ladder which they placed against the walls of the garden.

"Away from hence!" exclaimed Nero; "every moment's delay may bring us destruction."

The wall was soon passed; by a ladder of cords they descended on the other side, where Hurka and some young gipsys held horses in readiness. Silently the little troop hastened on through the night with Nero—who knew well the roads—at their head. During the day they rested at solitary huts, and in the night time pursued their rapid flight by the most unfrequented tracks.

At the first resting-place Aymard cleared up to Theodora the darkness which had so long hung over his fate.

"When I," he concluded, "had obtained from my uncle, the grandmaster of Rhodes, who would so gladly have seen the cross upon my breast, his consent for our marriage, I lifted the anchor with cheerful hopes; fair winds swelled the sails, and I expected soon to reach Constantinople. But while navigating through the Archipelago, we suddenly perceived two Turkish pirates standing towards us from a concealed bay between the islands of Tinos and Delos; they gave chase to our galley, flung out their grappling irons, and in a moment threw themselves upon our small crew. I fought with the energy of despair; but was suddenly seized from behind, thrown down, disarmed, and fettered. I was then sold as a slave, and ill-treated by several masters; at last I was sent as a present from one of the Pashas to the Sultan. Long I wrought at the aqueducts of Brussa, till conducted hither with several companions in misfortune to work in the gardens of the Sultan's villa.

Nero also told his story. "Hegg Iben's last hour was at



hand," said he, "when Hurka called me to his couch. With his dying breath he confessed to me that he had learned from some Maltese knight that count Aymard was yet languishing in captivity, and with a trembling hand he gave me the picture he had taken from the princess, and made me solemnly promise that I would find you out, and through cunning and gold—for the old boy left plenty of well-filled purses to his band—break your chains. Hurka also swore to assist me; therefore you need not wonder at her having aided you in your flight. Truly," he added laughing, "it is the first good action the witch has done in her whole life; and yet almost a century rests upon her accursed shoulders!"

Without encountering any very imminent danger they approached the coast; but during their last stage a great peril awaited them. A numerous troop of horsemen surrounded them, whose Aga called on them to surrender. Already count Aymard was hesitating whether to begin the unequal struggle with his four armed associates, when they were saved by the cunning renegado.

"How do you dare," called he out in the Turkish language, "to attack on the open way princely prisoners,—captives who have paid their ransom in heavy purses to the Tefterdar of the Sultan, and whom I have orders to conduct to the coast, where they are to cross over to their homes? Do you know this?" added he, showing them the seal of the Aga of the Janissaries commanding at the villa, which he had stolen in the moment of flight.

The Aga respectfully lowered the little pennon which fluttered at the point of his lance, and rode off with his troop; a Venetian galley awaited the fugitives, and took them on board, at the mouth of the Sacarat; and vigorously the rowers urged their path through the curling waves of the Black Sea.



SADNESS and mourning reigned at the court of Constantinople; Helena seldom saw her husband, whom the hostility of the Servians and the rebellion of ambitious subjects perpetually detained in the field. Soured in his temper, and constantly excited to intrigues against his father-in-law, his innocent spouse was made the victim of his ill-humour; and the once so cheerful Helena, happy only in her children, had now become a resigned and silent sufferer, whilst the empress Irene passed her solitary days in exercises of devotion. Kantakuzenos likewise, worn out by the jealous rivalry of his ward and the rebellion of his sons, felt himself no longer able to bear the weight of the crown, and resolved on executing the plan he had long cherished of changing the purple pallium for the frock of the monk.

In the midst of these melancholy circumstances, Aymard and Theodora arrived at Constantinople, and hastened to the imperial palace.

The old servant Zenoras grew pale as death when he met them on the steps of the palace. He laid his hands on Aymard as if to satisfy himself that it was no spiritual shape which stood before him.

"Heaven be thanked," said he to Theodora; "that my eyes behold you once more before I shut them for ever! And you too, noble count, whom we had reckoned among the dead, be welcome! But"—here the old man drew a heavy sigh—"you come in an evil hour. Even just now your imperial father wears the crown for the last time in the hall of audience, and is about to place his formal abdication in the hands of the venerable patriarch Isidore, and the Pope's legate, Arigo d'Asti. The noble Pietro Gero, commander of the Venetian fleet, is to witness the act which secures to my noble master that better peace which his bosom never knew while seated on the noblest throne of Christendom."



The folding-doors of the hall now opened, and Helena stepped forth arrayed in deep mourning,—she was pale but still in the beauty of youth; close to her followed her noble mother, in the garments of a nun, and now bearing the name of Martha.

Helena, throwing back her black veil, first recognised her sister, and threw herself into her arms with impetuous joy. Aymard kneeled with pious respect before the illustrious lady, who, even in the garments of the convent, exhibited the dignified manners of an empress.

“Allow me now,” exclaimed Theodora, “allow me now to hasten to my father, that he may, while yet retaining the power of an emperor, dissolve my marriage with Orchan, and bless my union with the beloved of my soul! Let us hasten, Aymard, before the precious moment flies!”

Hastily she broke through the centinels at the door of the hall, and entered followed by Aymard.

The patriarch Isidore, the legate of the Pope, and the Venetian admiral were listening attentively to the words of the emperor, when Theodora suddenly threw herself at the feet of her father.

“Pardon, my father,” exclaimed she; “my appearing before you in this important hour, when you are preparing for your entrance into the heavenly dwellings of peace! But know that marvellous things have happened; the dead are again walking among the living; the gallant arm of Aymard has rescued me from the shameful bonds of the infidels. Oh, once more bestow your blessing on your daughter, and consecrate the eternal union of our hearts!”

“Amen!” ejaculated the patriarch, while the eye of the Venetian nobleman rested with pleasure upon the kneeling Theodora.

With mild composure Johannes Kantakuzenos raised his daughter from the ground, and pressed her to his breast.

“Pardon and forget,” said he with a faltering voice. “In the sacred vesture of a monk, and from the silent cell will I



send ardent prayers to heaven that my Theodora may be happy upon earth."

The day of his abdication was also the wedding-day of the faithful pair, who took a sad and eternal farewell of their father, mother, and sister.

Fair winds quickly conveyed them to the coast of France, and in that country they spent, amid the quiet bliss of domestic retirement, the remainder of their days.

Kantakuzenos retired as a monk to mount Athos. There, separated from the bustle of that world, to which even the possession of a splendid crown had given so little charm, he gave the remainder of his days to devotion and science; and wrote those memorable books of the history of his own times, which are even yet one of the richest treasures of literature, and a lasting monument of his noble spirit and gifted mind.



## LEGENDS OF RUBEZAH.

RUBEZAH belongs to that class of demons to whom fancy has assigned the forests and solitary places as a fit abode. He is, however, distinguished from all the other members of the family by certain very peculiar traits; those spirits who haunt Shakspeare's lonely forests, in the twilight of the world of dreams—in the *Midsummer's Night's Dream* for example, and *As you like it*—are little, spiritfay fays, who indulge in every species of gleesome revelry,—but Rubezahl, the lord of the mountain, delights to exhibit himself in gigantic forms, the sole monarch of a large, wild tract of mountainous country. As all the tales of the Giant Mountains are founded on the existence of this capricious sprite, they do not exhibit that depth of feeling which we occasionally meet with in the traditions of other mountainous regions; yet they possess some very remarkable features, which are to be ascribed, as in the case of the latter, to the native and external characteristics of the district to which they belong. In most large mountain-systems, the highest point is surrounded by inaccessible rocks, deep valleys, and wild ravines; and few of the peasantry dare to visit those lonely regions, imprinted with the stamp of mystery, whence Nature looks down, wild, enigmatical, and threatening upon the distant plains. Very different in this respect are the Giant Mountains; a vast, mild, inhabited plain stretches close to



their foot ; and their loftiest summit, the Schneekuppe, or Snow-top, has not that air of mystical grandeur surrounding it ; there the dark mountains, and misty lakes,—the steepest rocks and the wildest waterfalls,—are found in the immediate vicinity of the friendly villages. This brings the mysterious more familiarly near ; and what in other mountains has a destructive and gloomy power over the spirits of mankind, appears here like a light dream ; the powerful spirits of the mountains only indulge themselves in a few antic tricks, and men talk of them without fear.

There are many other features in which the Giant Mountains differ from most other ranges. These hills divide two widely different climates,—forming an enormous barrier or boundary line between the two ; the climates of the south and north here meet each other, without any intervening gradation of temperature, and destroy the equilibrium of the air, so that clouds are suddenly formed which rush together, and are again divided, or cling like a light veil around the lofty summit of the mountain,—blasts of wind rush in contrary directions among the high cliffs,—sudden gushes of rain pour down,—and the weather clears up and darkens with surprising rapidity. These whimsical changes are considered as so many manifestations of the caprices of the fantastic Rubezahl, who is more familiar with the Silesians than with the inhabitants of Bohemia, who are separated by a wilder district from the peak of the Giant Mountains. Though almost all the traditions of Rubezahl abound more in comic than tragic traits, the latter are not entirely wanting.

With regard to the origin of the name of Rubezahl, there have been several conjectures. Prætorius, the author of a very tasteless work, which appeared shortly after the Thirty years' war, and who is to this moment the principal writer upon Rubezahl, has collected upwards of a hundred different derivations, which he explains in a very dry and unattractive style. The 33rd of these is that his name comes from numbering *neeps* or turnips : as if the spirit, in the excess of his



avarice, could not abstain from counting the most trifling of his possessions,—the turnips of his garden. This derivation has in our days obtained most credit from the authority of Musæus, the well-known writer of Tales; only, according to him, the appellation does not mark the avarice of the spirit—for of this feature the world of tradition knows nothing—it is grounded on a love adventure. For many thousand years, Musæus relates, Rubezahl had inhabited the Giant Mountains; at last the lovely daughter of a neighbouring prince attracted his regards, and by his spells he succeeded in getting her into his power. To beguile the gloomy and cheerless solitude around her new residence, and to gain her heart,—in which he had hitherto failed,—he created a host of servants to wait upon her, out of a number of turnips, and bestowed upon them the forms of her companions and acquaintances. But as the turnips faded upon the field, these enchanted beings also withered away, and yearly left the forsaken maiden in sadder solitude than ever. Rubezahl had once prepared a large field of turnips, to procure, against the arrival of the following spring, a numerous attendance of servants for his beloved. But she was enamoured of a prince of Ratibor, and found means to inform him of her situation. In the meanwhile she began to show herself somewhat more gracious, and as the day approached on which she expected her lover, she flattered Rubezahl that she was almost vanquished by his love, and would be ready to return it if he would count with the greatest accuracy his whole field of turnips, and tell her their exact number, neither one more nor less. But whilst the spirit, to make sure of his reckoning, was busy counting his turnips over and over again, the maiden took the opportunity of making her escape with the prince of Ratibor, and ere he returned they were far beyond his domains. The enraged spirit left the mountain for several thousand years, and at last came back in a very misanthropical mood. The whole tale as given by Musæus has something absolutely modern and sen-



timental about it, and is evidently the offspring of his own fancy.

Manifold are the whims of Rubezahl; or, as his goblinship has been designated in English, *Number Nip*. He is particularly displeased when he hears his name irreverently shouted aloud; and on such occasions seldom fails to send the impertinent traveller home with a drenched skin, by collecting the clouds and raising violent thunder-storms above his head. At other times he takes a malicious pleasure in leading strangers, ignorant of the country, far astray into the most lonely and cheerless regions of his mountain-domains. He has, however, a good many gentlemanly traits about him. For instance, he delights to outwit and punish the rascally Jewish horse-venders, by sometimes presenting himself to them under the appearance of a wealthy nobleman, mounted upon a fine steed which he wishes to dispose of. The horse-dealer is, of course, allowed to drive an excellent bargain; but his triumph is of short duration, for he soon finds his new purchase changed into a bundle of straw! Again, should Rubezahl espy some poor knight wending his way in a threadbare suit, and upon a sorry animal, among the defiles of the mountain, he will sometimes hit upon a most delicate mode of relieving his necessities. Riding up to the traveller in the appearance of a stately knight, mounted upon a noble charger, he enters into conversation with him, and speedily contrives to engage himself in some absurd wager, stipulating that the loser shall forfeit his raiment and horse. In this way without offending the most knightly feelings, he has sent many a cavalier out of his regions with a merry heart, who had entered them drooping and desponding. Occasionally too, not content with making them the gift of a steed, he secretly slips into their pockets a few hundreds of gold coins. But should some worthless profligate think to retrieve his shattered fortune by Rubezahl's bounty, he finds himself wofully outwitted. The ordinary bargain is made to be sure, and the fellow, as usual, wins the wager, and rides gaily off, chuckling



over his success ; but the new attire he has put on is imperceptibly changed into a covering of withered leaves, and a rough unseemly stick takes the place of the fine steed, while all the time the rogue rides briskly on, utterly unconscious of the sorry figure he is making, till the shouts of the villagers awaken him to a sense of his miserable plight. Rubezahl sometimes amuses himself at the expense of the poor women who come to pick up little pieces of fire-wood about the mountain ; but he never fails to recompense them for the trouble and vexation his tricks may have occasioned them. To poor children, too, if deserving, he occasionally makes valuable presents. He sometimes presents himself among the guests at a village-wedding, and, after dancing with the bride, and contributing in various ways to the general merriment, slips off, leaving some substantial proof of his kindness behind him. The following Legends may be taken as a specimen of the current traditions respecting this tricky spirit :—

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#### No. I. THE BEWITCHED STAFF.

A TRAVELLER was picking his way, with great difficulty, among the vast heaps of stones which are found in one of the wildest spots of the mountain. Not without peril, had he to leap from one large stone to another ; now he reeled, with tottering steps, down some precipitous bank,—now forded with difficulty the brawling torrents which rushed across his path. “How lucky I am,” thought the traveller to himself, “in the companionship of my trusty old staff! Faithful service has it rendered me for many a year!” He placed the end of it on the ground to vault over a little stream: it slipped in between two large stones, and when the wanderer,



confiding in its aid, leaped into the air, the trusty staff snapped in twain, and its master was precipitated into the brook in a very rough and unpleasant manner.

He arose with heavy sighs, but seemed, in truth, much less grieved on account of his bruises than for the loss of his staff. "How shall I ever get down that precipitous bank," he exclaimed in a piteous tone, "when thus forsaken by mine ancient faithful staff—my friend and support!"

"What ails you?" suddenly inquired a hollow rough voice close behind. The wanderer turned round, and not without alarm beheld a large gloomy-looking figure wrapped up in a cloak, treading close upon his heels; but recovering his composure, he told the mysterious stranger of the evil which had befallen him, and renewed his lamentations for his beloved staff.

"What are you moaning about?" interrupted the stranger, "as if there were no more trees on the mountain able to furnish you with such another stick! There, take mine," continued he; and, presenting the traveller with another staff, the stranger disappeared.

The wanderer having reached the extreme skirts of the brushwood which covered these parts, again beheld the tall figure, striding with gigantic steps among the bushes, and seeming to dilate in size with the increasing distance. At last, after having vanished several times, and reappeared again, it melted into thin mist and gradually dissolved away. Meanwhile he himself trudged on in good spirits, mightily comforted by the gift he had received. But ere long his new staff became very troublesome to him. However carefully he set it down on the ground, it was always sure to slip from under his hand when he came to rest upon it; and at other times it slid in between the interstices of the stones in such a manner as to require pretty strong efforts, on the part of its master, to extricate it again. In addition to these serious inconveniences, the staff grew momentarily more and more heavy; till at last the poor wanderer seemed to forget that it



was intended to serve him for a support ; and trudged wearily forward, now sliding down the steep banks, now stepping painfully from stone to stone, without seeking the slightest assistance from the vexatious staff, whose weight, nevertheless, kept rapidly increasing.

The traveller changed his staff from the right hand to the left ; then he grasped it convulsively with both hands ; next he laid it across his shoulder, changing it alternately from left to right ; all would not do—the inexorable staff grew weightier and weightier. Finally, he laid it across his neck, like a milkman's yoke, and supporting it in this posture with both his hands, he staggered forward on his toilsome path. At last the burden became insupportable even to a peasant's brawny shoulders ; for awhile he attempted to drag it behind him, but it seemed to take root in the ground, and required a still greater exercise of strength and patience to drag it forward in this manner. As a final expedient, he placed himself astride upon it,—when, lo ! away it sprung with the most violent bounds—now bearing its rider close upon the brink of the most frightful precipices, now skipping over the plains in the most erratic style imaginable.

The perspiration ran down in streams from the astonished rider's face ; but still he grasped his strange steed with convulsive energy. At last, after many a perilous bound, he found himself in a fir plantation, and his staff becoming stationary, he got off it and cast it from him with feelings of mingled surprise and detestation. Scarcely had he done so before he beheld his own trusty staff lying before him upon the grass, whole and sound, and without reflecting how it had come there, he grasped it firmly and hastened briskly forward.

The wood now became less gloomy,—the aspect of the country more friendly,—before him lay a green pleasant meadow,—in the distance gleamed his own beloved hamlet. The traveller's strength returned to him ; he began to ponder on the marvels of his journey, and, for the first time, he thought



how very strange it was that he should be again in possession of his ancient staff, entire and uninjured, though he was perfectly sure he had seen it snap asunder in the brook. That the gloomy figure must have been none other than Rubezahl, the lord of the mountain, he now felt quite assured; he also remembered to have heard many adventures similar to his related of travellers in these parts, and did not doubt that the wicked staff, which had wrought him so much woe, had been finally converted into a rod of precious metal. So, after having refreshed himself from the fatigues of his journey, he set out and retraced his steps in search of the staff he had so thoughtlessly flung away; but Rubezahl was not propitious, and the traveller added a vain and toilsome search to the other fatigues of the day.

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## No. II. THE COACH WHEEL.

A COACHMAN had one day, with great exertion, rolled a wheel across the mountain. He had just got it conveyed to the top of a considerable eminence, and, feeling himself much fatigued, had placed the wheel against a tree, and laid himself down under another, where he soon fell asleep. In the meantime, Rubezahl bewitches the wheel. The coachman awoke much refreshed from his slumber, and attempted to renew his task; but the obstinate wheel resisted every effort to set it again in motion. Long he toiled, and struggled, and panted in vain; at last, by one convulsive exertion, he tore it from the tree; but it now fell with the weight of a ton to the ground, and by no effort could he succeed in raising it again. At the moment, however, that the coachman, quite out of



breath and imprecating a thousand curses upon the obstinate wheel, had renounced in despair the attempt to move it, up it started, and after poising itself for a moment, without any assistance from its exasperated guide, bounded away with amazing velocity down the rocky declivity of the mountain! Poor coachee hastened after it, and saw with infinite astonishment that it ran as easily up the ridge of the mountain as down. After a long and toilsome chase the wheel seemed to slacken its course, and coachee began to hope he might overtake it; but just as he came up to it, and was extending his arm to lay hold of it, away it sprung from him with redoubled rapidity! Thus the wheel continued to run, and the coachman after it, over many a weary mile, up hill and down dale. At last, its pursuer succeeded in grasping it firmly, and wheel and coachman fell to the ground together; again it started up—again its tenacious pursuer sprung after, and away they flew till both fell together on a dunghill at the stable-door, whither the exhausted coachman had at first designed to conduct the wheel.

### No. III. THE SPRING-ROOT.

RUBEZAH. L has his own vegetable garden in the mountain; it is shown upon the declivity of the Aupengrund. The mountain is rich in excellent herbs which have been used from very ancient times in the preparation of costly essences. Even at this day the inhabitants of Krummhubel gain their livelihood by the preparation of essences from the herbs which grow in these parts,—an art they may probably have derived from the students of Prague, who attended the



once celebrated school of Paracelsus, and who were driven away by the war of the Hussites. Among these herbs there is one which has become peculiarly celebrated in legendary lore ; it is called the *spring-root*, and is found only in Rubezahl's garden. This root is of the most costly species, and possesses virtue to heal the most obstinate and inveterate diseases. But Rubezahl allows none but his particular favourites to gather it.

A lady of high birth once lay dangerously ill at Leignitz, and promised a peasant a great reward if he could procure her the spring-root from Rubezahl's garden. Allured by her tempting promises he undertook the task. When he reached the lonely desert country where the garden lies, he seized his spade, and began to dig up the root, which was not unknown to him. Whilst he was yet stooping at his labour, the wind arose in loud surly blasts, and he heard some rough words, which he did not understand ; but raising his head, he perceived upon the extreme edge of a projecting cliff, a tall gigantic form, with a long beard, which descended over his breast, and a large crooked nose which horribly disfigured his countenance. "What are you doing there?" screamed the figure in a rough voice scarcely distinguishable from the howling of the storm. The peasant, though a very bold man, was overcome by the terror which now seized him, and replied : "I am seeking the spring-root for a sick lady who has promised to pay me well for it."—"What you have got you may keep ; but dare not to return again !" screamed the figure, and brandishing his club with threatening gestures he vanished.

The peasant went down from the mountain lost in deep thought, and the lady at Leignitz considered herself extremely fortunate in getting possession of the healing root to soothe her pains. Her illness visibly diminished, and as she could only expect her complete recovery from the continued use of the root, she desired that the peasant might be again brought into her presence : "Would you venture once more



to fetch me the spring-root?" inquired the lady. "My good lady," answered the peasant, "the first time I went the lord of the mountain appeared to me in a fearful form, and threatened me so seriously that I dare not venture a second time." But the lady conquered his fears by liberal promises; she agreed to give him a much larger sum than the first, and the peasant no longer able to resist, ventured once again to take a solitary journey into the most secret recesses of the mountain.

As soon as he began to dig the root, there arose a fearful storm in the same quarter as before, and, when he looked towards it, he beheld the same figure in a still more threatening posture. His long hair and wide mantle seemed to stream on the wind towards him, and fire shone in his eyes, while the frightful voice again screamed: "What are you doing here?" till the words were re-echoed from the barren rocks, and seemed to be shouted with redoubled violence from the profound abyss. When the peasant again answered, "I seek the spring-root; a sick lady will pay me very well for it," the wrathful spirit spake thus: "Have I not warned you, you madman? And you dare to come once more? But you have it already; so save yourself if you can!" The fire of his gleaming eyes seemed to scorch the countenance of the bewildered peasant, while the mighty club, which the demon held, came whistling through the air, and sunk quite close beside him, deep into the solid rock. At last the peasant recovered his recollection, and hastened towards Leignitz, where the lady gave him so great a sum that he forgot all his misfortunes, and joyfully returned home. Some time had elapsed, and the lady seemed almost well; but still she had not thoroughly recovered. "If I could get the spring-root a third time I feel I would be quite well," said she. So she sent again to the peasant, who at first refused to go to her, but an evil spirit tempted him to his destruction. "Here I am again, lady," said the peasant; "what do you wish of me? I hope it is not to go again for the spring-root."



Heaven preserve me from that! The last time I scarcely escaped with my life. I still shudder when I think of it." Hereupon the lady promised him a whole rich farm and a great deal of money with it, and so dazzled the rash man's imagination that he forgot all danger, and promised a third time to steal the spring-root from the enchanted garden, though it should cost his life. "Up to this moment," said the peasant, the spirit has only threatened me; and this shall be the last time, for I will soon be a rich man, and will spend all the rest of my life in glory and joy."

The peasant dared not go alone this time to the mountain. "Dear boy," said he to his eldest son, who was now grown up, "I am going to the chapel upon the mountain; you shall accompany me." So they went together, till the ravines became more and more narrow, and the mountain more and more barren; and as they went along the dark lakes eternally overshadowed by the steep rocks, the father became thoughtful, and horror pierced his inmost soul. His eyes gleamed so wildly that his son too was seized with a cold shuddering. "What ails you, father?" said the boy. But he did not answer him, and gazed in silence on the ground. Thus they ascended higher and higher, and when they drew near the garden the father spake: "Evil spirits have beguiled me from my earliest childhood; I have cared only for riches, and have remained a stranger to the fear of God and to religion. I have led a wild and worthless life, and never gave you the good example a father ought to set before his children. Now Hell calls me, and I must purloin the spring-root from the lord of the mountain, for which he will tear me to pieces." At this the son wept, and said: "Father, leave it; turn back with me; Heaven is merciful." But, with the energy of despair, the father had already seized the spade and begun his work. There arose a fearful hurricane,—a water-spout rushed down and flooded all the brooks into wild torrents,—a moaning, heart-wringing sound seemed to rise up from the roots of the garden,—all the elements min-



gled wildly with one another,—yawning cliffs opened, and from above a large figure, itself like a mountain, descended with a gigantic club, seized the peasant, and flew up with him to the height. Then a large rock fell down in a thousand pieces. The son heard the moaning of his father, farther and still farther in the distance, and for a long time lay in deep stupor. At last the hurricane ceased to war, the sky cleared up, and the boy, struck with terror, sought the chapel to recommend himself to God. At the same hour the lady at Liegnitz died.

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#### No. IV. THE TREASURE-SEEKER.

AT Warmbrun\* there lived a sober and industrious tradesman, who occupied a lonely house. His appearance bespoke great poverty; it was seldom that he entered into conversation with any person; and report alleged, that he occupied himself in chemical researches, with the hope of discovering the golden essence, and suddenly amassing great treasures. He would often wander forth alone into the wild district behind the Kynast,† where he would bury himself for hours together in the dark woods, and only return to his hut in the twilight. To one person only had he intrusted the secret of that spell which attracted him so frequently to this wild region,—he had told him in an hour of confidence, how

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\* Warmbrun is a watering-place in the Silesian mountains, celebrated for its warm springs, which were discovered in the beginning of the 12th century.

† One of the peaks of the Giant Mountain.



his heart was stirred within him while wandering in its lonely ravines, and how there lay concealed for him in its dark rocks the long-worshipped mystery of his life, and treasures inexhaustible.

One day as he took his way in a more melancholy mood than usual up the mountain, he perceived, while wandering under the dark fir-boughs, a clear light shining at a distance, and on approaching it, discovered an iron gate which seemed to defend the entrance to a lighted-up cavern full of open chests containing untold treasures of gold and silver and jewels, which all seemed to smile upon the dazzled beholder. As he stood gazing on the red gold, a gigantic figure suddenly appeared at his side, who addressed him in these words: "All those treasures are yours,—only mark well the place; when you return hither three days hence, yonder gate shall be standing open." The forest had an opening at this spot which allowed a clear prospect into the valley beneath; towards the left of the Kynast, the steeple of Hermsdorf was just seen rising above an intervening eminence; above the Kynast rose the steeple of Warmbrun, and Hirschberg lay in the back-ground of the scene. The gigantic figure pointed out the bearings of the spires and the principal objects in the landscape: "Fix the picture well in your mind," said he; "when you shall have returned three days hence, and recognised this spot by all those marks, then will you perceive the cavern lighted up as it now is, and the gate standing open; enter and your happiness is secured." The astonished and enraptured chemist endeavoured by every means in his power to fix the locality of the wondrous spot; he went away,—returned again,—hesitated,—renewed his observations, and at last satisfied himself that he could not fail to recognise the identical spot from which he had beheld the riches of the cavern. "There is a piece of money for you," said the mysterious figure, "that you may not persuade yourself that you have seen all this in a dream." He gave him a gold coin inscribed with strange characters, and then



vanished from the chemist's sight. When the poor man looked around him, the cavern also had disappeared, and he would have believed all that had passed to have been but an illusion had not the piece of gold which he still held in his hand satisfied him of its reality.

Thoughtfully he went home, carefully observing every step of the path by which he returned, and marking the neighbouring trees. On the third day he hastened with impatience up the mountain,—he found the trees which he had marked,—he recognised the foot-path,—he beheld the dark rocks at a distance,—and now he tried to place himself on the appointed spot by observing the bearings of the distant objects. The steeple of Hermsdorf already appeared on the left of the Kynast, but he looked in vain for the steeple of Warmburg rising above the ruins which crowned it. At last, after long and toilsome search, he reached a spot from whence he could perceive the latter object;—but then the steeple of Hermsdorf had sunk behind the mountain. The treasure-seeker became feverishly anxious,—he shifted his position,—now he moved lower down, now climbed farther up the ascent,—now he advanced towards the right, now towards the left,—sometimes he got two objects in the right position, but on looking round for the others, they had vanished; the perspiration streamed over his agitated features,—his eyes rolled wildly,—he threw his strained looks across the country,—“There now, I have it!” he would exclaim, and for a moment his countenance brightened up; but on looking again the deceitful land-marks had shifted their position. Thus tortured by the dreadful agony of high-wrought but perpetually disappointed expectation, he continued gazing wildly across the distant country till the dusky twilight had concealed every object from his sight, and despair had risen to a pitch of madness. The poor wretch's brain began to burn wildly, and he descended from the mountain a raving maniac; but every third day during the rest of his miserable life he sought to trace the position of the objects pointed out to



him by Rubezahl with the same indescribable anxiety and baffled expectation.\*

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NO. V. HOW RUBEZAH CHANGED HIMSELF  
INTO AN ASS.

A GLAZIER was once travelling across the mountain with a heavy load of glass upon his back; long and sore had the poor man toiled beneath his burden, and being now ready to sink beneath it, he was looking around him for a place where he might rest himself. Rubezahl—ever on the lookout for adventures—soon espied the way-worn traveller, and instantly transformed himself into a log of wood, which the glazier no sooner perceived lying on the ground before him than he hastened to rest himself upon it. But scarcely had he got himself comfortably seated, and stretched out his weary limbs, than away rolled the log from beneath him, and the poor glazier found himself upset, and all his frame of glass shivered into a thousand pieces.

With some difficulty he got upon his legs again, but the false log was no longer to be seen. The poor man was sore grieved on account of his loss, and gazed upon the broken fragments of glass which lay strewed around till tears filled his eyes. Then appeared Rubezahl, in the form of a traveller, who asked the glazier what ailed him; whereupon the latter told all that had befallen him,—how long and sore he had toiled—and how the false log had slipped from beneath

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\* The same horrid story is current in the mountains of Salzburg.



him,—and with many sighs he added that he was now a ruined man for he had thus lost all his little stock in trade to the value of eight thalers. The mountain-spirit, who is, upon the whole, of a generous disposition, was touched by the honest fellow's simple story, and confessed that he himself had played him the trick for a little diversion. "But," added he, "I will more than remunerate thee for thy loss and vexation."

Rubezahl in a moment transformed himself into a jackass, and directed the glazier to lead him down to a mill, which lay at the foot of the mountain, and there to offer him for sale to the miller, which the poor man did and soon sold him to the miller for ten thalers, with which he took his way home, right glad at heart. Meanwhile the miller's boy led his master's new purchase into the stable, and placed a bundle of hay before him; but the ass opened his mouth and said: "I do not want hay; give me something roasted or baked." The boy was amazed at hearing an ass speak, and ran out of the stable, roaring to his master that the new ass could speak. But when the miller entered the stable himself, behold there was no ass there! Thus did Rubezahl do a piece of service to a poor but honest man; and punish the miller who filched his neighbour's flour.

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## NO. VI. HOW RUBEZAHN PUNISHED A TYRANNICAL LORD.

IN the year 1512, a certain cruel and unjust nobleman had commanded one of his peasants, on pain of incurring his severe displeasure, to remove a very great load of trees



from a wood to his castle-yard. The poor peasant saw at once that his waggon and team was quite unfit for the work, and so he took his way through the wood in great distress of mind, knowing that his lord would not fail to punish him as he had threatened. But as he went along, Rubezahl suddenly stood before him at a turning of the road, in the disguise of a stout working man, and inquired at him the cause of his many heavy sighs; so the peasant told him the whole matter, and how it stood with him and his lord. Then Rubezahl bade him be of good cheer, for he would transport the load for him to the knight's castle, and the peasant went home with a lightened heart.

No sooner was the peasant gone than Rubezahl set to work, and in a short time had got all the huge trees bound together in one bundle, which he slung upon his back as easily as one would do an ordinary faggot; and away he went whistling right cheerily under his enormous burden. When he came to the nobleman's castle he threw down the whole in the court, in such a manner that no one could obtain entrance to or outlet from the house. Therefore was the unjust nobleman compelled to make a new road and build a new gate to his castle, at a great expense; and thus did Rubezahl punish him for his cruelty and oppression.

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# THE RAT CATCHER OF HAMELN

A GERMAN LEGEND.

NEAR the town of Hameln\* lies a hill called the Koppelberg, upon one side of which two stone crosses are seen, which are said to have been placed there in memory of a dreadful event which tradition says took place here on the 26th of June 1284.

At this time the town of Hameln was infested with a mighty host of rats, against which no bolt, nor lock, nor trap, nor poison was of any avail. They ate up every thing that was eatable; and what they could not eat, they gnawed with their teeth. They attacked the cattle in the stables, and men at night in their beds; and though thousands were killed, fresh thousands appeared in some other quarter. In short, the poor inhabitants of Hameln were as much plagued by these atrocious vermin as were the Egyptians of old.

In this emergency, there came a stranger to Hameln, arrayed in very odd apparel, who proclaimed aloud that he would rid the citizens of the vermin, if they would reward him handsomely. Who were now more overjoyed than the inhabitants of Hameln, who had plenty of money but no bread! They agreed to give the stranger whatever he might ask, provided he freed them of the plague of rats. They thought that he had the secret of some infallible powder, or would make use of some other natural means for destroying

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\* A Hanoverian town in the principality of Calenberg, at the junction of the Hamel with the Weser.



the vermin. But how did he set about it? He drew a little whistle from his pocket, and went through the streets blowing upon it, when, lo! from all the houses, cellars, gardens, and corners of the city, rushed the rats, and followed the whistler. The astonished inhabitants also followed to see what would happen. The stranger having gone through all the streets, till the vermin rolled in such a mass behind him that many a street was too narrow for the living flood, led them to the banks of the Weser, where, having pronounced some gibberish words, he raised his staff aloft, and the whole crowd of rats precipitated themselves into the flood, and disappeared!

The Hamelians stood aghast at this sight. Such a feat could not be effected by natural means; the strange man must be a magician, or perhaps, the great devil himself. In either case they considered themselves relieved from their obligation to reward him; and however urgently the cursed rogue—for such is the epithet the tradition bestows upon him—demanded his payment, they obstinately refused to give him a single groschen.

At this the magician got into a mighty passion, and resolved on taking a dreadful revenge. So one Sunday, when all the people were in church, he proceeded again with his cursed little whistle through the streets. There were no longer any rats to troop to his summons, but now all the children came out of the houses and followed his devilish whistling. There might altogether be about one hundred and thirty boys and girls, with whom he proceeded through the narrow street leading to the eastern gate, and thence to the Koppelberg.

A servant girl, who was standing, with a little child near the gate, anxious to see what would happen, followed the troop of children. As soon as their leader came nigh the mountain, it opened, he went into it, and the children followed him; and then the chasm suddenly closed again and all disappeared.



Trembling in all her limbs, the terrified girl hastened back to the town and announced the sad event.

The news was no sooner spread, than all the people rushed out of the churches, and ran towards the mountain, lamenting, and screaming, and calling, and weeping, but all in vain; the mountain continued shut and the children never returned; only a kind of hollow, which seemed to have been the entrance to the chasm, remained to tantalize their sight. Many believed that it had been all a hellish illusion, and that the evil spirit had carried the children through the air to Transylvania; and the chronicles of Transylvania do indeed record that about this time there arrived in that country a troop of children speaking a strange language.

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The two crosses mentioned in this legend are still existing, but the inscription which they bore has been illegible for above one hundred and fifty years. The foundation of the legend is either the story of a fanatical monk who carried along with him some boys to the Crusades, or the fact that these monuments were erected to the memory of the citizens of Hameln, who fell in the battle of Sedemunden against the Bishop of Minden. Goethe has made of this tale a very pretty ballad called 'The Rat Catcher,' which, we believe, has been successfully imitated, as well as the succeeding legend of the Mausethurm, by Southey.



# THE MAUETHURM

## A RHINE LEGEND.

WHOEVER has wandered through the charming countries of the Rhine, from Mentz to Coblentz, or been cradled on the limpid floods of the ancient German stream, and beheld the reflected beauties of that glorious landscape swimming past his intoxicated senses, will easily recall the image of the mouldering ruin which gives its name to our story. He will again behold it rising before him, on the little isle beneath Biengen, near the left bank of the stream; and he will still hear and see his garrulous rower recounting, with solemn countenance, the legend of the cruel bishop, and ending his narration with a sincere ejaculation of 'Heaven be merciful to us!'

In the year 968, Hatto II. surnamed Banosos, duke of the eastern Franks, and Abbot of Fulda, a man of great spirit and brilliant talents, was elected archbishop of Mentz; but he was of an avaricious disposition, and never tired of amassing treasure upon treasure; his coffers were full to overflowing, but he still thirsted for gold.

During his government it happened that Mentz and the surrounding country were visited by a sore famine, and the poor people began to die in great numbers for want of food. Many, knowing that Hatto's granaries were still full of corn, and his coffers of money, appeared before the castle, and besought him with many prayers to relieve their misery. But the hard-hearted bishop turned a deaf ear to their entreaties and scolded them for indolent rogues who did not wish to work, whereupon the poor people became violent in their despair, and only called more loudly for bread.

Then Hatto having assembled a great number of the



starving peasants in one of his granaries, under the pretence of supplying them with corn and fruit, caused the doors of the building to be suddenly closed, and commanded fire to be put to it. Thus the whole multitude perished by a miserable death; and while the screams of the poor wretches rose to heaven from the midst of the flames, the bishop is reported to have tauntingly said to the partners in his crime: "Hear you how the mice squeak!"

But the vengeance of Heaven slept not long, and an awful and till then never heard of death awaited Hatto. For the ashes of the miserable people whom he had thus wantonly destroyed, produced myriads of mice, which assailed him in such numbers that, wherever he betook himself, the little animals pursued and bit him. Did he fly to the steepest and highest places, they clomb after him; did he shut himself up in a dark and secret cell, they soon penetrated into the place of his retreat, and began to gnaw at him; and the more his servants tried to drive them away, the more furiously they assailed the wretched prelate. Even wherever they found his name on the walls or tapestry, they gnawed it out with their teeth.

When at length the bishop found no respite from the myriads of mice on land, he got a tower hastily constructed in a little island in the Rhine, whither he hastened in a boat, hoping that the rapidity and depth of the stream would prevent the mice from following him.

But even here the vengeance of heaven overtook him. For the mice swam in such numbers across the stream, that though thousands were drowned, thousands more reached the tower, and clambered up the walls, and pursuing the wretched Bishop from room to room, so gnawed him with their teeth, that he at last died a most miserable death.\*

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\* There exists a contemporary Polish Tradition, which bears great similarity to the present one.



## THE OTTILIAN MOUNTAIN

### A GERMAN LEGEND.

IN Alsace lived a count of Hohenburg. He was rich—very rich; he had many castles, and woods, and squires, and also a very beautiful wife. All that his heart desired, the count either possessed or could instantly procure; only what money could not confer he wanted, for children he had none. Oftentimes he had fervently prayed in the chapel of his castle—for the count was a pious man—that heaven would grant him this single boon; but ten years of wedlock had passed away, and yet he fondled no little heir of his magnificent estates on his knees. But long looked for comes at last. In the eleventh year of their marriage, his wife presented him with a girl. Great had been the pleasure of the anticipating parents; but great now was their grief, for alas! the infant was born blind.

The father and mother alike lamented their child's misfortune, and murmured against that providence which had so cruelly embittered their joy; but time, which heals every wound, accustomed them also to this, and dearly they loved their little daughter, who remained their only child, and soon grew up, and became a very pretty and good girl.

Ottilia—such was the little maiden's name—had reached her fourteenth year, when, by what chance nobody could tell, she suddenly received her sight. The joy of her father and mother were now boundless; ambitious plans were laid for her future destiny; and the parents began to look among the



nobles and knights of the surrounding country for a fitting son-in-law.

But Ottilia entered not into the views and wishes of her too fond parents. While deprived of the blessed light of heaven, the girl had become early inspired with enthusiastic feelings, and had formed a solemn resolution to betroth herself to a celestial spouse; and now, in the recovery of her sight, she only perceived a sign from heaven encouraging her to the faithful performance of her vow.

It soon happened that a rich knight fell in love with the pretty young lady; but whenever he visited her parents, Ottilia contrived, under some pretext or other, to keep out of sight. This conduct greatly displeased her father and mother, who had long ago remarked the unearthliness of their daughter's affections. They hoped, however, to drive her out of a foolish fancy; and when the knight formally demanded the hand of the beautiful Ottilia, he got a fair promise from the parents, without the principal party being at all consulted.

Ottilia had just returned from the chapel to her closet, and sat down to her spindle, when her parents entered her chamber, and, with much complacency, recounted to her what had just happened, and ended by informing her that the noble knight was now waiting to greet her as his betrothed.

Then the terrified maiden arose from her seat, made the sign of the cross, and said: "I am already the bride of heaven, and never will become the bride of mortal man. This I swear by my hope of salvation!"

At this speech, the father fell into a violent passion, and the mother wept. But neither entreaties nor threats moved the heart of their daughter. Ottilia remained firm to her purpose, and repeated her declaration, that she would sooner give herself up to death, than yield to the wish of her parents in this respect. Then her father swore in his wrath to overcome her obstinacy; and, having commanded Ottilia to prepare for the wedding, which he said should take place next day, he left her chamber.



Poor Ottilia wept sore. To remain faithful to her vow was her firm resolution; but she also knew that her father would not less firmly pursue his own intentions. What was now to be done? The maiden spent the half of the night in thinking of one plan and another, and successively finding them all utterly hopeless. But when the cocks began to proclaim the morning dawn, she hastily determined to fly from her father's castle; and, collecting together her most precious jewels, she wandered forth with quick steps, not knowing whither she went.

In the morning, when all were awake, and preparing for the festivities of the day, Ottilia was missing; and when the sun had clomb high in the heavens, and still Ottilia had not made her appearance, her father went to her chamber to fetch her, but found her not there. They sought for her through the whole castle, and likewise in the garden, but Ottilia could not be found. Then all believed that she had fled; and the knight called his vassals to search for the fugitive maiden. They hastened on horseback in every direction, and the father and the bridegroom also rode forth, and took the road to the town of Offenburg in the Breisgau.

The day was already declining when the father and son-in-law rode up a mountain, whence they intended to cast a last look over the whole country, before they entered the neighbouring town of Offenburg. As they ascended, they heard a loud shriek, and, raising their eyes, beheld Ottilia standing on the peak of the mountain, whereupon they hastened thither in the certainty of now arresting the fugitive.

But Ottilia wept sore, and raised her hands towards heaven, and implored the good angels for protection and deliverance; and heaven protected its bride. Under her feet opened the rough rock, and, before the eyes of her father and bridegroom, Ottilia sank down into the chasm, which then closed over her, and a limpid stream began to flow forth from a small opening in the rock.



Weeping and in despair, the father returned home, and never again beheld his Ottilia.

The miraculous story of the poor maiden soon became known throughout the country; the water was found of marvellous efficacy for weak eyes; a hermit built his cell at a little distance from the spring; and pilgrimages were for a long time performed to the Ottilian mountain, which even yet bears the virgin's name, though the spring has lost its potency.



THE RING OF

## MATRIMONIAL FIDELITY

A KNIGHTLY TALE BY GOTTSCHALK.

In ancient times dwelt, in one of the wild districts of the Black forest, knight Kuno of Falkenstein. On an almost inaccessible cliff, the knight had built his castle—a strong and mighty tower, like those of that time, which he called the Falkensteig. Here he lived in happy union with his wife many years, for they had every thing which their hearts desired, and knew neither want nor sorrow, save only that they had no children. From year to year they had hoped to see their most ardent wishes fulfilled, but in vain. Ten years had passed away, and Kuno saw with grief that with him an ancient line would terminate.

Full of melancholy thoughts, he was one day walking in the solitary forest, lamenting the hardness of his fate, which granted him every other blessing but that which his heart most ardently desired; at last he threw himself down under an oak, and gave audible utterance to his grief. Suddenly an unknown huntsman, of a strange mien and gesture, appeared before him, and thus spoke:

“Knight Kuno, be cheerful and take courage. You shall have a numerous progeny if you will give yourself up to me as my property.”

A cold shudder passed over the limbs of the knight; he arose, surveyed more attentively the person of the stranger, and perceived the cloven foot beneath his antique garments.



Then Kuno knew that it was the devil who stood before him, and quickly made the sign of the cross, whereupon the wicked spirit disappeared.

But Kuno's mind became more gloomy and thoughtful than ever. Slowly he retraced his steps to his castle; upon his brow sat grief and sadness, and no smile ever lighted his countenance. At last he resolved to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and to seek solace for his grief in fighting with the infidels, and in ardent prayer at the Holy Sepulchre.

His horses stood saddled, and his three squires awaited their master in the castle-yard, when Kuno once more embraced his weeping spouse, and presented her, according to the custom of those times, with the half of his marriage-ring: "Take," said he, "this half of the ring of our matrimonial fidelity, consecrated by the priest. May it be the pledge of love uniting us again! Wait for me seven years, and if I have not returned ere they elapse, then believe me to have fallen in battle, and look upon our band of wedlock as dissolved."

A tear rolled over his manly cheeks; once more he mutely pressed his loving spouse to his breast, and then tore himself from her arms. Away now went knight Kuno over mountain and valley, rivers and seas.

Already had his sword drunk the blood of the infidels,—already had his pious tears moistened the Holy Sepulchre,—and yet no peace returned to his bosom. The Evil One had often appeared to him in different shapes and renewed his offers; but Kuno remained firm, and rejected every proposal.

Thus several years had passed away in bloody struggle with the infidels, when Kuno was one day taken prisoner, and fell into the hands of the sultan. The Christian knight expected a cruel death; but he was thrown into a dark dungeon, where, separated from his faithful squires, he spent many dreadful days of solitude, deep under the ground. Alas! how often sighed he there for his dear country, and his be-



loved wife. How often prayed he to God for deliverance from captivity, or death! But the hour of his delivery had not struck; he was destined first to bear great trials.

Once as he lay in deep grief, moistening his couch with his tears, his dungeon suddenly became illuminated, and before him stood the devil, who said:

"Knight Kuno, I free you from this dungeon, and give you the daughter of the Sultan for wife, with a crown for her dowry, if you will promise me your soul."

Kuno remained silent.

"Open one of your veins," continued the Evil One; "here is paper; make haste and write your name with your own blood, and in a moment you are free."

Then Kuno sprung up incensed from his couch, and said: "Get thee behind me, Satan! Sooner shall the worms eat my body than I give myself up to thee. Begone!"

And the Evil One disappeared from the dungeon, and did not again tempt Kuno.

At last, after two long years, the Sultan ordered his dungeon to be thrown open; and Kuno was set at liberty, and thought to return to the land of his fathers. Alone he began his long journey; his body was sick, and his mind sorely grieved; and painfully he toiled his way over wide deserts and barren fields, towards an immense forest, where he wandered about without road to guide him, still hoping to reach an outlet. But a whole sultry summer-day passed, and yet the forest closed around him.

Scarcely had he resumed his journey on the third morning, when he perceived, on an open spot, three men dressed in the costume of his country. He soon drew nigh to them, and recognised, with great astonishment and joy, his three squires, whom he embraced like brethren, rejoicing greatly to have his faithful servants restored to him again. He now felt himself strengthened anew, and, for the first time in many years, moved onwards with a glad heart. But they wandered many days and nights, and still found themselves



in the forest; no path, no hut appeared, and they had only a few herbs and roots by which to preserve their lives. At last they suddenly found themselves before a lofty wall which stretched away to the right and left for an endless length, and had nowhere a visible opening through which they could pass.

Kuno sat down and ordered one of the squires to climb up the wall, and tell him what he could discover on the other side. He mounted on the shoulders of another, and ascended the wall; but no sooner had he got to the top of it, than he looked down jeeringly on the knight, and disappeared on the other side. Then the second ascended, and when he had got to the top, he nodded to his master, who stood below, anxiously waiting to hear his report, and disappeared as the former had done.

"I have yet thee," said Kuno to the third; "if thou also shouldst desert me, I am alone in the trackless desert, and will become the prey of wild beasts."

"I remain faithful to you till death," said the squire; "only help me to ascend the wall, and I will tell you honestly what I see on the other side."

The knight did so, and the squire mounted on his shoulders; but he too had no sooner got up, than he looked tauntingly back upon his master, nodded to him, and disappeared on the other side, like his companions."

Kuno now knew the work of his malicious enemy; and, trembling in all his limbs, fell on his knees, and fervently repeated a prayer which a pious priest had taught him. Thrice he loudly invoked the name of God, whereupon the wall disappeared, and the knight discovered that Satan's dominions lay beyond it.

Kuno hastened from the dangerous spot; but knew not whither he went. Exhausted with hunger and weakness he at length sunk to the ground; and slumber surprised him. But scarcely had he shut his eyes, when in a dream he beheld his wife just going with another knight to the altar,



whereupon he awoke hastily, and comforted himself that it was but a dream. But when he began to reflect and count, he found that the seventh year of his absence was nearly expired, and he sprung up, and hastened forward, then paused again, and wept and wrung his hand while he thought in deep despair on the enormous way which yet separated him from his home.

Suddenly the same huntsman stood before him, who had already appeared to him in the forest near his own home, and afterwards in many of his difficulties.

"To-morrow," grinned Satan; "your wife is the wife of another! You have still a thousand miles to travel to your home. But if you promise with your blood to be mine, I will bring you to your castle by night-fall to-morrow."

Kuno was in the most dreadful anxiety and despair; he loved his wife from the bottom of his heart, but he also loved God and his law with all his soul. What was to be done? Fearful was the struggle in his mind. He wept, and lamented, and lifted his hands towards heaven; and Satan marked his distress, and said:

"I will grant you one thing more. You are free from your promise, if you do not fall asleep during your journey."

Kuno was indeed exhausted and feeble with his journey, and a deep abyss seemed fearfully to open before him, if, even under this condition, he entered into a bargain with the Evil One; but the love which he bore his wife, and the confidence which he reposed in God, prevailed on him to consent to the rash bond.

With his warm blood he wrote the dreadful words which made him the property of Satan if he should once fall asleep during the journey.

Scarcely was the compact in the hands of the Evil One, and scarcely had the infernal spirit, grinning and with fiery eyes, read the bloody writing, than the huntsman's mask fell off from him, and he stood before the trembling Kuno under the form of a powerful lion.



"Get up," growled the animal; "I bear you safely." And Kuno got up on the back of the lion with Christian courage and confidence in God.

Away they rushed over mountain and valley, over land and sea. The wind whistled through Kuno's locks, so swiftly he flew through the air, and often he grew giddy from the rapidity of his flight. But still he kept awake. His strong faith, and the dangerous condition under which he journeyed, chased away all inclination to sleep, and with deadly anxiety he grasped the shaggy mane of the lion, that he might not tumble down and be dashed to pieces on the rocks in his rapid flight.

But when evening approached, his eyelids began to close; and though with the greatest exertion he strove to keep them open, they still sank and sank, and Kuno was seized with despair, and cried aloud to God for help and delivery, and God heard him.

There came two falcons, which first flew round the hellish steed in circles, and then the one sat down on the head of the knight, and the other on his foot, and whenever his eyes were about to close, they flew anxiously around him, pecking him with their bills, flapping him with their wings, and keeping him thus awake. Satan was dreadfully enraged at this; but could not prevent it, for he also was bound by his treaty, and must finish the journey.

Happily, and without having fallen asleep, the knight arrived at the inn of his own village of Kirchzarten. How beat his heart with pleasure when he beheld the battlements of the castle in which he was once more to find his beloved wife! But what were his feelings upon beholding at the same moment a stately wedding procession come out of the church, accompanied by trumpets and pipes, and his wife in bridal array walking modestly past him, by the side of her bridegroom. Kuno was ready to sink into the earth with shame and grief, anxiety and pain; but he collected his strength, and followed the procession into his castle, and



entered, a stranger among the guests, into his own vast hall.

The hospitable cup now circulated among all present, and was also presented to Kuno. He drank the half of it, and threw unperceived the half of his wedding ring into the cup, and then presented it to the bride, who, without recognising the stranger—so altered was he by grief and pain—put the cup to her lips; but astonished at what she beheld in it, she threw a doubtful and scrutinizing look on Kuno, and drew from her bosom the other half of the ring, and dropped it also in the wine: when lo! both halves united again into a firm and solid ring, and with a shriek of terror and joy, she threw herself, to the utter astonishment of the wedding guests, into Kuno's arms, and said:

"Oh pardon me, my own husband, whom God has given back to me—pardon my error, and take me back again as your loving wife!"

"You have," replied Kuno, "remained faithful to me for seven years. Heaven has united us again after many dangers and great trials; now only death shall part us."

The bridegroom and the wedding guests had meanwhile gone silently away, and when Kuno and his wife had recovered from their joyful ecstasy, they found themselves alone in the apartment. Henceforward Kuno led a quiet and pious life with his faithful spouse. He gave much and liberally to the Church and the poor: but above all did he prove himself hospitable to wanderers, whom he supplied with food and drink, and warned, from his own experience, against the allurements of Satan, exhorting them to place their trust in God alone, in whose name they would always be able to resist the temptations of the Evil One. And for this he was canonized after his death. But even in heaven he remains the traveller's friend, and often appears in the form of a friendly old man, to the despairing wanderer, who has lost his road on the desert heath or trackless forest, gives him refreshing food and drink, and leads him safely to



the right path; or when, in the night time, on the ill-famed crossway, a wrinkled hag meets the terrified pilgrim, or an illusory ignis fatuus leads him astray, or a goblin has lifted him by the hair, then he has only, full of faith, to invoke St Kuno's aid, and he hastens thither, chases away the phantoms, and leads the wanderer again on the right way.\*

\* In the church of the village of Kirchzarten, below the ruins of the castle of Falkensteig, is yet seen the monument erected to the Count Kuno of Falkenstein. A knight clad in a steel shirt, with shield, sword, and dagger, stands over a lion; his head leans against a helmet, upon which appears the heads of two birds; on his shield is a falcon, and around the figure is the following inscription in ancient characters:

Anno Domini, 1343, 4to Idus Maii, obiit

Dominus Cuno de Valkenstein, miles.

Henry the Lion, Duke of Brunswick, is represented, in a very popular German tradition, as having had a similar adventure. We possess a legend resembling this in the Metrical Romance of 'Hynd Horn,' or 'Kyng Horn.'

"She gave him a cup out of her own hand,

With a hey lillelu, and a how lo lan;

He drunk out the drink, and dropt in the ring,

And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."



## THE WISE PRINCESS.

It is hardly necessary to point out the similarity which exists between the following legend and Shakspeare's tradition of Birnam Wood.

Nigh to Marburg, on the borders of a forest, rises a mountain called the Christenberg. On this mountain, in ancient times, a certain king dwelt in a strong castle. The queen, his wife, had died, leaving an only child, a daughter, who possessed many marvellous gifts, on account of which, her father, the king, became exceedingly fond of her.

Now it came to pass that his neighbour, king Grünewald [green wood], coveted his possessions, and came with a great army to besiege the castle on the Christenberg. Long the enemy lay before it, but the wise young princess was not at all dismayed herself, and her father took good heart when he beheld her courage, and held out against the foe. But when the morning sun of the first of May had risen upon the earth, behold the army of king Grünewald was seen advancing against the castle; and it seemed as if a great forest of living trees had been put in motion, for every soldier bore a large green bough in his hand. Then the maiden's courage quailed, for she now knew that all was lost; and she spake to the king these words:

“ Father, nought avails us  
When the wood assails us !”

Whereupon the king, who relied more upon his daughter's wisdom than his own, sent the wise princess into the enemy's



camp, where she succeeded in obtaining from king Grünewald a safe passage for herself, and permission to carry with her as much as a single ass could bear. And what did the good daughter put upon her ass? Her own father and her most precious jewels; and with these, her most precious possessions, she took her way unmolested to another country.



## THE WONDERFUL

# HORN OF OLDENBURG.

Clarke, we believe, notices the wonderful Scandinavian horns, which are still treasured up in the cabinets of the curious in Denmark. The following is the marvellous part of the history of one of these relics of ancient wassail.

In the eleventh century, there lived a count of Oldenburg, Otto by name, who was a passionate lover of the chase. Once it happened that in following a buck he suddenly found himself riding alone in the Osenburg, a waste tract of country about a mile from Oldenburg. It was near noon; and the sun beat upon him so powerfully that he grew exceedingly faint, and in the torture of his burning thirst, unconsciously called out—"Oh that I had a draught of cold water!" And lo! no sooner had he uttered these words, than there stood before him a beautiful maiden, arrayed in rich apparel; her luxuriant tresses fell in clusters over her dazzlingly white neck; she wore a coronet of flowers upon her head; and in her hand she held a gilt silver vase, fashioned like a hunting-horn, and cunningly and richly adorned, which seemed full of limpid water.

"Art thou thirsty?" said the beautiful maiden to the count. "There, drink; refresh yourself."

With these words, she held out the horn towards him, and Otto took it from her hand; but though it seemed to



be full of limpid water, and though he felt almost consumed by his burning thirst, he dared not put it to his lips.

"Nay, suspect it not," said the maiden; "it will not harm thee. If thou drink of it, then it shall go well with thee, and with thy house; thy lands will increase greatly, and thou shalt have a blessing upon all that is thine: but if thou refuse to drink, this know, discord shall weaken thy house."

Then Otto despised the threat of the enchantress, and drank not from the horn, but turned its mouth downwards, and poured out the liquor upon the ground; and greatly he marvelled to behold, that where a few drops had fallen upon his horse, its hair was instantly consumed as with burning lead.

"Give me my horn again!" called the enchantress, in great wrath, when she perceived how the count had mocked her. But the terrified Otto clapped spurs to his good steed, which bore him away in safety, and the horn is to this day preserved in his family as a perpetual memorial of so wonderful an adventure.



## LOVE TRIUMPHANT

A SWISS TRADITION.

OF night's descending diadem  
Shone in the west one lonely gem,—  
Roused at the breezy call of morn,  
Above the horizon's eastern bound  
The sun shot up his golden horn,  
And with a wreath of glory crown'd  
The snowy locks of far Shreckhorn,—  
While, slumbering in the gloom profound,  
The nearer Alps like giants lay,  
Nor even the lark had hailed the day;

Rolled o'er the lake the sullen swell  
Of Interlaken's matin-bell,—  
With flapping wing and accent shrill  
The startled wild-bird sought the sky,  
And the roused echoes of the hill  
With all their voices gave reply,—  
Before the morning-breezes chill  
A lordly skiff went flashing by,  
And entered soon the cloistered hall,  
The lord of castled Schamalhthal.

And with him came his pensive spouse  
To see the fearful convent-vows



Laid on the daughter of her love.  
With snowy robes and saintly hood,  
And eyes like those of Hermon's dove,  
The nuns beside the altar stood:  
Madonna-forms, that gazed above,  
In half-entranced, half-humbled mood,  
As if their souls from passion free,  
Dwelt in a sphere of sanctity.

Fronting that meek angelic band  
The fathers of the order stand:  
More earthly, yet more mortified,  
Less spiritual, yet more austere;  
A spark of passion and of pride  
Still lurked about their eyes severe;  
And their knit brows appeared to hide  
A sense of chilliness and fear,  
Such as the loveless man must feel,  
And though he curb cannot conceal.

But who is she so mute and pale,  
Whose locks below the novice-veil  
Are like the sable brow of night  
Girt with the zodiac's milky band?  
Why is her eye no longer bright?  
Why faintly droops the feeble hand?  
Why, sullyng her beauty's light,  
Burns on her cheek the tear-drop's brand?  
A woe hath long oppressed her heart,  
Which would not rest, and scarce depart.

Is it gone now? She deemeth so;  
Yet who, contending with that foe,  
May say, I've foiled his force and art?  
For oft his seeming death is sleep,



And, through the mazes of the heart,  
 His power unseen, unfelt can creep,  
 Into the soul's most hidden part,  
 Till it has traced its windings deep,  
 And triumphs in its citadel.  
 Who is he ? ah ! I need not tell !

That waveless calm was on her form  
 Which oft at sea succeeds the storm,  
 Through which are dimly floating seen  
 The signs of shipwreck and of death.  
 Long kept she her unvarying mien,  
 And drew with steady strength her breath,  
 Though there were pauses oft between,  
 Which spoke of something underneath  
 Her frozen patience, unsubdued,  
 Deep in her bosom's solitude.

She struggled, but could not prevail ;  
 The spring of her resolve 'gan fail,  
 And give her feelings play. She felt,  
 Beneath the music's soft control,  
 The frost upon her spirit melt ;  
 'Mid the soft light upon her soul,  
 Even as in seeming prayer she knelt,  
 Of earthly love a feeling stole,  
 Which grew and grew, and though her heart  
 Essayed to bid, would not depart.

Alas ! what saw she, that the blood  
 Darts through her cheek its crimson flood ?  
 See ! fixed on her the visage pale  
 Of her once lov'd and lovely Gualter ;  
 Over her eyes she flung the veil,  
 And tottered to the fatal altar ;



No wonder that her heart should fail !  
No wonder that her step should falter !  
And must she vow to Him above,  
Her bosom owns no earthly love ?

" Alas !" she shrieked with frantic air,  
" Heaven's curse is on me, if I swear."  
She fainted with a murmuring sound ;  
The mother rushed to raise her child  
Where she had sunk upon the ground ;  
The cowed brow itself grew mild,  
Although the baron sternly frowned,  
And the nuns coldly bitterly smiled,  
At her, whose heart could not despise,  
Like their's, its young love's sacrifice.

Forth darted Gualter from among  
The novices' astonished throng.  
" Her plighted faith was mine," he cried,  
" Before a cruel father's doom  
Condemn'd his child, my love, my bride,  
Even in her youth and beauty's bloom,  
Her love, her loveliness to hide  
In the lone convent's silent gloom !  
I curs'd him ; and from thence her ear  
No other word of mine would hear.

" Ah ! then my life was turned to pain,  
Hope fled, and then—what could remain ?  
To-day I saw her changeless brow,  
Though pale, and my despair was sealed.  
Then burned my brain—but now, but now,  
I feel my bosom's curse repealed !  
Full soothly kept her earliest vow !  
Her changeless love full well revealed !



O fathers ! impious were the deed,  
Should now the votive rite proceed.

" Her love is mine, and God's pure eyes  
Reject a stolen sacrifice.

Thou, Baron, (and he lowly knelt)

Aneal me from my passions crime ;

My heart too well its weight hath felt

In all the suffering of the time,

Since that sad hour of woe and guilt,—

Be thine the godlike task sublime,

To shed around thee happiness,

And even the offending one to bless !"

The mother joined the youth's request,

With arts which woman wields the best.

The Baron's heart was not of stone,—

What heart that was not could defy

The lover's passionate look and tone,

A daughter's eloquent agony ?

Lo ! at the shrine, where she had gone

With wounded soul, and tearful eye,

Her soul was healed, her tears were dried,

Her love was sealed and sanctified.



## THE WAITS OF BREMEN

BY MM. GRIMM.

THERE was once a farmer, who had an old faithful Ass, which had served him for many years, but was now growing weaker and less useful every day. Past services are soon forgotten by some men when present usefulness is not experienced, and the farmer only imitated the example of many of his neighbours when he resolved to cut his poor old Ass's throat, and save his provender for some more serviceable animal; but the Ass smelt mischief in the wind, and stole quietly away one summer morning towards the city of Bremen. "The citizens of Bremen," thought he, "are good judges of music, and old as I am and unfit for any active employment, who knows but I may be chosen town-musician?"—The long-eared votary of Euterpe had not travelled far before he espied a Hound lying upon the road side, breathing hard, and apparently much exhausted.—"What's the matter with you, friend? why so breathless?" inquired he.—"Alas," replied the Hound, "because I am old and every day losing my strength and fleetness, my master will no longer provide for me. This morning he was going to knock me on the head, for he now grudges me the very straw I lie upon; so I ran away from him; but what can I now do to earn an honest livelihood for myself?"—"Why, what think you friend?" rejoined the Ass, "I am thus far on my way to the city of Bremen, where I will be chosen



one of the waits—suppose then you were to go along with me, and try your fortune in the same way?”—The Hound consented to this proposal; and so the two companions in adversity jogged on together.—Not far had the two musical aspirants proceeded in company, when they perceived a Cat sitting in the middle of the road with a most rueful countenance.—“Now, what is the matter with you madam, may I make bold to ask?” inquired the Ass.—“Alas!” sighed Grimalkin, “I am sadly out of spirits; but how can it be otherwise when one’s life is in jeopardy? Because I am getting old as you perceive, and would rather bask myself all the day long before the fire than hunt mice, my mistress laid hold of me this morning, and would have drowned me had I not made my escape from her as she was taking me to the pond! But how am I now to earn my daily bread?” “Accompany us to Bremen, where as you are well-known for a good night-singer, you will certainly be appointed one of the city-waits,” rejoined the Ass. The Cat had no objection to the scheme, and readily added herself to the party.—Not many hours afterwards as the three friends were passing a farm-stead, they perceived a Cock perched upon the upper-bar of a gate, screaming loudly, and apparently in great agitation. “Bravo!” said the Ass, “you have got a clear pipe and a strong one, friend! What does all this crowing mean?”—“Ah, kind sir,” replied the Cock, “you behold in me one of the most unfortunate of living beings! But a little while ago I was foretelling the approach of fine weather for our washing day; and yet my mistress and the cook gave me no thanks for my pains, but threatened to cut off my head and stew my body into soup, for the guests that are expected one of these days. Well then may I crow as long as I can, for my voice will soon be silent enough!” “Nay then, my dear Chanticleer, if matters have come to such a pass as this with you, the sooner you can make your escape from this place the better. Come along with us to Bremen; you have got a good voice, and may get forward in the



world with it. "With all my heart," replied Chanticleer; and so the four friends pursued their journey together.

They could not however reach Bremen the first day. So at a late hour they went into a wood to seek shelter for the night. The Ass and the Hound lay down upon the grass under a thick tree,—the Cat climbed up among its branches,—and the Cock perched himself on the very top, where he imagined he would be most secure. But before Chanticleer composed himself to sleep he thought it prudent to take a survey of the surrounding country, and satisfy himself that all was safe and quiet for the night. In doing this he discovered a light glimmering through the trees at a little distance, and called out to his companions below: "Methinks there must be a house no great way off, for I see something like a candle shining yonder!"—"If that be the case," said the Ass, "we had better change our quarters, for all is not so comfortable hereabouts as one could wish. This grass gives but a poor bite."—"Oh yes," added the Hound, "let us look about us for other lodgings; a rough bone or a bit of meat would be a welcome sight to me."—So they all set off together in the direction of the light, which they soon discovered proceeded from a hut in which a band of robbers were enjoying themselves. The Ass, being the tallest of the company, marched softly up to the window and peeped in: "What do you see?" asked the Cock.—"What do I see?" replied the Ass, "why I see a table groaning under a load of dishes, and a band of robbers seated around it making themselves as merry as princes!"—"Such quarters would suit us amazingly well!" exclaimed the Cock.—"They would; but how shall we manage to procure them?" replied the Ass.—After a little consultation they at last hit upon a suitable expedient for driving the robbers away from the hut. The Ass placed his fore feet upon the window lintel,—the Dog then placed himself upon his back,—the Cat scrambled up upon the Dog's shoulders,—and the Cock perched himself as lightly as he could upon the Cat's head;



and in this position, when all had got fairly balanced, they struck up simultaneously a concert of such notes as nature had given to each; the Ass brayed,—the Dog howled,—the Cat mewed,—and the Cock crowed; and scarcely were the robbers' ears assaulted by the hideous uproar when crash went the window-frame as if a whole legion of demons were forcing their way into the hut. By this ingenious manœuvre the four friends scared away the robbers, and put themselves in undisputed possession of a comfortable apartment and excellent cheer for the night.

As soon as they had completely appeased their hunger and made themselves reasonably merry with the robbers' liquors, they put out the lights, and retired to rest, each choosing the place most agreeable to himself. The Ass got a nice bundle of dry straw to repose his wearied carcase upon,—the Dog stretched himself out behind the door,—the Cat rolled herself up upon the warm hearth,—and the Cock perched himself upon a rafter; and as all were rather tired with their journey, they soon fell asleep. But at midnight the robbers, thinking that they had run too hastily away, and perceiving all was again quiet about the hut, ventured to return for the purpose of reconnoitering the state of the premises, and one of them more courageous than the rest groped his way into the interior, where he mistook the shining eyes of the Cat for live embers, and held a match to them with the view of obtaining a light. But Grimalkin repelled the liberty with her claws, and the robber terrified at the unexpected assault tried to force his way out at the back door, where the Dog jumped up and bit him in the leg; after which the Ass planted a hearty kick on his ribs, and he stumbled through the little court-yard believing himself followed and assaulted by the whole legion of demons; while the cock began to scream violently from his rafter. In this manner the four friends not only made good their quarters for the night, but secured a comfortable lodging for the rest of their days; for the robbers were so terrified by



the account which their comrade gave them of the horrid witch which had spit at and scratched him,—and the man with the knife in his hand who had stabbed him in the leg,—and the black giant who had nearly killed him with his dreadful club,—and the devil who sat upon the top of the house and had cried out, “Toss him up here! hand the rascal up to me!” that they never again ventured back to their house in the wood.



# THE HIMMELREICH

## A MONKISH LEGEND.

IN the lovely valley through which the Neckar flows, there was, not far from the town of Grundelsheim, a steep mountain which rears its lofty head high above all the surrounding heights, and bears upon its summit a chapel dedicated to the Archangel Michael, which goes by the name of the Himmelreich or 'Kingdom of Heaven', and of which the traditional history is as follows:

In ancient times, while yet a thick forest clothed the whole mountain, there dwelt here, in pious seclusion, a holy man named Luke. Peaceful and holy was his life, and roots and wild berries formed his only food. These he cheerfully shared with the stranger whom chance might conduct to his mossy cell, and whose wandering steps he would again direct into the right path.

His reputation for sanctity soon spread throughout the whole surrounding country. Many performed pilgrimages to his cell, and none who ever received the blessing of the good old man went sorrowing away.

Every year that added to the age of Lucas added to the fame of his sanctity and the number of his visitors.

But his grey locks grew white apace, his limbs became feeble, and a rude staff supported his tottering steps. One night there came a pilgrim to his door; his garments were drenched with rain, and his knees trembled with cold;



but the old man gave him a cheerful welcome, rekindled the fire, dried his wet raiment, spread out his simple fare before him, and prepared a soft couch of moss for his night's repose. These offices of hospitality discharged, the holy man retired into a little chamber to conclude his evening devotions, and the pilgrim slipped gently after him. But speechless stood the good old Lucas when he beheld a glory which overpowered him with its excessive brightness, encircling the stranger's brows.

"Thy prayer is heard!" said the angel of the Lord. "Retire to thy rest!" With these words he kissed the holy man upon the forehead, and the soul of the saint flew up with the Archangel to Paradise.

Some travellers found the lifeless remains of the hermit next day, and interred them with many tears on the spot; and the people of the surrounding country raised a church there to commemorate his piety, and dedicated the building to the Archangel Michael.

Since then the mountain has borne the appellation of the *Himmelreich*, and devotees make annual pilgrimages to the consecrated spot.

#### END OF VOLUME FIRST.



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Himmelsberg, and devotees make annual pilgrimages to the

consecrated spot.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE FOURTH VOLUME.

THE FIFTH VOLUME.

THE SIXTH VOLUME.

THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

THE NINTH VOLUME.

THE TENTH VOLUME.

THE ELEVENTH VOLUME.

THE TWELFTH VOLUME.

THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

THE FOURTEENTH VOLUME.

THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

THE SIXTEENTH VOLUME.

THE SEVENTEENTH VOLUME.

THE EIGHTEENTH VOLUME.

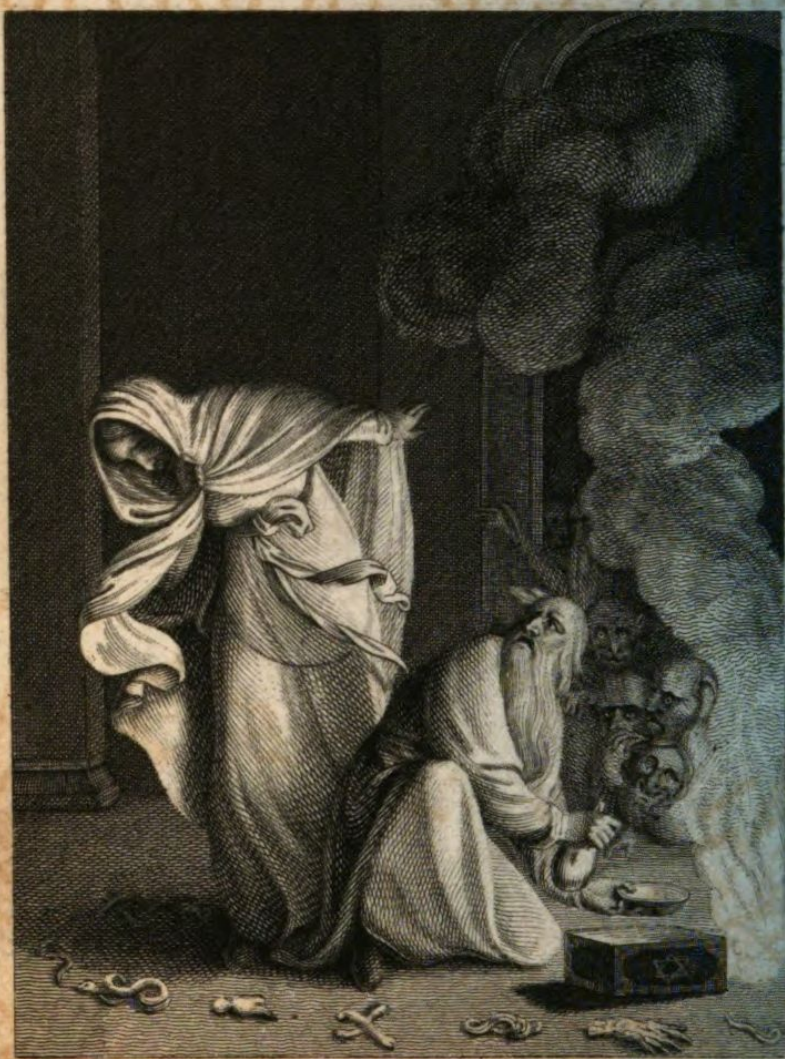
THE NINETEENTH VOLUME.

THE TWENTIETH VOLUME.









Nake del.

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THEODORA KANTAKUZENOS.

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